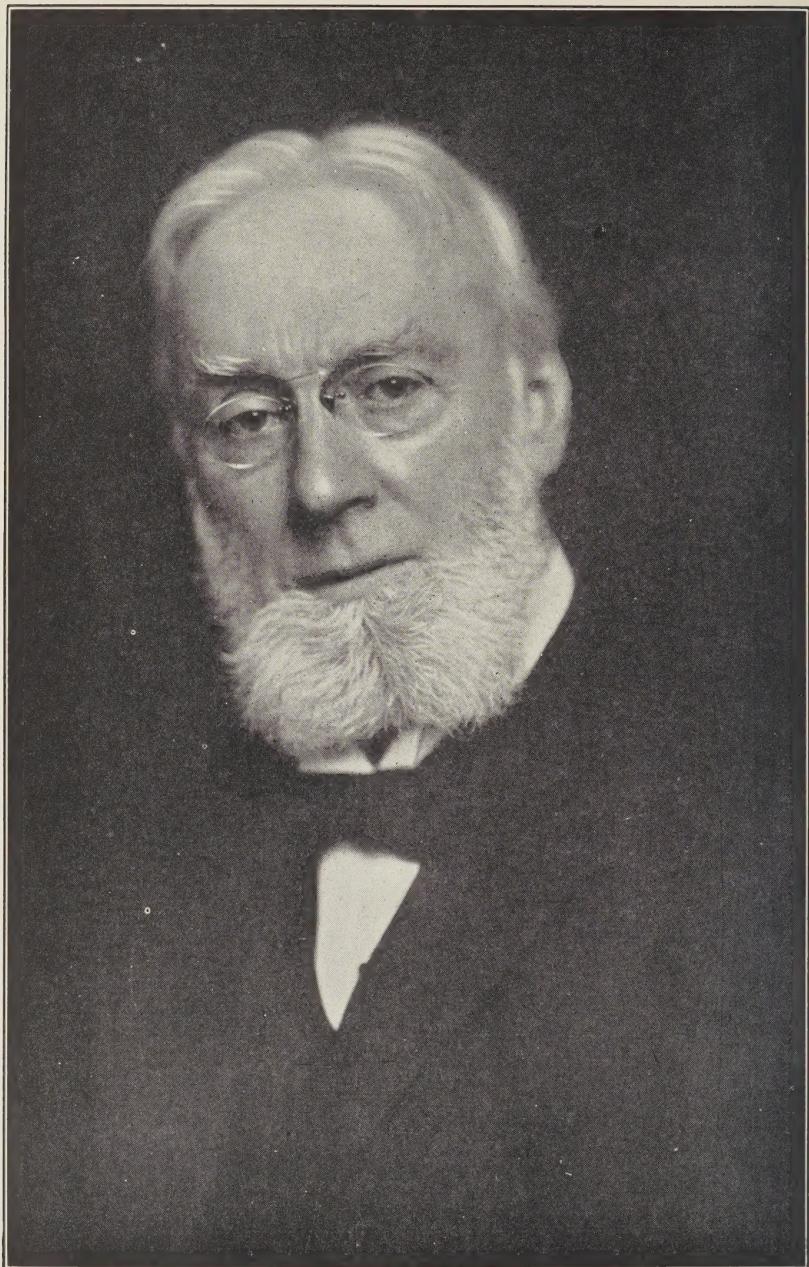


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AN UNOFFICIAL STATESMAN—
ROBERT C. OGDEN



Robert C. Ogden

AN UNOFFICIAL STATESMAN— ROBERT C. OGDEN

BY
PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON



ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS

AND SKETCHES
BY O. W. WILSON

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

IT IS not easy for the biographer adequately to express what he owes to Professor S. C. Mitchell, of the University of Richmond, and his wife, Alice Broadus Mitchell, whose devotion to the memory of Robert Curtis Ogden, and to the cause of happiness for others which he furthered, led them to the prolonged and disinterested labour of arranging much of the documentary material on which this life of their friend is based. Such a service of love is rare in literary annals and it is here acknowledged with a gratitude and a sense of obligation as sincere as they are unbounded.

ON THIS BOOK

FOR five years, I have, as an Englishman, studied the life and the institutions of the United States. I have visited many cities, stayed in many hotels, attended many churches, dined in many homes, listened to debates in Congress, shaken the hands of Presidents at the White House, talked politics in clubs, and seen the activities of the school and college.

But of all these experiences there is none that has yielded so much inner information of what citizenship of the United States really means as a study of the voluminous materials on which is based this book. To write these pages has been an education in America.

In Britain, Robert C. Ogden would have been inevitably Lord Mayor of his city, a member of Parliament, and in due course a minister of the Crown, sitting in the Cabinet. The United States has a curious custom of using such men as unofficial statesmen only. But that Ogden made history is obvious from the records.

Those who knew him only as a pioneer of education, the most powerful of his time, will wonder why I have devoted so much space to Ogden, the merchant. The answer is that in the development of the retail store, he played a leading part, and has left us, in singularly lucid language, a statement of his views upon a phenomenon of capital economic importance.

Others will ask why an attention so careful has been devoted to Ogden's churchmanship. The answer here is that, at a time when critics outside the churches are apt irresponsibly to criticize while churchmen inside the fold

play for position, there is a value in studying the abundantly expressed views of a Presbyterian layman whose mind was steeped in the Bible, who was yet liberal and open to ideas, who finally presided over the Board of Union Seminary, New York. In Ogden you see the religious struggle of our time—the action and reaction of old and new—at close quarters. His own mind was a battlefield.

Finally, there will be those who will be astonished at the intimate personal details which are here to be unfolded; worried, too, by the calculated avoidance of mere chronology. Here I reply that biography is not narrative; it is portraiture. The aim should be to analyze character as well as to record events. Ogden, with his moods of depression, his immense dignity, his spells of huge energy, his yearning for the converse of God and man, his humour, his occasional irascibility, and his exquisite repentances, was a figure worthy of any novelist's pen. Here on an ample stage we watch the actor play his ample part from the cradle to the grave.

That Ogden was a man who made a difference to the life of the United States is clear from all the evidence. His were indeed incomparable services to the cause of youth, and he rendered the services at a moment to which we may apply the expressive though inaccurate word "psychological." He was—take him for all in all—a man whom America cannot afford to lose. And to restore him to the country he loved so well and served so faithfully is the aim of one who has come to know him as intimately as if he had seen him and heard him in the flesh.

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AN UNOFFICIAL STATESMAN—
ROBERT C. OGDEN

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CHAPTER I THE MAN HIMSELF

TO THE long seventy-seven years in which Robert Curtis Ogden achieved his crowded career, that invaluable but unemotional book of reference, the *Encyclopedia Americana*, devotes a space of precisely two inches. Nor of so brief an epitaph would Robert Ogden have himself complained, for of mere memoirs, this man, thronged with the claims of the living, was ever impatient; and when they intruded into his always too voluminous correspondence, he would finger the binding for a moment and then say to whichever secretary was nearest: "A most estimable man; put him on the bottom shelf." It was thus in the crypt of his library that departed celebrities were firmly interred; the very humour of it stamping Ogden as the exception to his own rule. For in the temple of fame there is a niche that will be for ever empty unless this man fills it. Walter H. Page knew Ogden, and as a good judge of biography he would write to his victim:

The first day the spirit moves you to take up your Reminiscences don't resist it, but let me hear. I am very eagerly bent on that.

Again:

As you feel like it, jot down whatever occurs to you about interesting men and interesting changes and interesting experiences. If you make a task of it, you will not make it as interesting as if you do it incidentally.

When Ogden, thus assailed, would promise genially to "take a whack," Page was entranced, but no reminiscences were achieved. Like the rest of us, Ogden would purchase an ample-looking diary, with a whole leaf for every day, but these few books are mainly a blank. "Why do I write in this diary?" is one entry. "My little experiences are not worth recording." In another he remarks: "My scrappy little diary will not do. The only history that I know is contemporaneous with my own life." Neither from pain nor from work were his final years free for such holiday tasks. Letters there are by the thousand—a ticket, too, for the funeral of Sir Rowland Hill in Westminster Abbey—he the founder of the penny postage—buried "Thursday, September 4th, 1879, at 12.0 (noon) precisely"—with "N. B.—No Person will be admitted Except in Mourning," signed "A. P. Stanley, *Dean*"; invitations also, for the Centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, celebrated at St. Louis in 1903; for the Chicago Exposition; for a score of functions and pageants. But of the whole life, thus broken to fragments, another pen than Ogden's must piece together the picture.

And yet—shall one pause to mention it?—that is not quite the whole truth. For in later life Ogden did begin to put pen to paper and here, on this table, lies the fragment. But of the great men with whom he worked—of Carnegie, of Bryce, of Rockefeller, of Armstrong, of Taft, of Walter Page, of Curry, of Wanamaker—what have we in those reminiscent and interlined scraps of strong, clear calligraphy? Not a word. What Ogden recalled was a friend of his boyhood, by name "Hal"; "my opposite" is how Hal is described; with "black eyes that danced with humour or flashed with fire"; "a solid old-line Democrat" from New England, who did his own thinking and became "a radical Republican"; who could

navigate a schooner on the coast of Maine; picnic gaily with a score of skippers' daughters; commandeer side saddles that they might ride on horses; and himself adored but one of the girls. Alas for Hal, she was betrothed to a friend; and Hal, "hopelessly and desperately in love," remained honourably silent, except when he made Ogden his confidant. To Hal, the Civil War came as a happy release from loneliness. He revelled in the luxury of risking his life. Several times was his horse shot under him. With bullets and sabre cuts were his clothes torn to ribands. Bullets grazed his face, wounding his ears, blinding his eyes, and ripping his hair. But he lived. And so did the girl live, but unmarried. For Hal, lying to-day amid the Black Hills of Dakota, never spoke to her of what he felt. "They understand it all now," wrote Ogden, musing, as did King Solomon in his day, over the strange way of man with a maid! And with that remark, his autobiography comes to a full stop—just a glimpse of dear old Hal, and not a syllable more. The genius of friendship—that is what it was—offering a garland.

For it is now ten full years since Ogden died. Long ago have the echoes of funereal flattery and formal compliment spent themselves in thin oblivion. But as the mists of such incense are dispersed, and with them the darker clouds of intervening war, his figure emerges, one of the two or three of his time who rose head and shoulders above the crowd; and we can see him truly as the great man, the good man, that he was. The most accurate of epitaphs was applied to him by Dwight L. Moody's son Will, who quoted the apostolic phrases—"diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." As one pores over these masses of accumulated documents, that is the person who steps forth.

Consider first the circumstances amid which Ogden had to solve the sad riddle of human life. Understand a citizen like him and you understand something at least of that strange mystery which is called the United States of America. Here lay a vast and virgin continent, stretching thousands of miles from ocean to ocean, replete with unimaginable resources, and in touch at last with the science by which alone those resources can be developed; into which continent has poured a flood of vital energy, mingled in race and religion but one in the impulse of initiative. Within a single decade, men, previously poor, became millionaires. Never were riches so immensely or so rapidly accumulated; never were men's souls so keenly searched by the decision between God and Mammon; if Ogden's means were modest, it was not because he failed of ultimate success. By the eye of the needle, he found the kingdom of heaven, and in entering the kingdom, he left behind him the more material rewards which he might have had. He was a merchant prince who in modern wise followed the Carpenter.

Of rich men, in that tumultuous time, there were three classes. First come the families that made a pile and proceeded to spend it on themselves, usually in Europe, exchanging the civic discipline of their country for the mentality of Monte Carlo, and allying their houses by marriage with aristocracies already doomed to dispossession. Next were those better rich who amassed millions only to find it a still harder task to administer millions, and made out checks therefore for others to spend, on libraries, universities, hospitals, churches, and a variety of institutions and funds, so parting with their money without knowing how to share also their lives and thoughts. But in the aristocracy of commerce there is a third and smaller class, who give not money alone but life and time and

self; not permitting their wealth to grow beyond their service, but sharing it with others as it comes, and so remaining themselves within the brotherhood of the common kind. Such a consecrated spendthrift was Ogden. His was a life vow of obedience to the Golden Rule. He was a kind of fanatic on good will. He was an Early Christian, and no Communist could have dealt more ruthlessly with property than did he, when the property was his own.

Yet he had daughters who grew up amid pleasure like other girls. Sometimes it was for them that the sacrifice was the hardest. A youthful Helen yearned for lessons in riding, in dancing, in swimming. But the answer was: no, they could not be afforded; whence the solitude of a bedroom and those hot tears. To join the others and watch them in the riding school, the swimming pool, and on the dance floor required a certain grace of cheerfulness, especially with the Quaker City chatting over a certain father's latest donation to the Holland Church. Yet it taught the child, after all, to stand alone, to live free, if need be, of fashion and custom, to be herself an individuality. Even a cotillion party, with flowers and favours—not after all a very costly affair—was vetoed with that same plea of economy; and the young lady, thus sacrificed on the altar of parental obligation, could scarcely overlook the coincidence that, on her selected but now vacant date, a great banquet by Ogden stimulated the benevolent impulses of the leading citizens of Philadelphia! Not that the daughters rebelled. In their father they saw the soldier of God on active service. To share his hardships made them proud. And within, he was tender. On a Sunday evening, with the air full of hymn and song, there was an infinite safety for a small person curled up in those large strong arms.

One smiles as one discovers in the diary really distressing evidence of a parent's loving pessimism. Ogden writes:

Just here I have been disturbed by one of Helen's impatient fits of which we have experience almost every night. What to do with my children, I do not know. There is something radically wrong in their training. Julia's incessant impertinence and impatience—Helen's freaks of temper. They both have good qualities but are so wilful and disrespectful that I am distressed beyond measure. The indulgence they have received has greatly spoiled them. What am I to do? The trouble is in their training, I know—but how to correct it? That's the question.

Of these desperate young ladies he would say darkly, "Their mother brought them up," and to be frank, he only got what he sometimes gave. Well, they on their side were undismayed and would confront him with a touch of his own courage. A few years later he found on his table one day what European diplomatists call identic notes, as follows:

*From the incessantly impertinent
Julia:*

1316 Spruce St.
Philadelphia,
12 December, 1888.

MY DEAR PAPA:

Here is a mild statement regarding my finances; if this does not touch you so far that you will advance me three months' allowance, I must go into bankruptcy.

I actually owe:

Wanamaker's \$65.00

Mother 10.00

And I expect some

*From the wilful and disrespectful
Helen:*

1316 Spruce St.,
Philadelphia,
December 12, 1888.

MY DEAR PAPA:

At present I have on hand \$21. You have paid me \$35.00 of my December money. Consequently you owe me \$2.50. When paid, will have total of \$2.71. I owe a bill at Wanamaker's of \$61.59—also Madame Baralet, \$3.50. I have no money for Xmas presents and I need absolutely rush a dress for a

things home from a
dressmaker with a bill
that will doubtless
amount to 40.00
Total 115.00

Then I have in my possession \$7.90 and you owe me \$37.50—\$45.40 total. You see how I stand and with no money for Christmas presents. Good-bye and I hope you will advance me the money.

Lovingly,
JULIA.

week from Friday for Emily
C's. I am
Your distressed daughter,
HELEN OGDEN.

Amount I owe . . . \$67.09
Amount in tin box . . . 2.71
No Xmas presents. Need a
dress.

What a chance for a strict father to point the moral of a reckless extravagance! But, alas for Ogden, when his affections moved him he became what Bismarck called the late Lord Salisbury—"lath and plaster painted to look like iron." He meekly signed the checks and tried to look annoyed.

And yet there were not a few jokes. When Ogden's young sister was a baby, he had her served up one Christmas dinner on a platter and at the dainty dish there was naturally some surprise. He used to say that he would never put his daughters "on the market," so the usual coming-out parties were vetoed. Little dinners and luncheons were, however, substituted by "Mother," who knew how to manage distinctions without a difference, and to the first luncheon it was suggested to Ogden that he was not wanted. On this, Helen, the débutante, was unmercifully teased, so to the second luncheon she sent "Father" a note of cordial admittance. But this he declined, saying that he never accepted social invitations mailed to his place of business where, in fact, he would be working hard to pay the expense. When the luncheon was at its height, a package was handed to the young hostess which proved to be a caricature of her illustrious

parent, with his pickaxe, shovel, and tin dinner-pail. A little later it was “Father” who gave a dinner, and as Helen made thirteen, it was served for her upstairs. So here also a package was handed in—a pen-and-ink sketch showing “Father” sumptuously served while his daughter sat before the kitchen range cooking disconsolately. Over these artistic efforts there was much merriment.

And when, in later life, sorrows fell on those daughters with cruel force, they found in their once-formidable father an inexhaustible source of sympathy and comfort. They could then afford to smile at stern memories: How dreadfully disappointed he had been with them when, at a panorama of Gettysburg to which he escorted them, they failed to disclose an adequate acquaintance with the strategy of that historic battle in which he had played a soldier’s part! How distressed he was with the triviality of their childish prattle at dinner! On one occasion, they studied in advance a serious subject to talk about for his edification, and the prearranged converse opened hopefully on the various aspects of cheese. But even cheese was not a complete conversational success.

For Ogden was a man of presence. No situation proved too much for his dignity. On one well-remembered occasion there was heard in his bathroom a series of what seemed to be violent somersaults, and the family gathered in considerable alarm. But, in a moment, the head of the house appeared—six feet two inches high, with the soles of his shoes to be added—calm and cheerful, holding by its tail a small mouse which had crept up his trousers and so invited reprisals. Even a victory over the mouse left the victor restrained and placid in his natural elation.

Ogden had, in fact, a tenderer heart than he always dis-

played. There was a drawer where his wife would preserve three little shoes, worn by their children in the early years of their babyhood. When Helen's first child was born, Mrs. Ogden, in her enthusiasm as grandmother, sent her daughter that little shoe of hers, never thinking that Robert would notice. But he did and was upset about it; for this strange and busy man had been in the habit of creeping off by himself and looking at those little shoes when there was nobody, not even his wife, to see him. And when the small Julia was to go on a visit, he asked that her pillow, with the impress of a child's head upon it, be left undisturbed till she came back: it reminded him of the absent. Indeed, when he was dying, and all the money he had made, or most of it, had been spent, it suddenly smote Ogden to the heart that, after all, he might have left his daughters much better off. Almost he repented of the good that he had done and of the example that he had set. He trembled at the self-determination of philanthropy.

And in his grandchild he saw—as do other parents—the virtues which one's own children are less apt to display. Here is, surely, a charming epistle:

771 Madison Avenue,
Oct. 9th, 1904.

MY DEAR RUTH:

Your Grandmother tells me you are thirteen years old to-day. If I was a good old Granddad, I would have known this in time to send you a birthday present. As it is, you will get only this little note from me. It makes me feel very old and very solemn to have a grandchild so old as you are. Indeed, I am so much impressed by your advanced years that I hardly know how to behave about it. When I walk the streets, I am wondering whether the people I pass notice anything strange about me. If they do and should ask me what is the matter, I should have to say: "I have a thirteen-year-old granddaughter." Then I would tell them she is a mischievous little

minx. But for all this we are very good friends, and it is my impression that each passing year only makes us better friends. So let us both try hard to be good so that you will think I am a grand old Granddad and I will think more and more you are a dear granddaughter.

Very muchly,
R. C. O.

Clearly, “R. C. O.” has a soul worth seeing in its struggles and stresses. “He was ever to be found,” so we are told by the Sphinx Club of New York, “in that scant company of gentlemen who espoused the cause of the weak, and whose highest aim is to ameliorate the condition of those who are unable to help themselves.” He was, indeed, the Lord Shaftesbury of the United States—a merchant and not a landlord, but the same as the British philanthropist in his association of churchmanship and social reform. According to the authorities of Union Seminary, where he presided over the Board of Directors, there was in his personality an “essential bigness.” He was “big in body, big in brain, and big in heart.” He had the “statesman’s insight” and was “not unlike our great President Abraham Lincoln.” He was thus “one of the few great men in the last quarter century of our national life.” In the opinion of President S. C. Mitchell of Richmond, “he did more for the South than any man since Appomattox”; and, we are assured, there may be applied to him the resonant lines:

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains.

“All this was done so quietly,” add his comrades of the Southern Education Board, “and so simply, that we

wonder still at the results. Not by persuasion, not by fanatical insistence, but by the contagion of his own personal devotion, he rallied men from every section, from every walk or station in life, rich and poor, high and lowly, white and black, to the cause which he advocated. Hence, through his efforts our national life has been strengthened, brothers once estranged have been united, service feebly performed has been rendered efficient, and racial coöperation has taken the place of racial conflicts."

"I loved him," wrote Edward Bok, "as I never loved another man. But he was so good to me: so helpful when I needed help." Again: "Such a nature as yours, dear Mr. Ogden, does much to cement a young man's faith in the sincerity of men, and you could not have done more to place me under lasting obligations to you." And there was many a year when Bok visited Ogden at his home in Maine.

"Ten millions of black souls," cried Dr. R. R. Moton of Tuskegee, "ten millions of cramped, poverty-stricken, and struggling souls love you." And their letters testified to an affectionate confidence. "It was more than a revival of hope for the Negro," wrote his friend, Alfred T. White. "It was a revival of hope for the end of bitterness in the South; a great contribution to a united people in this blessed land."

What England does with her Wilberforces and her Livingstones is to enshrine them in Westminster Abbey. In Ogden's case, there was nothing of gratitude left unexpressed while he lived. His later birthdays were celebrated with enthusiasm by his friends. Hundreds of tributes, bearing names of distinction in the community, would be mailed, wired, or bound in leather, and so tendered to this masterful yet modest man. Still is pre-

served that medallion by Karl Bitter, wherein Knowledge with her Lamp awakens the Sphinx from an immemorial sleep. And it was no merely formal symbol. The Sphinx was awakened. The Lamp did shine. And Knowledge came into her kingdom.

CHAPTER II

THE BLOOD IN HIS VEINS

THIS must be, I fear, but a rambling biography after all. I cannot tell the tale, year by year and day by day. I like to pick out a point here and there, comparing it with some other point arising perhaps years later, and so fill in the details of the portrait to be painted.

Look over the books in Ogden's study—what they called his den—and you will find at once that he was a man deeply conscious of pedigree. Various genealogies have been there preserved, with heraldic adornments which assert the hereditary principle. We read that the coat of arms was “granted temp. Charles II., to John Ogden for his faithful services to the king,” and that it consisted of the following:

Gyronny of eight argent and gules, in dexter chief an oak branch fracted proper.

Crest—An oak tree proper, a lion rampant against it.

Motto:—Et si ostendo non facto.

—all of which doubtless is significant!

But in “shinning this family tree,” what perhaps will first strike the intruder is the fact that even in the pursuit of his pedigree Ogden was, in fact, sharing the sorrows of others. At his desk he would sit gloomily contemplating those terrible piles of letters, every one of which told some tale of woe; and many a fair sunset at Kennebunkport, in Maine—his summer haven—was smitten, as it were, with the dark cloud of this sordid and thankless correspondence. It led nowhere yet it was never neg-

lected. With infinite endurance he bore these futile griefs.

Among those he befriended was a clansman, the Rev. Charles Burr Ogden, of Camden, New Jersey, who was trained for the pulpit but was a genius born for sleuthing ancestors. For him, Robert Ogden arranged a fund at the bank. He insured his life. He bought him a typewriter. And the beneficiary repaid this providence with enthusiastic researches into the Ogden annals. As the convener of the basket picnic, in which "renowned annual gathering . . . all descendants of the original pioneer settlers" were urged to participate, Robert C. Ogden enjoyed these investigations, and when in 1911 his kinsman died of pneumonia, he was a true friend to the widow—"when," as she said, "I have no claim on you." The beautiful album of forbears was thus never finished. But for our purpose we know enough of what pride it would have been.

Ogden himself, in his genial way, would claim that he had behind him seven generations of Baptist ministers, which remark was, perhaps, for a layman and the son of laymen, a little cryptic. But his meaning was, after all, clear and true. He was what in England was called a nonconformist. He was one of those men who are prepared to challenge custom, whether social, ecclesiastical, or industrial. You see nonconformity in his attacks on pew rents, in his comments on theology, in his readiness to apply profit-sharing to private enterprise, and last but not least, in his strong yet sympathetic approach to the solid South where his name came to be honoured and trusted. No community could be so solid as to suppress that individuality of which the family of Ogden is a type. He had to be heard. He had to be seen. His influence had to be felt. He would not be denied.

In history, the Ogdens thus stand out as the characteristic example of what the old England lost when she made the new England. When the Ogdens and their kind set sail three centuries ago the little island that they left behind was not crowded. It needed people. But this kind of people was not wanted. In the whole wide world there was no more magnificent material for citizenship than the independents, but the independents, because of their independence, were *de trop*. They did not fit into the scheme of Church and State. In condemning them to ostracism and exile, England thought that she was ridding herself of a plague of dissenters. In actual fact she was robbing her body politic of its best blood. She was suppressing, not opinions merely, but ability. She was courting the fate of revolutionary France which might be defined as a Huguenot vacuum.

Of the Ogdens in the United States many are Quakers. Robert, however, came of a different stock from these. In the 15th Century there lived a certain Robertus Okeden whose grandson, Wilhelmus, married on May 9, 1539, a lady called Abigail Goodsall. She brought to him a dowry which included lands within the village of Bradley Plain in Hertfordshire. Here is evidence of the middle class, in close contact with the wholesome realities of the soil and thriving in those southeastern counties which bred Bunyan, Cromwell, and a host of Puritans.

It was exactly a century after that marriage, in 1640, that two of the Ogdens—Richard and his brother John, born at Bradley Plain—set sail for Boston, a name familiar to them, disembarking finally at Southampton in Long Island. Richard was but thirty years old, and he settled in Stamford, Connecticut. He was there as devoid of inheritance as was Abraham when he set forth from Ur of the Chaldees. His only asset was his name—the

Oak in the Den or valley—the stout heart in humble circumstances—the eternal growth of an inner life. And on all coats of arms awarded to an Ogden, the oak, steady among the trees, stands firm.

In Stamford, Connecticut, Richard thus settled. Within ten years he had built what the patriarchs call an altar unto the Lord, namely, a stone church in New York for Wilhelmus Kieft, Governor of the Province.

This was the first act that stamped the Ogdens as a dynasty of church builders. The atavism was inevitable. At Bridgeton, Robert attended the centenary of the church which his grandfather, Curtis, had helped to build. And in his turn he was himself never happier than when he saw the Kingdom tangibly expressed in bricks and mortar. When he was but seven years old he was conscious as Samuel of the call. He wrote a letter to his aunt which, while discussing “a box of dominoes, 2 books, a swan, a new pair of gloves, a cap, and a variety of sweet things,” did not overlook the graver responsibilities of a young churchman. “I told John Lord,” says this seven-year-old, “to keep a seat for you in the new church; he did not make me answer, but we will save two seats for you if the committee of the trustees will let us have them.”

And similarly, in later years, when the big bill on the Holland Church, where he worshipped, was cleared up, he wrote to his mother almost with regret:

It was my hope when that debt was created that I would be sufficiently prosperous to pay it myself as it was created by me.

It meant that, from the outset, the faith and its organization came first, and that commerce was no more than a means to this end.

Those chapels—how small and stiff they now seem to

us! Mrs. Ide—Robert's sister—has described the queer old church at Bridgeton,

with its high-backed pews, high straight-lined galleries and mid-air pulpit, at the back of which was simulated an eye that cast a spell on the worshipper. . . . The only suggestion of actual colour remaining in the church was a faded scarf of red silk that once had draped the reading desk, but hanging now in ribbons, a witness to what time can accomplish unaided in the destruction of human fabric. . . . Two huge wood stoves flanked the doorway of the church, the smoke of both of them being disposed of in decidedly primitive fashion, by running a pipe (suspended by wires, yards long from the ceiling) half the length of the church and then with an elbow up to the roof and so out into the air.

And Robert's father, Jonathan, also remembered singing in the choir, with the trebles in the pew directly opposite—"one of the prettiest girls of the village among their number."—So complex a matter, after all, is divine worship.

But we are, I fear, running ahead of our pedigree! To return for a moment to the family tree, it was in 1660 that Richard Ogden moved to Fairfield, in New Jersey. There, two years later, he entered into a contract with the town for a municipal mill, which he purchased on December 20, 1680, with certain land round the mill dam, one condition being a toll of one sixteenth of the grist. Richard Ogden's house still stands and there still flows the stream whence he derived his waterpower, but in money he left no more than £805 10s 6d or about \$4,000, so expensive had been his seven children. But again, the altar was not forgotten. In that now tangled graveyard, where rise the headstones of those early Ogdens, there appears a tablet "in memory of the true and good men and women who coming in the seventeenth century founded here on the Cohansey the Church of Christ in Fairfield."

Their religion had its mystic, even its dark, side. It was a serious religion. And sometimes, doubtless, if we only knew the truth, there may have been secret rebels against it. Anyway, one finds the will of a certain David Ogden who died at New Haven, Connecticut, on the 12th of February, 1789, which is assuredly a document that, once printed, will be read. What a man of humour, yet outward orthodoxy, is here revealed! This Ogden did not wholly believe in the Church, yet could not break away from it, and so he relieved his feelings thus:

WILL OF DAVID OGDEN

New Haven, Conn.,
12th Feb. 1789.

In the name of God, sole governor of all worlds, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the twelve Apostles, Saints, Thrones, Powers, Virtues, Angels, Archangels, Cherubims, Seraphims—Amen.

I, David Ogden of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut, being in uncommonly good health, spirits and in my right mind and wits, do in the following manner make this my last will and testament. Imprimis: My Body this mess compound of flesh, blood, arteries, bones, cartilages, fibres, and God wot not all besides, I commit when dressed in my best suit of black clothes to its deep, silent grave. 'Tis a dismal house I am to dwell in: yea, a mournful one. Therefore the dress for mourning is the most proper one for me. Thus let this body be dressed for its coffin, which I pray be made of sound mahogany wood, and not ornamented with brass nails and tin plates telling my name, age, or death. My head will tell things to the inquisitive at the grave. When this mass of corruption is thus equipped, let it be borne on the shoulders of 4 sturdy youths to its long home, whom I would, should be rewarded for their trouble with a decent pair of gloves each. By the way should Doctor Edwards, the next Sunday after my exit, conceive either my death or life to merit a sermon, a short sermon and prayer, or a few hymns to be sent up to the throne of an all pitying and merciful God, pray then let it be done, and for his trouble and good services in this solemn business, give him my best wishes for his welfare, accompanied with a compliment of £3, 4s,

of New York currency.—Item: My Soul, God grant, if I have any, or ever had, it may wing its flight to heaven, be placed conspicuously among the stars, fly on the wings of the wind—feed the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the insects of the earth or the fishes of the azure deep waters, upon the whole I give my soul to God. Then it is my will and pleasure that a monument worth £10 be erected in the burying ground in New Haven to my memory. The motto and epitaph for this, I leave wholly to the discretion of my worthy friend and brother, Pierpont Edwards, Esq. To my sister Polly Cozens Ogden, I give, grant, bestow, bequeath all my worldly concerns, as goods, chattels, lands, tenement and hereditaments, which I whilst an inhabitant of this planet was in possession of, in fee simple or otherwise, to be hers and her heirs' forever, she first paying, satisfying and annuling all lawful dues, debts and demands against the same, also paying Susan Edwards, my lovely niece, the sum of £25 New York money, to be laid out for a mourning dress for the said Susan, by the said Susan. I appoint, constitute and make Pierpont Edwards, and David Dagget, Esq. of New Haven, and Aaron Ogden of Elizabeth-town in New Jersey, executors of this my last will and testament. Witness my hand and seal

DAVID OGDEN (seal).

Hard earning and easy giving were the rule of the family. They looked for no windfalls and no windfalls came their way. And believing in a future life, it mattered nothing to them what treasure they left behind them on earth. The little estate at Bradley Plain in Hertfordshire—whose is it now? Long ago did the mill at Fairfield crumble to ruin, and the mill race is marked by a fallen tree. Devlin & Company, the clothing firm in which Robert Ogden himself was for so long a partner, has disappeared. In Wanamaker's, where he was so prominent a figure, he left no successor of his name. But in his house there ruled none the less a law of entail as rigid as any law that determines the inheritance of property. One generation after another succeeded and still succeeds to the proud title of Christian service.

CHAPTER III

THE HOME WHERE HE LIVED

IN THE National Gallery of London there is a great portrait of an unnamed tailor. The painter is Moroni and he has shown the man, scissors in hand, grave in demeanour, dignified, looking up from his cloth with thoughtful eye and so regarding the world which it was his business to clothe. To such an occupation was Robert Ogden's grandfather Curtis—with his grave and sensitive face, his careful dress, his courtly air—apprenticed, and in Philadelphia his father, Jonathan, followed the same calling.

The business of arraying mankind has always been among the arts, and it is common to attribute a special strain of philosophy to those who pursue it. Fitting the human frame is a next step to probing human character, and the Ogdens might well be added as a footnote to Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

It was, then, at Philadelphia, in a simple brick house with the green shutters and the marble steps which were so characteristic of the Quaker City, that on the 20th of June, 1836, Robert Curtis Ogden was born. The frail pink morsel of immortality which Tennyson declares to be the heir of all the ages and the long result of time was committed to the ample arms of a black mammy. Into the babe's subconscious mind, who shall say what subtle sympathies with the then culminating sorrows of Southern civilization, inclusive as it was of slavery, may not have been instilled by that simple and untutored nurse?

The "Impertinent" Julia "Their Mother Brought Them Up" The "Wilful" Helen



Did she ever dream of the hundredfold interest in a larger racial outlook that the child would one day pay on the debt which he owed to her humble care?

For about Ogden, masterful as he was, there ever lurked a whimsical kindness which, to such a temperament, was a saving grace. At Wanamaker's one terrible day he caught two lads in the basement, wholly blissful over a game of switchback with the firm's hand trucks. With awful mien, Jove formed the offenders into a procession, setting one within the tumbril, and so led them to their superior whose duty would be the guillotine. Into the sanctum the pallid youngsters were solemnly ushered, but, to their executioner, the hint was given, "They've been punished enough." They were let off with an anecdote. The great man remembered how brief had been the playtime when he also was a lad.

"Give us a child for his first twelve years," say those shrewd students of human nature, the Jesuits, "and he is ours for life." Of Ogden, that maxim held good. For his first fourteen years he received continuously the impress of his home in Philadelphia. On every side he was surrounded by the customs, the memories, even the limitations of his clan. Whatever was meant by the name he bore, that thing was indelibly stamped on his mind, and as a boy he became the father of what he proved to be as a man. He was one in a large family circle. The talk that he heard was the gossip of that family. He was, as it were, bred gregarious; hospitality was his second nature; he liked a table full of guests. His training was to be considerate of others.

Of his grandparents he knew all that was to be known—how, for instance, Curtis Ogden, from whom he derived his second name, had been postmaster at Bridgeton, which fact bore not a little on the fate of the family. For two

hours before breakfast the mail had to be dispatched to Philadelphia, and this oft chilly task fell to the lot of Jonathan, who was Robert's father. Jonathan, therefore, got into the habit of reading at early morn; reading made him "a full man"; he served as Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; in 1879 and 1880 we find him a Republican member of the State Legislature of New York, where he was known as "a good man for the politician and lobbyist to keep away from." How he sent Robert a subscription is worth a line:

Brooklyn, Oct. 2, 1890.

DEAR ROBERT:

Apropos of your remarks about an "implied duty," find check enclosed.

Yours,
FATHER.

N.B. Please notify Saint Peter.

Jonathan Ogden, father, lived until September 5, 1893, when Robert himself was fifty-seven years old and had drawn to the full the example which only a father can set. Following that example, Ogden determined that he also would read books. The candle which his father burned before daybreak he lit at night, and however late the banquet or weary the intellect he would spend an hour over some volume before going to bed. He was, thus, well informed. He could choose words. He acquired a style. It was not by his daily bread alone that he lived. And freely receiving the food for thought, his frequent addresses usually suggested thought for others.

For it must be realized that the boy Ogden was "put to business" at thirteen years of age. The reason was not that his parents were poor. To them, business was the best education, and young Robert had therefore no high

school, no college to help him, but was inspired, as he himself tells us, by the sight of the great Conestoga wagons passing through Market Street and laden with goods bound for western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia. In his later zeal for Hampton and Tuskegee and Union Seminary, one thus detects a hint of the romance that surrounds what was to him "a might-have-been." In the great universities which he visited, which conferred on him the degrees that he had not been permitted to win for himself—M.A. at Yale, LL.D. at Tulane, and L.H.D. at Union College—he seems to have seen a kind of unattainable mirage, the promised land from which he had been turned back into the wilderness; he lived on Pisgah. He called himself "an intellectual orphan who has never known the fostering care of an Alma Mater," and in 1878 wrote in his diary:

My only education—public school and working at thirteen years—and yet I would give to others that which I never had—would teach others by the experiences of the past which is to me a sealed book.

There was, indeed, a curious and wistful comedy in that scene at Richmond, during one of the conferences on education, which, as an older man, he, as a kind of universal host, made it his pleasure to organize. The professors and experts had expanded their speeches in praise of all things academic, and two men—Robert Ogden and his comrade, George Foster Peabody—trained in mere commerce, had sat meekly listening to the high authorities whose finances they were apt to arrange! When the pæans on learning had ended, these pivots of the whole movement solemnly put an arm each around the neck of the other, and advancing to the front of the platform, chanted in unison the announcement: "WE HAVE NEVER BEEN TO COLLEGE," at which there were volleys of cheers and

laughter. It was the last stand of the self-educated—the ultimate defiance of a humanity that has for thousands of years played truant.

Glance, for a moment, at this bundle of faded reports of “T. D. James’s Academy” at Eleventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, which Ogden attended, where, we are told, “in commencing the duties of another year, increased efforts will be made to render the school select.” Established in 1833, “this institution” was one where the pupils were “under the care of gentlemen of the highest capabilities,” and “of a large number who have been prepared in this school for the University of Pennsylvania and other colleges, *no one has ever failed* to distinguish himself. . . .” It is “earnestly requested” that “unruly boys may not be offered as pupils” and, we read, “to prevent mistakes on this point, it may be stated with candour that the attendance of no one is desired who is not obedient to the restraints of moral principle and a ready *obedience* to authority.” In fact, “it is considered of paramount importance that the society of the school should be kept entirely free from those vices which corrupt the imagination and heart of youth.”

Apparently the fees were from sixty to eighty dollars a year, and it is encouraging to learn that when Robert was eleven there was “no one who has attended through the year that has not made respectable advancement.”

And here is an Old World book for autographs, bound in leather and card and faintly ruled for dollars and cents, which one finds described as “The property of Robt. C. Ogden, N. L. Academy, Sept. 1850.” In this quaint volume his friends, masters and pupils, wrote their fond farewells. A certain Charles H. Hollaway began in the usual manner by saying: “When you see these lines, you cannot but remember me,” but proceeded to the still

more important subject of Charity, by cultivating which, he told the young Ogden, "you will then be unruffled; for it will subdue all rising of anger; and will in time make you calm, peaceful, gentle as a lamb"—which, however, was never quite the impression left on the mind by our hero. "Yours with kindest wishes, S. T. Finney," encouraged our hero by explaining that "friendships based on interest or propinquity are frequent but never lasting," adding cheerfully: "There is but one certainty in life—that is death—expect it always—give yourself no rest until you make it your friend by making its Conqueror your friend." Not less solemn was a parting word from "P. C. I." to this lad of fourteen:

There is a depth in that word *love* which only a woman knows.
There is a *bar* before which we all must appear and there is an *Eternity*,
though mighty oceans may separate us, into which we all are ushered—
Happy is he who renders his services to his God.

A certain George T. Cornog of Chester County, Pennsylvania, pursued the same vein of thought but in a somewhat more cheerful tone. Rhyming, as was the fashion, he says:

When I am dead and all my bones are rotten
I have one request to make that I may not be forgotten.

And as an afterthought, he quotes the lines:

At the calling of all hands
When the judgment signals spread,
When the islands and the lands
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and the north shall come
When the sinner is betrayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then may heaven be thy aid,

Poor Bob.

“*Pensez à moi, mon cher ami et camrode d'école,*” adds this strange authority on eschatology.

Others are content with apostrophizing immediate woes, leaving the Judgment Day for future consideration. William Henry Kerns expresses his sentiments thus:

O! more than tears of blood can tell—
When wrung from love's expiring eye—
Are in these words “Farewell! Farewell!”

And he adds, “Remember New London potatoes and gravy and above all Drop a line in Blood's Despatch”—whatever that was. Walter E. Turner, Red Lion, P. O New Castle County, Delaware, also utilizes the muse:

When Friendship Sweet, at school shall end
And thou shalt happy be,
Of all the mottoes I would send
The sweetest is Remember me.

He and others apostrophize the oceans that will roar between these separating schoolmates, and how distant will be their lots, and the value of a passing thought of him who pens these lines; and one strange fellow, Thomas M. Gibbon of Salem, New Jersey, begs Ogden to “judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust Him for His grace” and then, with many calligraphic flourishes, adds—like William Henry Kerns—“dont forget ower mixture of gravy and potaters and occsionaly molasses—whrite ofton.” Apparently, there was a subtle association of ideas between Calvinism and that gravy and potatoes.

One discerning “*camrode d'école*”—Robert Hodgson—prayed that Ogden would become “a bright star in the literary world,” and this, in view of what he did become, was significant.

Thus was Robert Ogden taught his arithmetic, and

how he felt about it is disclosed by the tender letters which, sixty years later, he wrote to his granddaughter, Ruth, when she was at school:

It may please you to know that we all love you very much and approve you very cordially. Of course, you have your battles to fight and they are hard. This matter of education is hard and it is well that it is so. The people that must work the hardest for an education are the ones that appreciate it most thoroughly. By working hardest, I mean those that not only have to master lessons but work for their living at the same time. The latter has not fallen to your lot and I hope it never may and I think it never will. . . . I might tell you some other things for your encouragement. Is there any danger that they would make you vain? Keep your mind on the best and highest things—your Christian faith clear, from loyalty to your Mother and to the memory of your Father. Keep kindly words and generous thoughts toward everybody, maintain the happy habit and have just as much fun as [is] consistent with your attention to bodily and other duties. Also remember that your old granddad is next after your Mother and [brother] Ogden—your best friend.

Yours muchly—

“Curmudgeon Grandpapa”—as he would sign himself—had been, after all, once upon a time, young himself.

He earned \$1.50 a week in his summer holidays by acting as errand boy for a hardware store, and became a clerk in a dry-goods store at the age of fourteen. We may, therefore, well ask the old and familiar question: How came this man to know his letters, having never learned? From what secret spring did he draw that ordered flow of precise and melodious language which always, whether in writing or speech, clothed the exactitude of his thought? Why was his memory of phrase and anecdote so quick and so retentive? Could it have been that his mind was not so much uneducated as unspoilt? “Shades of the prison house!” sighed Wordsworth, as he contemplated

the schools, and from pedantry, at least, Ogden was preserved. He was not moulded but grew. The four walls of his classroom were life itself. He escaped the usual limitations which surround the rest of us. His windows were still open and when the big idea was wafted in, somewhat solidified in the eager personality of a certain General Armstrong, Ogden leaped to the occasion. If he had been a Phi Beta Kappa, he might have hesitated—who knows? And no biography would then have been needed.

CHAPTER IV

THE LOVE THAT SHE AROUSED

FOR two long periods, each extending over fifty years, there were two women of strong nature who constantly influenced Robert Ogden's life—his mother and his wife. It was on August 22, 1833, that Jonathan Ogden married that large, handsome, and farsighted lady, Abigail Murphey of Philadelphia, and curious indeed was it that her Christian name should have been identical with that of the first Abigail Goodsall who, three centuries earlier, had brought her lands into the Ogden family of Hertfordshire, England. The Murpheys were from County Antrim in Ireland and were thus of Ulster and Presbyterian stock. They insisted on the letter *e* in their name, much preferring Murphey to Murphy, and claimed that, through the Fitzgeralds, they were related to the Empress Eugénie—which was held to be one of the family jokes. Anyway, Abigail Murphey, who married an Ogden, was a mother who knew her son for the man he was to be and expected him to live up to it. In these masses of letters there is one from her which reveals, in few yet unforgettable words, how on occasion Hannah would deal with her Samuel, who by that time had risen to be the Sunday-school Superintendent. The point at issue was trivial—merely this: whether or not the time-table of the school should be adjusted to the hour of afternoon service at the Henry Street Presbyterian

Church, Brooklyn—but the style of the maternal admonition was Queen Victorian. Here is the letter:

Wednesday morning.

MY DEAR SON:

The past week has been one of anxiety and unhappiness to me because the differences existing in the mission school have entered so deeply into our family. I am going to be silent upon the whole matter, but want to repeat to you what I've heard Willy (and more than he) say, and it is because I am so anxious that he should continue in the good work that I write you. He says that if the wishes of fifteen of the teachers are to be completely ignored, when the difficulty could be overcome by commencing fifteen minutes earlier or omitting some part of the preliminary exercises, the only alternative is to give up their classes. With all respect to you, he said it. He has no criticism to make with regard to your superintendency of the school. That is all right, but he thinks respect for the sanctuary and for our pastor demand it. I begged of him to recall what he said, but he is firm in his resolution.

Now, my dear son, receive this kindly. If you were to leave the school, it would cause me no uneasiness, but with him it is a very different matter. You will understand this. No one shall know that I have said a word about it. May you be held by the Spirit of Christ to that course that He will approve.

With love,
MOTHER.

“Willy!” What a host of recollections lurk in that name! Willis Ogden was Robert's younger brother. He was the jocular uncle of the family who thought that a genial impudence was needed as medicine for fraternal dignity. When Robert consumed the midnight oil, Willis would splutter down a brief explosive note, informing all concerned that the man was committing suicide. And when Robert's seventieth birthday drew letters of affectionate and respectful congratulation from hundreds of leading Americans, Willis exploded with:

DEAR BOB:

Seventy—Mother of Moses!—and to think you were only sixty-nine when last summer you asked me at the Hamilton Club for the first time to treat you to a Martini cocktail. How is that for preserved youth!

When Robert responded somewhat seriously about “the job of living,” adding: “I must work while it is day, for the night cometh,” the irrepressible Willis would not have it and retorted:

DEAR BOB:

This is a matter that I have wanted to speak to you about many a time, but my reverence for you has prevented me. You know you have been so frivolous and infernally lazy that this determination on your part to conscientiously live up to your responsibilities before old age impairs your ability commands my heartiest approval and I want to tell you so. Selah.

Yours,
WILL.

Perhaps it was no wonder that Robert would sometimes sigh that Willis “went too far.” Yet Willis Ogden was, as their mother knew, well worth holding for Christian citizenship. In 1861 he joined the 13th Regiment as a volunteer. He served under McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign. We find him with Robert in the 23d Regiment, which took part in the Gettysburg Campaign. With that regiment he remained for twenty years and he rose to be Lieutenant Colonel. He founded the firm of Ogden & Brook, Woollen Merchants, New York; supported Seth Low as Mayor; was largely instrumental in establishing the Brooklyn Academy of Music; was president of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, and accompanied Robert on his famous trips to the South. And our last glimpse of him is a note which he wrote to

Robert's daughter Helen, after her father's death. It has neither beginning nor ending but reads:

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord.

Whosoever believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Saturday, August 9th, 1913.

In the Henry Street Church there will ever glow in memory of Willis a window that reveals the victory of his firm yet not untried faith.

In death they were not divided—these sons of a mother who knew them both so well. And she? Well, it is perhaps no wonder that, being herself a Presbyterian, Jonathan her husband should have ceased to be a Baptist. As a compromise, he joined her church.

In 1852, Robert was sixteen years old. His father then moved to New York and entered the clothiers' house of Devlin & Company as partner. He also became president of the Long Island Insurance Company of Brooklyn, and a considerable man of affairs. He had six children, of whom Robert was the eldest surviving; the youngest, Fannie, married Charles W. Ide and has written many books for children, under the name Ruth Ogden. Another sister, Helen Maria, married Cornelius Delano Wood and died in 1890, when Robert was fifty-four years old. Of her, we shall hear again when a word is said of what Robert thought about the future life. For the moment, let us pass to the main thread of this narrative.

Was Robert Ogden a normal and red-blooded boy? He certainly was. Here is a letter, written in 1855, when he was nineteen, to "Charley," a most intimate friend, to whom he would write what he wouldn't write to any one else, because "Charley would understand it." We have a mysterious allusion to "such an indescribably

fascinating little witch as the 'Lady of the White Door'." Then, there was a certain Annie, in whose "general deportment" he thought there had been "a marked change for the better"; he sincerely hoped it might be so and that it might "continue until all the dross that covers so bright a gem may [be] cleaned off and allow the brilliant to shine as it was intended to, before this mass of earthly folly collected around it to dim its lustre and hide its beauties." A word, too, of Sarah—he meant Sallie—"she likes it best because Pa says it so prettily." And that Fourth of July when—really, really!—they all had "a good sociable time" amid the fitful light of the fireworks. Ogden was thus frankly and wholesomely human. And the fact that young Presbyterians of that day did not dance hardly disposed of the eternal problems of adolescence. If Ogden was good, it was because he determined to be so. "Honour womanhood," was one of his sayings, "if you would keep faith in humanity."

For in the late 'fifties, the young man born of a Baptist father and a Presbyterian mother might be seen sometimes worshipping of a Sunday afternoon in an Episcopal edifice—old Grace Church, on those Brooklyn Heights which are photographed for the movies as a bit of real London! His reason was not wholly theological. Robert was then a tall and severely dressed young man, but he was entirely natural in his instincts. We read of his trip up the Hudson to Niagara and Toronto, where he heard the girls of a school sing, and did not omit to inform his sister of what estimate he had made of their personal appearance. In that Episcopal church, also, there was a singer whose rich contralto voice played havoc with Robert's emotions.

Ellen Elizabeth Lewis was of ancient Welsh stock. Her father, Walter Owen Lewis, of Hartford, Connecticut, was an only son who inherited a fortune but lost it, if I

am not mistaken, in timber. This gentle and greatly loved man retrieved his finances, however, by organizing an independent bureau in New York for gathering news from incoming vessels. The news was thrown overboard in tin cans, picked up by men in small boats, manifolded, and attached to pigeons, which carried it to headquarters. Later, Lewis established stations on the site of the present Quarantine, whence the news was sent by means of flag signals to a man situated on the top of the old Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom House. This service was continued until 1867, and it was through the efforts of Lewis that the telegraph was erected at Sandy Hook, Quarantine, Fire Island, and other points of observation.

Through his mother Lewis was descended from John Owen, born in Wales, Christmas Day, 1624, and found at New Haven in 1642. The Owens were a long-living clan. In one generation, the father, mother, and eleven children attained between them to an age of 1,037 years, 11 months, and 15 days, or an average of 79 years, 10 months, and 17 days apiece. We find, too, a David Owen, who in the 18th Century lived for 64 years with his wife and had 20 children, none of them twins, 117 grandchildren, 111 great-grandchildren, and 12 great-great-grandchildren, making 260 descendants living when he died in 1819—statistics which indicate what the human race can achieve when health is uncomplicated by medical science and social improvements.

On March 1, 1860, then, Robert married the aforesaid Ellen, who was his constant comrade and partner until she died, just in advance of what would have been their golden wedding. When their grandchild Ruth was born, she had all four grandparents living and five great-grandparents.

Mrs. Robert Ogden was one of those women in whom the art of domesticity conceals itself. Robert was never conscious that her home had to be managed. However unexpected the guests, the table was always as admirable as he wished it to be. An eye which could survey at a glance the shortcomings of a great retail store rested satisfied with the perfection of his own dining room. The music in this Welshwoman's voice was the music of her life. Robert was excellent company, would show youngsters a picture book and play Santa Claus. Indeed, it was he who directed the decorations of Wanamaker's, so one is told, at Easter and Christmas, being particular that the top of the tree should *not* be cut off to get inside the building. He would even write verses of a domestic merit and loved a game of Ugly Mug, which he played with a massive dignity. His Christmas revels were as complete and as efficient as was the rest of his life, and to their success he devoted a deep consideration.

In "Nellie," Ogden had a wife whose very soul belonged to her husband, to whom in the first years of their marriage she poured forth her devotion in letters which are still fragrant with the joy of her own home, her baby, the cupboards over which she was just "crazy," and the impossibility of getting rid of the loneliness of his absence by reading a history of the Reformation! At the idea of him living in Washington while she was to remain in Brooklyn, she wrote, "I won't submit." There were, too, those evenings of exquisite enjoyment when he and she, alone to each other, had absorbed the glory of opera. In later years, she soon realized that, as she said, "your father was one of those people who belong to the public." "Robert" would be at some banquet. Yet "Nellie" would sit up for him—and she always did wait—that he might be sure of a welcome; after which he

would read his books before retiring. Others saw the gracious host, the easy orator, the trusted man of affairs. "Nellie" knew the cost. When she was fast aging and her eyesight had begun to fail, her daughter Helen shared the burden, and what it had meant was revealed in the mother's letters:

April 20th, 1908.

I . . . am anxious to know how your father is and how he is standing the excitement of having guests on his hands and of meeting as many people as he will be obliged to meet, for he has been in such a nervous state for several days past that it has been very trying to see him. I will really be glad when he is on the ship and away from receiving letters, telephone messages, etc. I think it is the only way he will get absolute rest.

December 12, 1907.

. . . He is evidently much distressed over the finances judging from a letter I received yesterday, not only for Hampton but for both of the Boards of Education in the South. I am so sorry he has to worry so much about it. I only hope it will come out all right. It certainly seems as if with all the rich people that some one might be found to do some big thing for Hampton.

For it was of the very essence of Robert Ogden's greatness that he should be particular. His whole success in business depended on the habit of insisting that things be rightly done. This passion for detail affected him in society. Perhaps his most dreadful of all evenings was spent in a dinner jacket when it should have been a white tie. That kind of thing caused him to suffer intensely. His daughter, Helen, herself had a touch of the agony on one unforgettable Christmas when things went somewhat amiss in the commissariat. In plain terms, she had labelled her silver dishes "Almonds," "Candy," and so on—expecting to find them duly furnished, as above. She sailed in as hostess; her father and mother and guests,



“Willis,” “Robert”
And a Feather Duster



“Robert” and a Friend
A study in Neckties

including Sir Horace Plunkett, solemnly took their seats; there was a dramatic hush; and there on the silver dishes were still the labels! What everyone should have done was to laugh and gather the good story. But to Robert Ogden this was not a laughing matter. The luncheon, as it were, proceeded politely. And it was not until bedtime that Ogden could trust himself to speak. Kissing his daughter, he said with infinite tenderness and brevity, "My child, I am glad it happened. I could see how you behaved."

There you saw Ogden in the grand mood when a lapse of etiquette cut him to the quick. For it was on the grand stage that he acted his impressive part. Let us glance at some of the last fading scenery and finger the once brilliant properties. Into an attic we climb and sit there under the eaves, amid pictures that no longer hang on walls; and boxes, seldom opened; and all the paraphernalia of accumulated domesticity. Switch on the lamps; open the chests; uncrack the once carefully wrapped packages; what, if anything, have we here of that robust and sensitive being with the white hair, clear skin, ruddy complexion, alert eyes, and commanding figure which was once Robert C. Ogden? Never was such an agglomeration of menu cards! Never such an academy of illuminated souvenirs! The Pilgrims' Society, and the New England Society, and the Holland Society, and the Chamber of Commerce in New York, and a score of other prandial concerns too numerous to mention, vied with each other in the engraver's art, folding and unfolding the Stars and Stripes, photogravuring George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln and the good ship *Mayflower*, binding up dessert and *hors d'œuvres* in spacious card, and even in leather and gunmetal, and tying up toast-lists with ribands which might have been

linked into love-knots. What expenditure! What albums of historical reminiscence! There are sometimes jests about the ability of a lady to be expensive in her adornments. But when men celebrate, they adorn, not their persons, but their eatables.

The very candies and cigarettes had to be sumptuously encased. If the guest was a Prince of Japan, there would be an appropriate flag, pedestalled on a casket for chocolates. A coronation in London is immortalized by a bust of King George firmly enthroned on sweetmeats. A Pilgrim Father stands sternly erect over marshmallows. And there are river steamers, field-guns, pumpkins, and even a coal-scuttle for the big boys to play with over their cigars. St. Andrew and the Scots keep their tobacco in a *papier-maché* thistle, and there is even a bucket, two inches high, with the neck of a bottle emerging from white crystals, which suggests one knows not what! For Dutch-Americans a pipe, a mug, and the fragrant weed are duly provided; for Prince Henry of Prussia, a satin banner. Boston is placated by a miniature primer of ancient date, and full of important questions, such as, "Who was the first man?" with answer, "Adam," and there is also the Shorter Catechism, reprinted for the especial delectation of the Pennsylvania Society. And the inscribed bowls; and the embossed goblets; and the framed addresses—here they all are, mutely testifying, as best they can, that a multitude loved and honoured Robert C. Ogden. Rich as precious metal was the gratitude so expressed; a silver which age darkens to black, but which, none the less, shines again, white and radiant, when imagination polishes the surface. Once again we hear the echoes of friendly eloquence, the cheers, the laughter, the rap of the chairman's gavel, the strike of a match, the clink of a glass, the song and the tremor of the stringed instrument. Turn

down the lights! Close the door! Seal the boxes! It is not in any tomb of King Tut-anh-amen that you will find immortality. Vain, after all, is the Egyptian attempt to have material things live for ever! In his thoughts and hopes and character it is that Robert Ogden dwells with the eternities. Who cares how Wren dined? He has left us St. Paul's. And to build living stones into a nation is a greater service than to erect any cathedral. It was the nation that Ogden was helping to reconstruct when he attended those dinners. He was picking out his friends, his comrades, his victims! Of himself, he gave freely; he knew that the causes he had in hand would freely receive.

Yet within the unseen shrine of this proud man's heart there lay silent but actual an abiding sorrow. To the Ogdens had been born three children, two daughters, who survived their parents, and a son, Robert Curtis Ogden, Jr., his father's namesake, who died in infancy. In letters between husband and wife one catches a glimpse of that terrible fight for a struggling life which wrings the hearts of parents.

I haven't quite so good a report to send you of Robbie this morning [wrote the mother], although I presume it is no more than we ought to expect that some days he will not seem so well as others.

And she adds:

If you can, without much trouble, get the little music-box for Robbie. I wish you would, for the other day I, without thinking about it, said to him as were we standing by your picture, "come, Papa, and bring Robbie a music-box." And the little fellow began to reach for the door and cry and, later in the day, I was telling Ellen about it and he overheard me and did the same thing. The wooden ones are stronger than the tin ones.

That was in May, 1875, and by August of that year the conflict had become more desperate. The mother wrote:

Tuesday, August 3, 1875.

I am suffering so much with my head this morning that I fear I shall be unable to answer the dear, good letter received from you this morning. I cannot understand the cause of it, unless it is the loss of sleep and, possibly, having confined myself too much in the house with my sewing. Think I will try to take regular outdoor exercise and see what that will do for me.

“Robbie” did not win through the winter, and the home was stricken with sorrow. To Ogden, comfort was always what the word means by derivation, that is, not sympathy alone, not emotion, but strength to endure. In February, 1876, he wrote to his wife:

New York, February 25, 1876.

About Robbie, you don’t quite understand me. The precious little fellow’s memory is dear to me as it is to you and I love to think and talk of him. Your feelings, however, are so involved with him that they overcome you and, instead of comforting you to speak of him, it only seems to bring you fresh sorrow. Hence I very often do not speak my thoughts. Criticisms of the past, with the idea that results might have been different had we done otherwise, are wrong to ourselves and to Providence. We carefully and conscientiously did our utmost to save his life, according to our best judgment. Having done this, we must rest content and write no bitterness against ourselves or Providence. To the little boy it is rest and peace—no longer pain and weariness—and to me the memory of the poor little face of the living baby and the joyous, peaceful face of the angel boy brings such a story of release from pain and sorrow that, sometimes, thanksgiving for him comes to be more the thought than sorrow for ourselves.

Was it hard? A letter read by itself—perhaps, yes. But what is truth? You need to compare this letter with the diary of that sad period. How anxious he was over Julia, his elder daughter! When Julia was “pretty well

used up," Ogden insisted on the doctor, and so fussy did his mother think him that he thought her remarks about doctors "very unkind" and was hurt by them. Indeed, the mother evidently realized that she had wounded him, for next day Ogden found her "much more agreeable and reasonable." Ogden's sorrow had made him sensitive, and so, "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the word of the Lord," this man and his wife braced themselves for "the bald street" where "breaks the blank day." And it was they who were in trouble that saw through the man's formidable exterior and, within, found him tender. His wife, in her devotion, never failed to understand him. And it is not too much to say that, without her, he could never have been what he became.

CHAPTER V

THE LIVELIHOOD THAT HE EARNED

THERE have been many men as successful in commerce as was Robert Curtis Ogden. Indeed, his wealth, reckoned by his gifts, was greatly overestimated. The particular quality in his career was his attempt to reconcile commerce with Christianity. The business man who is also a philanthropist has been sometimes suspected of leading a double life. In the church he is indeed Doctor Jekyll, but in the counting house is he not Mr. Hyde? What about "the inside of the cup," as Winston Churchill calls it in his novel? Admitting that Ogden regarded gold not as a calf to be worshipped but as a pavement on the streets of progress, there is still the question how he made his money.

Of his start in business, the records are not abundant. There is a speech in which he reminds the Bishop of New York, Doctor Potter, that at one time they were clerks in directly opposite wholesale stores in Market Street, Philadelphia, and, says he:

When I think of myself and His Grace, the sentiment as to our different careers is not Whittier's "it might have been" but the German paraphrase, "it couldn't vas."

Ogden thus stepped on the ladder of life at the lowest rung.

The chronology of his success is simple. In 1852 his father, Jonathan, moved from Philadelphia to New York and entered into partnership with Daniel Devlin, who ran

a clothing firm. That partnership was joined by Robert Ogden, who remained with the firm until 1879, when he became associated with John Wanamaker in Philadelphia. In 1896 Wanamaker took over A. T. Stewart's store in New York and appointed Ogden to be his resident partner in that city. And in 1907 Ogden retired. He was thus a partner, but not the senior partner, in the two firms where lay his interests. He was not the head of the firm but the chief of staff. He shared to the full the difficulties of men who have to work with and under others.

Of the two firms, Devlin and Wanamaker, the first was as painful a failure as the second was a triumphant success. It meant that, when he had passed the fatal age of forty, Ogden was faced by the terrible handicap which burdens the man who, so far as the world can judge, has not made good. Ogden's victory, therefore, was of an especial significance because it followed defeat and came late in life. Challenging pointblank the judgment of King Rehoboam, he showed that an older man may win a battle which a younger man loses. It was not until he was sixty that he undertook his greatest task, namely, the organization of Wanamaker's in New York.

In 1902 Nathaniel C. Fowler published a volume entitled, "The Boy: How to Help Him to Succeed." It included what was called "a symposium of successful experiences" to which "three hundred and nineteen American men of marked accomplishment" sent opinions. Among them was Robert C. Ogden. Asked which "contributes the more to success, ability or experience," he answered "relatively experience." While "it is easy for one to be overloaded with experience," he was firm in denying that "ability without experience can achieve success." The idea that a man is too old for business when he would be considered young for statesmanship is

negatived both by Ogden's theory and by his example. In his opinion, "the majority of failures" are due to "diffuse effort: dabbling in business not understood," while a "big head induces both these errors."

In estimating the economic value of Ogden's later years, you must, of course, consider the man as a whole. If Cicero had seen him, there would have been added to the "De Senectute" a perfect example of those gray hairs which are a crown of glory. For what kept Ogden young in business was the life in him that was larger than business. Asked to "advise" boys in America how to get on, he said little about making money but uttered the following:

Be true to God and man. Master the English language. Never spend more than you earn. Remember the glory of American citizenship and do not fail in doing your best to pay your debt to the past by serving your country to the best of your ability. "God and country first, self afterward."

Reading should thus include the Bible, Shakespeare, and histories of the United States and Britain.

"Master the English language"—it is not too much to say that accurate syntax was the sheet anchor of Ogden's mind. It was not only that he was straightforward: his thought was so utterly precise that there were no unswept corners where an uncertainty could lurk. He knew how to say nothing except what he meant to say and he never said less. Moreover, he was a sufficient master of English to be a diplomatist in that language. When, for instance, he had to put a straight point to John Wanamaker, whose susceptibilities were easily aroused, he so wrote as to forestall irritation. It is no more than the truth that, but for his literary style, Ogden would never have won the influence which gave him his supreme chance in New

York. There was at least one crisis when a slipshod phrase would have ruined him.

It is in rough seas that the timbers of a boat are tested. Let us then consider the situation in the year 1878 when Ogden—to be frank—was so nearly down and out. His father had retired from Devlin's, and Daniel Devlin had died. The brother, Jeremiah Devlin, declined to pay Jonathan Ogden his assessed share on retirement, and there was a truly terrible lawsuit, dragging on for years, in which Robert Ogden was actually linked with Jeremiah Devlin as defendant against his father. He described the situation as “torment.” There were recriminations. Devlin asked Robert if he was not injuring the firm's credit outside, a question “the implications” of which were to Robert “insulting.” In self-protection, he had to keep a diary. “The days,” he wrote, “are long and dark and dreary.” In his Pilgrim's Progress, this Christian had arrived at the Valley of Humiliation.

That diary, fortunately for us, has been preserved. In its pages, we see, as it were, the very heart of the man revealed.

The bolts are being forged [so runs one entry] that are expected to annihilate Father's claim against the Firm. . . . A general air of mystery—all very painful to me—I am fearful of the results when I am called to testify. . . . My nerves are all unstrung and my head aches intensely. . . . I have been in this state of mind since last Friday . . . a beautiful condition for a man expected to make a business pay in these times.

Once more:

Mr. Devlin prohibited me from drawing any more money this month, at least told X not to allow me to draw more. How absurd, when the whole bank account is under my signature! Modified this later in the day.

I am disgusted—discouraged—disheartened. Mr. Devlin has

the business by the throat and is strangling it. No enterprise—everybody frightened—no one dares to do anything. Its ruin is only a question of time with the present ideas prevailing.

Credit? What Ogden was trying to do was to save, not destroy, the firm's credit, with which his own was bound up. He had a terrible week arranging a bank loan of \$65,000. He had to deal with "rumours"—Bradstreet's agency was being asked about the firm's "paper."

The incident of yesterday [wrote Ogden] has so preyed upon my mind that I have been suffering all day with a sharp nervous headache. . . . I cannot get rid of my burden. The future of the firm and possible early disaster—for we are treading on thin ice and our credit is shaky—my own personal future—what is to become of me after January—the responsibility of my family—the personal slights and insults that come to me in business—if it is not one demon, it is another.

Here is another confession:

I am feeling dull—business is very slow—the outlook bad—I am oppressed greatly—fears annoy on every side—what if my friends should lose money by me?—my house incumbered—loan due to Davenport—Father my endorser—he distressed by his suit against my firm—Mr. Devlin liable to open fire on me at any moment—the close of the year may find me out of business—what is then to serve save trust in a higher power? If I am unfortunate, perhaps my good name goes also—and then what? Poverty.

Here are evidences of an agony of mind as acute as the mind can endure. Ogden's dignity was outraged. His honour was deeply pledged. His future was threatened. And with the firm's paper jumping unpleasantly to 10 per cent. and even 18 per cent. per annum, and himself powerless to act on his best judgment, he took a step which to all his friends seemed sheer folly. Ogden accepted election to be superintendent of the City Park

Sunday School for which his church in Henry Street was responsible.

It used to be said that while his father was the one who said, "Don't," his mother was the one who said, "Do." Of this tradition, we have a hint in Robert's own answer to the question whether, upon general principles, he would advise a boy to enter his father's business. "No," wrote Robert. "In most cases, he would never be anything but a boy to his father." Anyway, never was the father's negative more decisive than it was against the proposed superintendency of the City Park School. "He was brief and emphatic," writes Robert, "in opposition to my taking up the work." He adds of his wife, however, that "Nellie approves." And in the thick of sordid things, therefore, we find Ogden calling his teachers together, preparing addresses on Ahaz, Sennacherib, and Daniel in the Lion's Den, and revising the order of exercises. He writes:

Study this evening until late for Sunday's work. It does not chafe me, however.

Over his addresses, he would worry with all the sensitiveness of the artist:

Question—Am I intended for a public speaker?

Question—Am I ever to be a success in anything?

And again:

Teachers' meeting this evening—a stupendous lesson, "Hezekiah and the Assyrians"—extremely interesting to me. I think it also was to the teachers, of whom seventeen were present.

This Bible Study strains me severely—quite severely—but it is a relief from business.

And a more intimate confession is:

These fluctuations of religious feeling are one of the sad phases of my life. Sometimes I think I am gaining more faith and trust and

hope—more patience and unselfishness—but soon I fall away again and sin in many ways. My struggle with the world goes hard—the future is dark and dreary—the present doubtful—but with health and home and friends (true and many) and God in Heaven and His Holy Spirit ready to help, why should I be discouraged? Why? That's the question.

Here is evidence of what has to be called, simply and frankly, a personal piety. He records what comfort he derived from services and prayer meetings. He also records this:

Easter Sunday—a mixed day of comfort and sadness—in an unguarded moment I allowed myself to become provoked at Mother and said some unkind and severe things.

Ogden had what Gladstone, speaking of himself, used to call “a vulnerable temper,” and he was humble enough to admit it.

Of the litigation, it is, perhaps, enough to say that the Referee upheld the plain sense of the agreements under which Jonathan Ogden made his claim and exonerated him of all the suggested “fraud” or deceit. Through the prolonged agony for Robert, it is said that his ever-placid father never lost an hour’s sleep at night! The simple fact was that the firm was in trouble and did not want to pay what was due. And it will not be denied, I think, that during this period of financial stress and strain, Ogden had every inducement to make money for his business by any means that were offered. It happened that a measure had just passed the Legislature of New York State which authorized expenditure on overcoats. Proposals were made to Ogden that his firm with others should form what he called a “ring,” that certain bids should be submitted at arranged prices and the contracts divided afterward among the parties to the com-

bination. Also, since "the passage of the bill had cost money," it followed that "consideration for influence would be expected out of the business done under the bill."

Ogden's comment was:

Have no intention of being a party to such a transaction, but held the matter under advisement to see what it develops.

His final answer was:

I told him we would not go into any arrangement of the kind—that it was not wise nor right to attempt such a plan—that the state ought to have the benefit of all the competition.

One does not know whether that contract at a manipulated price would have saved the firm. Enough that when the firm needed help, it was refused.

Honesty is, after all, a simple virtue, meaning as a rule an ability to say No. Ogden's honesty is the more interesting because John Wanamaker has left it on record that Devlin's trouble was aggravated by his entanglement in the politics associated with the name of Tweed. Ogden's view of such matters was clearly expressed thus:

The only really good bargains are such as benefit both buyer and seller. This may be true when the seller is the loser. A present loss may bring a much-needed relief or may lead to future gains. But money that is made by artificial means, the exercise of power or combinations that control values and compel one man to lose for another's gain, is money dishonestly made. It is taking another's property by force quite as truly as when the highwayman or burglar commits violence as a means of theft.

As he elsewhere said:

What a marvel of a business man's guide is the Book of Proverbs!

For some years John Wanamaker had been acquainted with Robert C. Ogden. There had been an evening when

he had dined at Ogden's house and took leave of Mrs. Ogden with the words, "I love your husband and hope one day to have him with me." It was to Wanamaker that Ogden turned, therefore, when difficulties in New York were thickening around him.

On the 10th of January, 1876, there is a letter from John Wanamaker to Ogden which indicates that, even then, he had tried to secure Ogden for his business and had failed. He writes:

Thirteenth and Market Sts., Philadelphia,
10 Jan. 1876.

MY DEAR MR. OGDEN:

I hardly could get myself ready yesterday to write reply to yours in morning mail.

No. 2, at hand this morning, is so conclusive that there is nothing left for me to do but congratulate you on the brighter skies. You felt that you must needs live at that same place, and this being the case I must rejoice in the breaking clouds.

Our way is not always the *best* way, as we sometimes find, and I sincerely trust that in this case we may not be without proof of that fact.

I should have greatly enjoyed the proposed association, and I believe it would have been to our mutual profit.

The only comfort is that I have had a little finger in shaping the events that make your path easier and more hopeful.

Yours in sincere friendship,
JOHN WANAMAKER.

On November 19, 1878, Ogden visited Philadelphia—it happens that he had with him his friend, General Armstrong of Hampton—and what occurred was:

A long and pleasant talk with Wanamaker. He is not inclined to make a clothing venture in New York. The sum of our interview was that when I am ready to entertain a proposal to go to Philadelphia, he will look over the business and see what he can offer me. I come back hopeful and glad that I had gone there.

And there is this interesting addition:

He [Wanamaker] could secure me a managing place in the American Sunday School Union. That is not what I want.

For R. C. Ogden had no intention of accepting defeat in business by taking a religious appointment. Business was a battle that he must first have won.

The difference between John Wanamaker and Jeremiah Devlin may be, perhaps, summed up in the statement that one knew and the other did not know how to make use of a man of Ogden's character and calibre. Few men running a business like a colleague too near the throne, but John Wanamaker had the perception to see that, properly treated, Ogden would never be his rival. He also realized that Ogden's judgment was seldom at fault, and would remark that his life would be insured cheaply at \$500,000. Not that Ogden claimed to be infallible. "I was the donkey that time," he would say when proved wrong. But you had to prove it.

For the student in psychology, characters like Wanamaker and Ogden present a delightful study. Wanamaker had a big dash of sheer genius which, perhaps, Heaven denied to his resident partner in New York. He saw the big chance and he seized it. He was ready to be the pioneer. His business was to him a personal achievement, stamped with his name and with none other; having drawn one bow at a venture and hit the bulls'-eye, he was all for other experiments, and each new day had to dawn with a new idea. He believed in conducting business by slogans, and great slogans they often were: for instance, "One price for all customers and return the goods if you are not satisfied." But what Ogden realized was that while a business may be started

as a stunt, it must be carried on as a science. Whether John Wanamaker was or was not the first in the field is a matter for the historian but, in either event, he soon was challenged. He had to face the competition of men whose keen brains quickly adopted his ideas and added to them their own. On Wanamaker's historic achievement in retail industry, Ogden therefore brought to bear a broad and philosophic brain. To him, the business established in 1861 had ceased already to be a stroke of luck or even of genius. It was one of those inevitable developments in the distribution of merchandise which were bound to come, not only in Philadelphia but everywhere else. What had seemed to be a happy speculation was really a phenomenon of economic evolution. The miracle itself obeyed a law.

Ogden became Wanamaker's eyes and ears. His attention was first turned to the clothing enterprise conducted at Oak Hall. There is still preserved the little red leather-bound notebook, containing the "memoranda of the condition of Oak Hall with suggestions as to its management prepared by request of Mr. John Wanamaker by Robert C. Ogden: July, 1879." It contains twenty-four short chapters, headed "Retrospective," "Principles," "Government," "Buying of Goods," "Selling of Goods," "Custody of Merchandise," and so on. Each topic is discussed, not only clearly and calmly, but with an unflinching fidelity to truth.

Oak Hall [wrote Ogden] needs a government less personal, and more systematic—not an autocracy but a constitutional monarchy. The attempt of one mind to carry too closely details of administration defeats itself by undertaking too much. Men in charge of important interests like the several departments at Oak Hall need confidence, encouragement, consultation, and direct responsibility. Independence of management of detail is the only method for the creation



“Nellie” and “Robert” in Brooklyn

of responsibility. They must be dignified and not degraded with their own subordinates.

He adds significantly:

It is a very easy matter to admit and consent to all these propositions with the utmost sincerity and yet unintentionally defeat their practical operation.

In a more personal postscript to Wanamaker, he declares:

It falls to the lot of every man in the house at times to be humiliated without reason, so that I am almost persuaded, no man, however useful, is to be allowed to gain an influential position at Oak Hall. Advertising plans which you have approved and which have passed inception without objection are harshly criticized. Criticism upon styles is often capricious and unfair. Patterns are introduced and used from unknown sources—with indifferent success—a fact which tends to destroy confidence in our own stock. These are things you may easily verify.

While he had “no complaint to make of personal treatment” and did not “expect ever to live in Elysium,” some things had been “pretty hard,” many suggestions had been “strangled at the beginning”—all of which is poor encouragement.”

As a final word, he adds:

I fear there is a touch of personal feeling in the foregoing. The facts are true in every detail, but I would be the last man to allow a personal pique to influence a statement of fact. I would rather err to my own hurt than make an unjust criticism to my own advantage.

By the report on Oak Hall, which reflected severely on a relative of John Wanamaker, Ogden crossed the Rubicon. If he was to stay in the firm at all, it must be as a colleague and among colleagues. Wanamaker’s must

develop from its first stage—that is, a striking but comparatively limited success—to a large, an orderly, a thought-out system, in which the various factors are duly coördinated.

John Wanamaker could not have liked so plain an ultimatum. Its very courtesy was evidence of the strength behind it. He had to choose between losing Ogden and keeping him. He took the large view and accepted the big man. For that momentous decision he was abundantly rewarded.

The subsequent relations between Wanamaker and Ogden are best described as strictly correct on both sides. It might have been thought that they would have shared activities in home and church, but this did not happen. Outside business hours, each man went his own way. But Wanamaker's confidence in Ogden was clearly shown when he appointed him to recreate the great store of A. T. Stewart in New York which he purchased.

It was A. T. Stewart who was nominated by Grant to be Secretary of the Treasury, a position from which, however, a merchant was debarred by law. Of Stewart's integrity in business matters Ogden was fond of giving an illustration. During the Civil War that merchant had engaged with certain mills to supply large orders of army blankets on given dates. When the war was stopped Stewart stood true to his word and paid for the blankets as shipped from the mills, no matter what might be the subsequent loss to himself.

In considering the question whether it would be wise to take over Stewart's store at Tenth Street in New York, the first question to be decided was whether it was too far downtown. Of Ogden's approach to such problems, it is characteristic that he trusted to no general impres-

sion, but himself stood on the pavement and counted the people who passed at a given time.

The store was closed for five months, the whole of the old stock was sold, an entirely new stock and staff were secured. The business was then reopened and proved such a success that, under Ogden's masterly guidance, a second building had to be added to the first.

In "The Golden Book of the Wanamaker Stores," the rejoinder is, "Wherever McGregor sits, is the head of the table." And it is an apt rejoinder. But it is just to add that wherever McGregor sat at the head of the table, he was incomparably served by the man whose name remained in the background.

When Ogden went to New York to take over Stewart's, he was sixty years old. Eleven years later he retired. About the announcement there is simple finality, not without drama:

For reasons of health, Robert C. Ogden, to our great regret, retires from business at his own request, and his interest therein ceases at this date.

JOHN WANAMAKER.
PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, PARIS.

March 30, 1907.

A further statement explained the arrangement between Wanamaker and his son and successor, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, whose gratitude to Robert Ogden was undisguised. Ogden continued as director, and in letters of generous appreciation Mr. Rodman Wanamaker expressed an affection which was mutual.

In a letter to Dr. St. Clair McKelway of Brooklyn, Ogden thus explained his sentiments:

My relation with the Wanamaker business has been very practical, for I have been obliged to keep a sharp eye on the main chance,

managing as a trustee. Nevertheless it has also been somewhat ideal, for I do not believe any man has yet conceived the possibilities of modern retailing in this country, nor has any one worked out the possibilities of prosperity-sharing with employees in both a national and an ethical sense. I have dreamed dreams and have seen visions but have not worked them out in practical form and they have not been visionary schemes. Had I begun earlier, made a sufficient success to have been a proprietor, and then master, with all the freedom thus implied, my career would have been different. I have been made as free as another active mind could make me, but conditions make limitations that are organic.

If the association with the Ogdens ceased, it was not John Wanamaker's responsibility. As Ogden felt his age drawing on, he said one day to his partner that there ought to be someone to take his place. Wanamaker asked if he had a name to suggest. "I have a name," said Ogden, "but I don't think that he will accept it." It was a name of which we shall hear more in these pages. In Philadelphia, there was often to be seen a young man whose financial abilities had already brought him into prominence among bankers in that city. His name was Alexander Purves, and when he married Ogden's daughter Helen, the father, approving yet conscious of the robbery, used to remark with a hint of grievance: "Alexander the Coppersmith did me much mischief." In his letters to his father-in-law, Purves would sign himself "Affectionately yours, Coppersmith"; and it was "Coppersmith" whom Ogden mentioned to Wanamaker.

Wanamaker at once decided to see Purves, which fact is in itself evidence of his respect for and fairness toward Ogden's judgment. He offered Purves a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. Purves made what was perhaps an unusual reply. He would accept the position provided that he be allowed to develop at the store a system of

profit-sharing between the firm and the employees. Wanamaker was taken by surprise. Even to-day, profit-sharing is not a generally accepted industrial policy. He asked for time to consider the matter. When Alexander Purves called on him again, he did not see his way to the profit-sharing, but he asked Purves to name his own salary. Purves declined the suggested increase over the previous offer and, with it, the appointment. He returned to his work at the Hampton Institute in Virginia, where his stipend was nominal.

It seems to have been clearly Alexander Purves who convinced Robert Ogden himself that some kind of profit-sharing was bound to come, an opinion to be developed in the course of this narrative.

CHAPTER VI

THE LINCOLN THAT HE REVERED

IN TELLING the story of Robert Ogden's public career we must begin with the fact that, as a young man, he lived under the shadow of the Civil War. His first glimpse of Abraham Lincoln was at a public parade between his election and his inauguration as President. Late in February, 1861, Ogden was sent by his firm on a trip through North Carolina and Virginia, there to collect debts from customers who proved to be most reluctant to pay, and he records a curious experience. Feeling against the North ran very high, and fears were entertained for Ogden's safety. The Governor of North Carolina, John W. Ellis, was the leader under whose influence the Ordinance of Secession was passed. His secretary was then and for long afterward Ogden's best friend in the South, and he had obtained for Ogden the following reassuring document:

THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

TO ALL WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:

Be it known, that Robert C. Ogden, Esq., of the City of New York, is a merchant in that city of good standing, and that his relations with us are such as entitle him to our respect and patronage.

In Witness Whereof, His Excellency, John W. Ellis our Governor, Captain-General, and Commander-in-Chief, hath signed with his hand these presents, and caused our Great Seal to be affixed thereto.

Done at the City of Raleigh, on the 23rd day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty and in the 84th year of our independence.

JOHN W. ELLIS.

By the Governor:

For so staunch a Republican as Ogden, that was, indeed, an amazing "safe-conduct." While he never used it, there were occasions when he was glad to have it on him. To the end of his life he remained in the peculiar position of a Republican from the North who, somehow or other, held a "safe-conduct" throughout the South. That was, indeed, the paradox of what came to be called "the Ogden Movement."

How Ogden attended Lincoln's Inaugural Ball is a story that must be told in his own words:

Returning North, I reached Richmond on Saturday, March second, remained there quietly on Sunday and resumed my journey on Monday. Entering Washington by the long bridge and walking along Seventh Street towards Pennsylvania Avenue, I reached the junction of the two streets just as the carriage bearing James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln to the White House, after the inauguration, passed that point.

My first care was to secure a ticket for the inauguration ball, which was quickly obtained by purchase from Mr. Presbery personally, at one time one of the proprietors of Willard's Hotel—the "Old Willard's" that stood upon the same land as now occupied by the elegant New Willard's. My next care was for a sleeping-place, and for that I obtained a cot in an old church at the rear of Willard's and connected with the hotel, the floor of which had been cleared for the purpose and created accommodations for some hundreds of guests.

In spite of the fact that Willard's was crowded, there was not a great attendance of people from the country at large. The preponderance of Washington sentiment was with the South, and the entire city was under a pall of doubt, uncertainty, and depression.

I went to the inauguration ball in company with my friend, Joseph Howard, Jr. It was he that secured for the *New York Times*, of which he was the Washington representative, the news of the disguise of Mr. Lincoln in the Scotch cap and military cloak and the trip to Washington via Philadelphia and Harrisburg, as a means of evading a plot against his life. I chaffed Howard considerably about that news, expressing my doubts as to its accuracy with much freedom, to all of which he

replied by re-asserting the truth of the published statement and telling me that he expected I would live to see the demonstration of the facts. This, I believe, has been made good by the revelations, years afterward, of the Pinkerton's Detective Agency.

The ball was given in a huge temporary wooden structure erected for the occasion, in the rear of the old Court House. The arrangements were excellent. The long ballroom was divided into unequal portions by a partition running its entire length. The smaller section was devoted to the supper-room, the larger one was for the dancing. The partition was constructed in movable sections behind each of which was a man and, when the time for supper arrived, the partition simply walked off and made a unit of the entire hall.

But the ball was an apathetic affair, the guests were ill-at-ease, and so lacking in interest that the whole floor was not occupied with dancers at any time during the entire evening.

The one and only continuous bright spot was that created by Mr. Lincoln's personality. He was surrounded by people at all times, some of them doubtless personal friends, others connected with the public functions. His ungainly figure was somewhat aggravated by his long frock coat, but, in contrast with this, his vivacity of manner and speech expressed the inspiration of his spirit.

Till the day of his death, Ogden kept the invitation to that ball, framed, on the wall of his study. He gives us also this pen portrait of Lincoln at church:

My deepest personal impression of Mr. Lincoln came in Washington on the Sunday after the battle of Antietam, in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. The summer had closed with the record of McClellan's disastrous campaign on the Virginia peninsula. Then followed Pope's failure at the Second Bull Run. After that came Lee's advance into Maryland and McClellan's recall to command the army, followed by the victory at Antietam—a victory and a failure. Not until long after did I know, or the public generally, the bitterness of soul that Mr. Lincoln suffered because of McClellan's omission to secure the fruits of the Antietam victory. I sat in the church where I could see the President very clearly, and when the service was over I secured a place outside, at a respectable distance, where I could observe his exit from the church. In all my experience I have never

seen such an expression on a human face. The quiet solemnity of the service, the orderly dismissal of the congregation—there was no gaping crowd watching the President—all tended to natural repose of feature, and the result was a pathos of sadness that had in it an expression more nearly the Christ ideal than I have ever seen in art or any other person.

In Ogden's papers there is, moreover, a story of Lincoln which he heard from Schuyler Colfax. As told by Ogden it is as follows:

It was on the night of the second day of the Battle of the Wilderness that Mr. Colfax was nervously anxious to know the result. He passed some hours in the various offices of Newspaper Row, saw everything that was going out to the Press of the country and, with the practised eye of a veteran journalist, could see that the news had been carefully censored for publication. Turning his steps homeward in the small hours of the morning, his walk taking him by the White House, he obeyed an impulse to see if Mr. Lincoln was still about, his freedom with the President justifying the call. The old Negro door man said that Mr. Lincoln was still in his office, which in those days was on the second floor of the White House. Here Mr. Colfax found him, half dressed, full of anxiety, awaiting the coming of any possible reports from the battle. Mr. Colfax inquired the news and told Mr. Lincoln of his unsuccessful inquiries. Mr. Lincoln replied that his information was very meagre, he only knew that there had been a great battle, that a victory had not been won, and expected that the old story of the Army of the Potomac and its allied forces would be repeated, and that the next tidings would be that they were facing north and falling back to Washington and the Potomac.

Then followed an interview as sacred as it was sad. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed, "Schuyler, what does it mean? Are we not in the right? God knows I have tried hard to do my duty here and you fellows outside have done the same. We have had a long struggle of victories and defeats and have prepared for this final effort by calling our greatest and most successful General to the command, have given him absolute control of all the resources of the Government, have apparently put the last man in the ranks. He has gone forth in his

campaign and his first fight is at best a drawn battle. God knows how gladly I would change places at this moment with any dead soldier boy that now lies on that field."

Mr. Colfax spoke such words of comfort and encouragement as were possible under the circumstances and went to his home. When morning came he was anxious and curious as to the effect of the condition in which he had left Mr. Lincoln. At a late hour of the morning he left his house and walked all the way to the Capitol, expecting thus to meet men of prominence who, under the strain of existing circumstances, would naturally go to the White House for such information as the President might be able to give. In this he was not disappointed. Asking man after man if he had been to the White House and what the President had to say about the news from Grant, he could get nothing definite, but all united in the expression that Mr. Lincoln was in such a happy humour that certainly everything must be all right. "He could not be in such excellent spirits were it otherwise." It afterwards appeared that Mr. Lincoln definitely knew little or nothing more during the hours of daylight on that morning than he did at the hour when he gave his sorrowful confidence to Mr. Colfax. Here we have the President lifting the spirits and sustaining the hope of the country by his own unaided courage and tact while, at the same time, his heart was breaking under a load of discouragement and doubt entirely beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind.

Under the spell of the crisis, Ogden, when in Washington, fell into the ranks of a Republican club from New York which was marching to the White House. Lincoln left the dinner table and made for them a little speech which Ogden describes as "kindly, manly, brave, human and charitable." And ever afterward, it was in the ranks of the Republicans that Ogden marched wherever he went.

Here is a batch of letters, old and faded and falling to bits along the creases where for half a century they were folded, which were written to Ogden at that time by men of his own age who shared the truly terrible emotions of

the period. In these half-hysterical documents we see the nation rending itself asunder, and they are quoted here only as evidence of a mood that has long ago returned to normal.

First, we have an outburst from a Southerner, dated March 16, 1861, from Montgomery, Alabama:

Our military companies (many of them new ones) have all been thoroughly armed and equipped by private donations; in fact, we have spent a great deal of money in order to be ready to repel invasion or if need be to fight for our independence. I hope that there will be no fighting, but if it is the desire of the Administration, they can be accommodated. We may be annihilated but can *never, never* be subjected. We all should deplore the present existing circumstances, but now we are in for it, we will go through like men, cost what it may.

Then, when the blow had fallen which meant war, there were the elaborate epistles in which "your friend" Lieut. Colonel Adrian R. Root of the 21st New York Volunteers ordered shoulder straps, insisting on quality, whatever the price, and inserting a parenthesis, "I am my own chaplain now but I had rather preside at prayers than go without them."

We are all [he adds] under a cloud of impecuniosity just now in consequence of the delay of our pay-master. I have more than 5 months' pay due me, amounting to more than \$1,200, and yet am compelled to borrow even my postage stamps. However, it will be all right soon.

He had faith in "the ultimate triumph of our cause," but said sadly:

Poor McClellan will never succeed in taking Richmond. The capital must be approached from another direction. . . . We are longing for a decisive battle in order to settle for ever this Southern row. And then: we will be ready for Great Britain. I shall not feel particularly sorry, however, to have the insolent old tyrant, John Bull,

commence at once, and in that case, I will go right to Buffalo and raise a new regiment for “invasive” purposes.

An English biographer may be forgiven for quoting that expressive compliment to his country, which, indeed, enables him, without danger of being misunderstood by the Southerners, with whom England entertained not a little sympathy, to give further extracts from the letters of soldiers fighting for the North. The fierce, human sentiments now to be recalled must be read as history—the history which we can afford to read with mental detachment. It is a tragedy on which we must briefly touch if we are to appreciate the great labour of reconciliation into which Robert Ogden and his colleagues were to throw themselves with such ardour.

Few of us to-day, I fancy, remember a certain C. E. Benson. Yet C. E. Benson, with his talk of the “rebels,” was typical of millions. How he “embarked on board the *Atlantic* at the foot of Canal Street,” landed at Alexandria and there marched to the Rapidan—there it is all set out. His letters might have been written from the trenches in France. He asks for “reading matter, as it is very scarce”; he is “like all soldiers, totally ignorant” as to the future movement of the Army; but he is impressed by “the cruel practice” of sharpshooting, which wounds men daily “with no advantage to either side” and makes it dangerous to fetch water for coffee until after dark. As the struggle proceeds, Benson’s mind becomes more embittered.

The boys are anxious [so he writes] to see this war end. But not in the way the Copperheads and Traitors of the North would have it if they had the power. No, the blood of our dead comrades who have fallen in defence of the Union would be upon us if we stopped short of the effectual suppression of this cursed rebellion against the best Government on Earth.

To Benson, the struggle was not, as the South so stoutly maintained, a struggle for state rights, but only to abolish slavery. And his was the mind with which a man like Ogden, with his broader sympathies, had to deal.

From Dawfuskee Island, S. C., a certain James M. Green defies "military law" by writing to Ogden "confidential" details of operations there, with this glimpse of the old South, thus breaking up under the hostilities:

There are two very fine plantations in this island. One garden is the finest I have ever seen. One house was furnished in splendid style and [from] the other, the furniture had been taken out. The Negroes were taken with the families, except two or three, from whom I learned the history of the owners. It is amusing to talk to some of these "contrabands." We ask them whom they belong to now and they almost invariably answer "Uncle Sam." Occasionally we get a smart fellow but they are exceptions.

One soldier at Camp Willard, Paducah, Kentucky, describes a "reunion." Not foreseeing any Eighteenth Amendment, he writes:

We cleaned out the mess room, got the nigger in a band, filled him up with ale, etc., then filled ourselves and went in for a stag dance. We had a lively time and lots of fun. We got our officers feeling good and they let us run the thing, far into the night, until finally the ale ran out, the fiddles played out, some of the boys were kicked out, the sub. walked out and went to bed. So ended our second reunion.

Among these papers is one, the interest and value of which, I confess, did not immediately occur to my mind. It appeared to be a typed cutting from some newspaper. But a further scrutiny disclosed what seems to be the fact that it was the newspaper itself—and a truly his-

toric edition. On April 3, 1865, the City of Richmond surrendered. Next day, this appeared:

EVENING WHIG

Wm. Ira Smith, Proprietor.

RICHMOND, VA., TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1865.

SPECIAL NOTICE

For the temporary accommodation of the citizens of Richmond who may wish the WHIG, there will be tickets sold at the office in amounts from Two to Five Dollars in Federal currency to responsible parties, and their obligation taken, payable in thirty days, so as to enable them to reach the latest news.

Call at the office, Whig Building.

The publication of the WHIG is resumed this afternoon, with the consent of the military authorities. The editor and all who heretofore controlled its columns have taken their departure. The proprietor and one attaché of the recent editorial corps remain. The former has had a conference with General Shepley, the Military Governor, who has assented to the publication of the paper on conditions which will be cheerfully and faithfully complied with. The WHIG will therefore be issued hereafter as a Union paper. The sentiments of attachment to our "whole country," which formerly characterized it as a journal, will again find expression in its columns, and whatever influence it may have for the restoration of the national authority will be exerted.

As soon as practicable a full and efficient editorial force will be organized. For the present we ask the indulgence of our readers.

We will do the best we can under existing circumstances, promising a daily improvement in the variety and interest of the contents of the paper, until we shall make the WHIG commend itself to the favour and support of all persons loyal to the Government of the United States. The terms cannot, as yet, be definitely fixed. We shall commence with such charge, in Federal currency, as we conceive to be fair and reasonable. In a short time we will resume the issue of a double sheet.

Military papers—yes, indeed, here they are, all in due form. This first is a pass, dated July 8, 1861, which for one week allows Robert C. Ogden to proceed at Washington “over the Bridges and within the lines,” but on this condition which he has signed:

It is understood that the within named and subscriber accepts this pass on his word of honour that he is and will be ever loyal to the United States; and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death.

A gentle man was this Abraham Lincoln, but also firm! As the war continued, passes, apparently, became more sharply worded and loyalty was taken for granted. Here is one dated January 31, 1863:

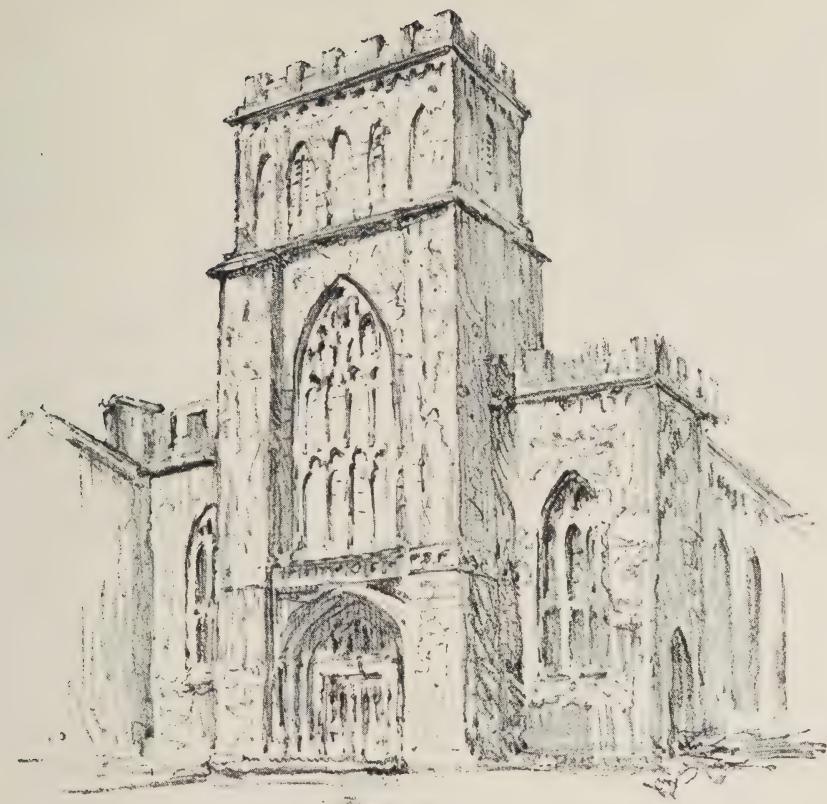
Guards will pass Mr. R. C. Ogden into the fort and return without molestation or interruption.

The fort, by a coincidence, was none other than Fort Munroe, hard by Hampton, where for fifty years Ogden was to pass and return without molestation or interruption. Years before Armstrong founded his famous Institute, Ogden, whom he consulted, was thus familiar with the district. He had learned every inch of it.

How Ogden joined the 23d Regiment of New York is told in these papers; where also we read how “the People . . . by the Grace of God Free and Independent . . . reposing especial trust and confidence as well in your patriotism, conduct, and loyalty as in your integrity and readiness to do us good and faithful service,” appointed him first Commissary of Subsistence and then Quartermaster. Here were the noble phrases—which to some are merely formal—but to Ogden sounded as the voice of God. Discharged? Yes, in due course, he was discharged, save for the event of “insurrection or in-

vasion"; but not until the year 1875. And the papers make it clear that there was no obstacle to reënlistment—which again was symbolic. For what happened to Ogden was just that very thing: that, having been a soldier, he reënlisted as citizen and ceased to serve only when he died on his chosen battlefield. If the whole truth is to be disclosed it was his younger brother and superior officer, Willis, who certified Robert for his "honourable discharge."

Out of this furnace of flame and fury was forged, in the South, a Democratic Party which has remained "solid" ever since, and in the North, the Republicans. Ogden was, throughout his life, an unquestioning Republican, and nowhere was this fact more thoroughly known than in the South where his name came to be a household word. Indeed, if one may introduce here an incident of his later years, not without humour, the only grave difference that he ever had with his then small grandson, Robert Ogden Purves, arose over politics. For the Ogdens, young and old, sometimes liked to say the opposite, and it was a shock to the entire dinner table when the hope of the future calmly intimated that if destiny had reared him fifty years earlier, he would have fought in the Confederate Army! An anxious mother proceeded at once to discuss the vagaries of the weather, to which Jove, sitting at the head of the table, was inclined to add his thunderbolts. But even that crisis was scarcely so serious as the dreadful day when the young dissenter announced, "I'm for Bryan." And for Bryan he stood pat. When the boys and girls paraded the campus at Hampton with their flags reassuringly unanimous for McKinley, there was a counter-demonstration, also unanimous, of one small person, sturdily bearing Bryan's banner. He was photographed, and the picture was forwarded for his



First Presbyterian Church, Henry St., Brooklyn



Ogden Memorial Auditorium Hampton Institute

encouragement to the Democratic candidate. But, alas, for the sequel. When the election was over, the Bryanite sighed with relief and said, "I suppose I may now be for McKinley!" Such is evolution among the young!

It is, I understand, a fact that Ogden was offered a high and doubtless a diplomatic appointment by at least one Republican President, but to accept the distinction was, he felt, impossible. He did, however, help John Wanamaker thus to serve the country.

In 1888, John Wanamaker was chairman of the National Republican Advisory Committee which assisted in raising a campaign fund for the election of Benjamin Harrison as President. Ogden was then John Wanamaker's partner and when President Harrison asked Wanamaker to be his Postmaster General, he said to Ogden, "This depends on you." Ogden thereupon assumed entire responsibility for the normal conduct of the business and rendered this service as an act of friendship. The position was not quite simple. In the bitterness of the contest, there were insinuations that Wanamaker had been a party to political practices hardly consonant with his profession as a Christian, and Ogden stepped forth as his defender. He did not evade the fact that, as Wanamaker's colleague, he might find his testimony discounted, yet quietly and sincerely, he claimed to be a witness of truth. Wanamaker, he wrote, "never raised, nor gave, one dollar for the purpose of 'buying votes' nor for any other corrupt purpose." And he adds, "I am certain that in reviewing his action in the light of the highest moral standard he sees nothing in it to apologize for or to regret."

Not that Robert Ogden was a partisan without reservations. In New York he acted with a Committee of

One Hundred which attacked Tammany Hall. But on the other hand, we find in his papers a protest against the election by Pennsylvania of Mr. Penrose as Senator. According to this manifesto:

The reason upon which this protest is based is that Mr. Penrose is not an available candidate. A protest of this nature does not need specific allegations as to ability or character, for there are many men possessing the needed qualifications in both these respects who would be thoroughly undesirable for the position.

* * * * *

. . . Mr. Penrose is identified with the worst elements in Republican machine politics, and if elected to the highest place within the gift of our state, it would be by the power of the organization that is maintained in the interest of a political ring that exists to defeat the will of the people for the maintenance of personal patronage and power. The existing organization is unfit to represent the moral ideas of republicanism. The election of Mr. Penrose will vastly strengthen the present obnoxious conditions.

It is vital to the interests of the State that its Senators command the confidence and respect of the people and especially of sincere and intelligent Republicans.

A vast number of Republicans have not sufficient respect for him to give him needed support. They never can respect the methods by which, if elected, his success will be attained. It is, therefore, clear that he is both undesirable and unavailable for the position of U. S. Senator. . . . Members of the Legislature should be reminded that no citizen has a claim upon the Senatorship and that the office does not exist for the vindication of any reputation. . . . Mr. Penrose's election will bring odium upon the Republican party and will seriously jeopardize the ascendancy of the party in this State.

The election of Gifford Pinchot to be Governor of Pennsylvania is a dramatic comment on this frank manifesto. Ogden was thus a Republican of the deepest dye and would have shattered the Ten Commandments rather than vote Democrat.

It was in the sacred recesses of the Union League Club

itself that Ogden entertained his comrades in the good cause of national and especially of Southern education. And his personal Attorney in New York was the witty and anecdotal Job Hedges, an active Republican, who, in one epistle, attributed to his "composite" client "the desirable characteristics of the 'Sulphite' together with a tinge of the restful manner of the 'Bromide'!"

For William Howard Taft Ogden entertained a warm friendship. There is a letter from Taft, acknowledging congratulations from Ogden on his election as President; and of Taft's arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France, so sternly fought in the Senate by the conservatives, Ogden thoroughly approved. Lawyers like Root, Choate, Edmunds, and Senator Burton had declared that the treaties were constitutional and expedient and, as a means of avoiding war, Ogden believed in arbitration. In 1911 he gave a dinner in New York at which President Taft and Secretary Knox spoke, and it may be assumed that Ogden regretted the loss of the treaties which followed their amendment by the Senate.

Of a Democrat in the White House, Ogden, like Armstrong, had his misgivings. "What will happen," asked Armstrong, in November, 1892, "now that Cleveland is elected? I cannot dread a business convulsion, for Cleveland, though not perfect, is not, I think, a mere fool, to let things go to the dogs and destroy his party. If they blunder, as Democrats are quite sure to do, they will be punished. There is much anxiety, but neither Free Trade nor Wild Cat Money can come to us badly; the people don't want either."

Again:

Cleveland has a big job on his hands and seems liable to get snagged. Will he make it go or will he become very unpopular again? He seems to have made a strong start at any rate.

Under all the circumstances it is interesting to find Ogden confessing to the staunch Democrat, George Foster Peabody, that, at a school in Philadelphia, where funds were wanted, “Mr. Cleveland presided; Booker T. Washington spoke; I made the money appeal.” The date was about 1903.

Similarly, on July 17, 1912, Ogden wrote to his sister, Mrs. Ide, about the probability of a Democratic revival under Woodrow Wilson:

I honour Mr. Taft as a great and good man, but I fear he has made several pretty bad mistakes, and he is sure to be overwhelmingly defeated. Of course Roosevelt will run. I think Woodrow Wilson will be elected, and I hope his vote will be big enough to keep the contest out of the House of Representatives. I used to know Wilson very well, always respected him highly, and would trust him as President, although he will have a bad lot with him in Congress. Already they have done harm enough and they can do vastly more. The average is low. The bulk of the representatives in Congress are there for the pitiful little salary and are powerless for any constructive work, either in capacity or conscience. With little or no stake in the community, they pander to the ignorance of the masses of the people, just to keep their little places.

I don’t know what it means to be a “Progressive”—anything to make confusion, it would seem. Generally I am optimistic, having faith that intelligent discussion will evolve the right thing in the long run. But it is hard to keep faith just now. We are lacking in big men—men big enough to grasp the whole field, to see the true objective clearly and live up to it. And so we have socialism, anarchism, trade unionism gone mad; have lost our grip on the vitals of Christianity, that alone holds the true solution for the brotherhood of man.

On this situation, Walter H. Page—from the Democratic standpoint—wrote him:

I am disposed to be somewhat hopeful about the national outlook, partly because, I presume, I am philosophically a Democrat rather than a Republican. I have a feeling that it will be an important

education for the public again to have a Democratic philosophy not only of government but of life clearly formulated, as I hope Governor Wilson will be able to do if he become President. I am afraid of the hungry crowd behind him—very much afraid. Still, I cannot for a moment think that they can eat more or get more than the hungry crowd that have been in control for a long time. At any rate, what we have to do is simply to live and wait and see.

Doubtless there is evidence that Ogden congratulated Woodrow Wilson on becoming a President, but the presidency was of Princeton University, not of the United States. Wilson replied that he had received Ogden's letter with "peculiar pleasure"; he knew "how high a standard" Ogden set "in matters of education"; and it would be "a very happy circumstance" if he—Woodrow Wilson—could "realize these generous hopes" of his friends.

To Ogden, therefore, as to all American citizens, politics were a reality. Yet he was never what is called a politician. It was from the grandstand that he watched the game and "rooted" for his side. His Republican sympathies were sincere but they seem to have had no practical bearing on any cause that he advocated. Many of his intimate associates in public work were Democrats. His audiences in the South were predominantly Democrat. And about his political convictions there was thus, speaking practically, a certain unreality. As we proceed with our narrative, this factor hardly enters. Ogden is thus one of those many instances of American citizenship which the European finds it so hard to understand. He worked not in Congress, but apart from Congress. It is only occasionally and by accident that one finds, for instance, a letter from Senator Lodge, dealing with some grant by Congress to Hampton Institute. Ogden was a statesman, but an "unofficial statesman." Where

kings reign without ruling, he did not a little ruling without seeking to reign. He found influence to be more powerful than authority and he was content to get his way by a persuasion that compelled without compulsion.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORE THAT HE MANAGED

AND so, in 1879, Ogden had to leave New York and start life afresh in Philadelphia. It was a big break of many friendships, for amid all his distresses at Devlins', he had his moments of gaiety. On the cover of the very diary which records his despondent moods, he had gummed the grinning visage of Mr. Punch, defiantly smiling at life. And in his ups and downs he was sustained by two intimate friendships. Living as he did at that time in Brooklyn, he would as soon have missed seeing Uncle Davy and Uncle The, as his daughters called his cronies, as he would have missed his dinner. Every morning at a certain stage of breakfast, there would appear a small man who would sit for a moment, and then remark, "I'm a little lame to-day so I'll step ahead." Ogden would finish the meal and then proceed with his long legs to overtake Uncle Davy ere he caught the ferry. Then they would be inseparable companions until they reached their offices, "the long and the short of it" thus becoming peripatetic landmarks by which you could set your watch. At night Uncle The would pass the house late, and if he saw a light would enter, when the ceremony would be what he called "a burnt offering," otherwise one cigar. Once a year, Uncle Davy and Uncle The, being persistent bachelors, would solemnly entertain Robert and Mrs. Ogden, at the Ogdens' house, taking charge of the kitchen and staff for that evening only and offering a menu that was at once alluring and unusual.

Dear old Davenport! Dear old Theodore Smith! What a parting it was when there had to be a move to Philadelphia. Complete strangers would accost Uncle Davy on the ferry and ask, "Where is the big one?" And for four years Uncle Davy so arranged his perambulations in Brooklyn as never to set his eyes on Ogden's deserted home. No more "elegant little dinners" at Delmonico's with "a little segar afterward, the first for several months." No more "dinners at Holtz" with "much sport over it at Davy's expense!" And no more drives to Coney Island!

When Ogden joined Wanamaker, how young was the world! Even railways still seemed wonderful and a telegram was an event. Not an automobile pulsated along the avenues. Not an aëroplane, not a dirigible had yet flown. It was only in the imagination of a Jules Verne that the submarine dived on its voyage. The telephone had barely yielded its secret, and wireless and radio were magic still unknown, as was the X-ray. And the press itself was only in its infancy. Civilized man was on the eve of the profoundest revolution in his annals.

That revolution included the challenging emergence of the department store. And at the centre of that revolution laboured Robert Ogden. He was thus among the makers of modern industry and his views, in so far as they are on record, will always have the value that attaches to evidences of origin. On the theory of his business he wrote no considered treatise. He was too fond of committees and dinners to be, as he might have been, a serious author. But in this land of lectures and luncheons, a man of his gifts was often asked to state his opinions, and through these utterances we can trace something at least of his commercial philosophy. Like other business men, he had to deal with problems in ethics which will ever

puzzle the casuist. But he approached these problems from a standpoint peculiarly his own.

Napoleon had sneered at England as a nation of shopkeepers. And the sneer had been wafted across the ocean. It is inherent in the horror of Hepzibah when, as a proud Pyncheon, she so far demeaned herself as to open her little counter in the House of the Seven Gables. To Ogden, this same retail trade was a high calling of God, as sacred, as responsible, and as learned as the pulpit, the law, or medicine.

When his battle was won, he addressed Harvard University on "the attraction of retail business to the educated man." It is characteristic of his industry that he wrote out this address twice with his own hand. In terms of a vigour that suggested the emotion of a proud and sensitive spirit, he denounced as "illogical, unjust, and undemocratic" that "narrow prejudice" and those "artificial distinctions" which differentiate between "the tanner of leather, the manufacturer of shoes, and the retailer that distributes shoes to the consumers." And, he asks, "why does the same contrast prevail between the maker of woollen cloth and the distributor of cloth or the tailor? In the ability required of a good tailor, he is certainly the peer of the woollen goods manufacturer." He demanded "a new order of judgment" which "will take account of man and of his contribution to the welfare of society at a true valuation." To commerce, he applied instinctively the ideal that St. Paul applied to the Church, discovering therein many members, but one body in which no member can claim an especial honour. The principle of the thing was asserted in the Declaration of Independence, and the rise of Marshall Field, of Gordon Selfridge, of Wanamaker himself has reduced the principle to a commonplace. But it was not a commonplace when

Robert Ogden, standing his full six feet, confronted a thousand years of what elsewhere he calls “the haughty assumptions of artistic and literary cliques.”

He never liked the term “department store.”

I must enter [he says] a protest against the contemptuous idea so generally associated with it in the minds of intelligent, cultivated, and refined people who hold it in common with the smart set. It contains the greatest obstacle to great retailing. The situation is illustrated by the old Quaker, having a grudge against a certain dog, who said to the dog, “I will not hurt thee nor harm thee but I will cry ‘Mad dog!’ after thee.”

Ogden therefore confined the use of the objectionable phrase to a magnified country shop in which all sorts of merchandise are treated upon one general plan, no difference being made between the several goods dealt with, either as to the capital employed for a given sale, the presentation of the goods, or the capacities of the people entrusted with the sales. He says:

A business thus managed exists only for money-making. Its methods are transient and temporary. It is usually a part of such policy to sacrifice certain popular sorts of goods, the real values of which are generally known, by selling without profits or at positive losses, [in order] that crowds of unthinking people may be impressed by the idea that the same cheapness that applies to goods of which they have knowledge will hold good upon other wares the values of which are unknown. This policy often brings a measure of success when boldly projected and skilfully executed.

And with a touch of sarcasm, he added that “it may possibly be justified upon ethical principles.” But he proceeded to set forth what he considered to be the scientific alternative.

The ideal retail business [he contended] is an aggregation of stores, a collection of businesses, so comprehensive as to meet the needs, in

each of its several lines, of all people wanting worthy and honest goods, starting with the good, plain and simple, and rising to the best in elegance, quality, and style.

Between the grouped stores there is thus no "dead level"—"the method is vertical." Each constituent business must employ its own capital and its own staff. Some stocks will be turned over once a year; others once a month; others, it may be, once a day. And stocks must be seasonable and disposed of the moment their popularity has declined. Says Ogden:

One of our greatest American merchants replied to a question as to the secret of his success by saying, "I knew when to make a loss." . . .

The ideal business will supply everything for ornament or use in the furnishing of a house, all the needs for the dress of men and women, boys and girls, from the cradle to the grave, fancy goods of every sort, articles for sport, for the amusement of children, books and some food products, as candies, and well-appointed and properly served restaurants, tea rooms, and lunch rooms. The merchandise may be, and should be expanded to include musical instruments and the fine arts,

to which, in the manuscript, is added in pencil, "articles of vertu."

The detail, so involved, is formidable, and for detail Ogden developed a voracious appetite. A guest would tell him at breakfast of a new kind of hanger for clothes to be seen at her friend's house. On his way to his office Ogden would call at that house, and in the catalogue of the firm, the hanger, now familiar throughout the United States, would be included. His study contains many an album of engravings sent him as gifts from firms in Paris, which he visited with his daughter in the year 1888, a visit that yielded many an anecdote. For when his daughter admired an opera glass or, it might be, a fan, Ogden insisted that she buy in dozens, and fans and opera

glasses had thus to be distributed broadcast over a wide, a grateful, and perhaps an astonished, acquaintance. Not that Ogden meant to be extravagant. Buying by the dozen had become a habit. And habit is a force that gathers momentum with the years.

During that visit to Europe, he and his daughter Helen had a curious experience. One Sunday afternoon they attended service in Westminster Abbey, which was heavily guarded by police. A mob of unemployed broke the cordon and forced their way into the building, interrupting the service. Their attitude was threatening and when the preacher of the day appealed for "charity," they retorted angrily, "Not charity, but work." Ogden's demeanour was calm but stern and set. "If ever we get out of this alive," he muttered, "we shall have a story to tell." And he was impatient with an American lady near by who, seeing a rioter put his hand in his pocket, talked hysterically of dynamite. Missiles were flying and the scene was developing on ugly lines when the organist began to play Handel's Largo. The effect was miraculous. The crowd could not help but listen, their anger was abated. So ended the incident, the worshippers leaving the Abbey by way of the Cloisters.

This, however, is sheer digression. What here concerns us is Ogden's theory of commerce. Let us, then, resume. He admits that management of the modern store is "complicated in the extreme" and he says:

It must be thoroughly scientific. The auditing must keep a daily touch on the cash and an eager eye must watch the merchandise that no losses may occur of either money or goods. The bookkeeping must be prompt and accurate, the delivery service will command the largest ability in both theory and practice for the threefold administration of parcels, china and glassware, and furniture, three generalizations that will cover a vast array of incidental articles that

will classify with one or the other. The administration that will cover the watchfulness over the needs of every guest, the service of every employer, the alertness that in the great system of steam, electricity, hydraulics, and hydrostatics will protect employees and the public from danger and keep all in working efficiency must be matchless in its power.

How Ogden ensured that "all vital information shall be concentrated and tabulated [in order] that the single directing mind at the top may be kept intelligent on every detail," may be described briefly as "the daily question." Every head of a department saw the chief every afternoon and submitted a chart of immense area showing how takings that day compared with takings on the corresponding days of previous years. The interview might be brief and formal or long and serious, but the touch with "the single directing mind at the top" was there. Let an official complain of another official and immediately Ogden's finger would touch the bell. The accused and the accuser would be brought face to face and Ogden would request that the complaint be repeated. Mere talebearers were thus silenced.

In a tribute to his friend, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker writes:

Sitting at his desk, always erect as a general on horseback, Mr. Ogden seemed cold and austere to the new visitor. And when his great musical voice boomed out, the feeling of smallness on the visitor's part increased. But then came the warm gentle smile and the sparkle in the eye—and the ice was broken beneath the sunshine. "I well remember my first visit," said an old friend. "I literally sank through the chair into the basement three floors below when I sat down. And then as speedily I was lifted up to the sky by Mr. Ogden's geniality and warm-heartedness."

So would he drive to the great store daily in a vehicle all his own, a quite small carriage drawn by a large gray horse, in which carriage he would sit conspicuous, greeted

cheerily by the police, all of whom well knew him. Living intensely, he would drop asleep on the way home; indeed, he would take his forty winks between the courses of his dinner; so utter was his exhaustion. That he did too much was obvious. And it was over small matters that he was at times so severe. For an hour every morning he walked round the building. If a blue chair was where a green chair should have been, he knew it. And he asked who was responsible. In insisting upon exactitude of detail, he was right. And he was right when he swept aside excuses. As he used to say, "You cannot go to heaven on the other fellow's sins." But there were occasions when he carried discipline too far—that day, for instance, when there was to be a ribbon sale. All night the employees had toiled, preparing the display of ribbon, and in the morning the eagle eye inspected the results. A trusted colleague had turned a case at right angles and Ogden, not approving, read the riot act over the offender. The man was tired and a suggestion of disloyalty wounded him to the quick. He turned away in silence and disappeared, hiding his emotion. In a moment, Ogden's wrath melted to regret.

"Was I too hard on him?" he asked, on another occasion when he had found fault with a salesman.

"Well," said his colleague, "if you had so spoken to me, I should have been useless for the rest of the day."

Ogden turned on his heel, sprang back to the salesman he had left, and jerked out the words, "I was too severe just now. Think no more of it."

If Ogden was beloved, it was because he was just. No man, no girl who had done his or her best, needed to fear his criticism. If he thought that any one was in the wrong, he would give the reason why he so thought and he would listen to a contrary reason. He had a temper but, on the

other hand, he was human; he loved a jest; he bore no malice; and if he had misjudged, he was quick—even impulsive—to make amends. When he gave a direction, he expected it to be carried out to the letter. On one occasion he left word that no loose fittings in the New York store, then under reconstruction, were to be moved until his return in the morning. Such congestion resulted that an official hazarded disobedience and the fittings were put where they would cause less difficulty. In the morning, when Ogden arrived, there was not in his mind the faintest suspicion of so dark a treason. But as ill luck would have it, his eye glanced at a window opposite to his own and caught a glimpse of the displaced fittings. For the moment what he saw seemed incredible. But the truth slowly dawned on his faculties and the bells in a simultaneous peal began to ring. Startled officials gathered in an anxious crowd, asking each other *sotto voce* what was amiss. One by one, they were examined and the culprit admitted at once that he was the criminal. He had, on merits, an unanswerable case. "I thought," he pleaded, "that it was the only thing to do."

"You thought!" answered Ogden, with withering emphasis. "You thought! Then go and think no more." And this particular offender was punished by promotion to greater responsibilities.

"Quite frequently"—so writes Ogden—"politicians attack the modern retail store as a trust." To this he answered that "such allegations have no foundation in fact, at least so far as the business has thus far developed in this country." He adds:

Save in one or two trifling cases in which combinations concerning prices were made to prevent losses, combinations that failed and were cancelled—I know of no agreements to control prices. If these things are true, the charge as to trusts is successfully refuted.

At the same time he set no limit to the future which might await a retail organization. He said:

A truly great retail business should be a corporate institution, similar to a great bank or trust company, to a railroad or manufacturing corporation with sufficient inherent power to reproduce itself, control its own capital and continue its own life. Such an organization could have a chain of affiliated stores running throughout the land, and, properly managed, would prove a great blessing to the several communities in which they were located. It is perhaps somewhat curious that such an organization has not yet appeared in our American business world. The task is greater than the creation of the United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company because of the complexity of the interests involved. It cannot be created at a single stroke but must have a moderate beginning and for a time a natural growth.

Ogden's dream of linked department stores throughout the United States lacks nothing of audacity. If a chain of ten-cent Woolworths built "the Cathedral of Commerce" bearing that name, what distant sky would not be scraped by an edifice symbolizing a similar chain of Wana-makers! The associated stores in New York and Philadelphia were, of course, a beginning of such a possible scheme, and there are to-day several examples of the multiple retail firm of the largest size. The phenomenon is, however, portentous. In suggesting it, as he did, Ogden was obviously uninspired by any hope of personal gain. What attracted him in the proposition was not an emolument for himself. His income was ample and much of his leisure was devoted to giving it away. The mind of Ogden was the mind that you discover in many other American captains of commerce, a mind that sees confusion and desires to reduce it to order, a mind that discerns waste and would eliminate it whether from commodities or human efforts. To Ogden it seemed as if a multiple retailer was bound to

be more economic than a series of single establishments. And in the triumph of whatever was most economic, he believed as implicitly as he believed the multiplication table. But, none the less, one would have been glad to hear his proposal not only asserted but debated. It cannot be denied that, as such an industry is consolidated and extended, so does it come within that range of discussion which led to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. To Ogden here was a prospect that no power on earth could prevent. He wrote:

The imagination of what retail business in this country may yet become may lead us to say very truly that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the mind of man imagined the development that is to come. This is not a business for mere idealists or dreamers, but it does require men that can dream dreams and see visions and can believe that money may be made, social service rendered, and transactions vastly expanded in perfect harmony with the Golden Rule and the best human progress. . . . It thus appears that retail business of the present and its larger development in the future lays a heavy hand upon high attainment in the spheres of economics, physics, ethics, sociology, science, the fine arts, and the mechanic arts. It demands first-class executive and financial ability. . . .

Dealing with the material and developing the material, he pours forth his plea for the spiritual. "The ethics of any system," he declares, "are incarnate in its representatives." You cannot, he argues, estimate the Metropolitan Street Railway in terms of the Standard Oil Company.

The word "trusts" [so he maintains] is a fine instrument for political jugglery, well used to catch votes from the unwary and the thoughtless. The wise man discards it, makes his judgment upon the good trust or the bad trust according to the facts of each case, and only classifies when unity is apparent.

“Many popular errors,” so he considered, are involved in the belief that the modern retail store is supplanting the small shop. On this, his comment was that “the small shop is not disappearing with anything like the rapidity that is assumed.” The small shops, he prophesies,

will always remain an important element in the service of particular localities in large cities and towns and emphatically so in small places. They are needed for the demands of daily emergencies in the small things of life, for the supply of many food products of a perishable nature, and thus must remain in control of certain trade that is entirely their own.

But in so far as the large modern store has come to stay, Ogden held that it was

simply a change of form of employment . . . a transition from personal work to team work, from the individual to the association, with the result that the average man or woman so transferred finds an increase in earning power, less business anxiety and worry, with employment supplied to a greatly increased number of persons.

He presses this point home thus:

Social reformers are constantly affirming that the decline of the small shop depreciates the value of the man and the woman, the person, as a member of society, and [that] thus the sum of human happiness and usefulness is reduced. . . . I maintain without fear of successful contradiction that the change is an advantage, carrying with it all that the small shop has especially to afford and in addition an experience of a larger life with a much broader horizon.

He thus insists that

constantly combined action creates a breadth of view and largeness of opportunity absolutely impossible and utterly unknown to the small distinct and separate business.

And he proceeds:

Nothing is so small as to be unimportant, whether it be in the selling of goods, handling of cash, wrapping a parcel, making a delivery of goods. At every point there must be care, common sense, good manners, promptness, and intelligence. This opens a vast field for initiative and fidelity, a field that gives verge and scope for originality, responsibility, and growth.

Elsewhere he describes the small storekeeper as "a failing class"—"not five per cent. of the retail merchants of the former days permanently achieved success." And he indulges in a calculation that is assuredly both original and characteristic. He reckons that in a small store doing \$100,000 business in the year, 14 persons, including the employer, can earn a living. For a business of \$10,000,000, therefore, transacted in small stores, the number employed would be 1,400. That business, concentrated in a large store, would rise, so he estimates, to \$15,000,000. And it would employ 4,200 persons, or three times the number employed in the corresponding small stores. It is a most interesting sociological result, which perhaps does not imply of necessity that the great store saves labour. But for the biographer, the calculation is valuable as a disclosure of Mr. Ogden's mind. To him commerce was applied mathematics, not a speculation but an exact science. He made it a custom to deliver addresses to his buyers, and in one of them he said that the business of a buyer was essentially the same as that of the actuary in an insurance office. He handles goods as insurance handles risks, which surely is a comparison as brilliant as it is true.

At the same time Ogden confessed that "the great competitor with the modern retailer is the specialist"—the individual and not necessarily small shopkeeper who "appears in every line of business and has a right to his place

until the large retailer shows to the public a better way.” On this delicate aspect of the case Ogden’s opinion was as follows:

Several powerful influences conspire in favour of the specialist. First is the superiority of his goods and his service, for it may be admitted, possibly for the sake of argument alone, that he offers superior lines of goods at superior prices, or at least claims to do so. He has a specially prepared audience to which to make his appeal. His special and particular public are very largely under the influence of the Department Store prejudice and are peculiarly open to the influence of the particular and personal attentions that are incidental to the specialist’s methods. Add to all this the large element in our society that are anxious to be humbugged and are quite willing and ready to pay for it, and you have a series of cumulative forces that conspire to the advantage of the exclusive shopkeeper that claims the attention not only of a fastidious and dilettante clientage but also of a discriminating class who desire the best merchandise and are able and willing to pay for it.

Speaking from his own standpoint as a large retailer, Ogden held that “the better way” was to “absorb the specialist” and

take all that is good in his methods, add all that is better in the plans of the ideal modern retailer, and then by patience, persistence, and publicity force the fighting for position to a finish and in the long run win as you surely will if you deserve to win.

CHAPTER VIII

THE IDEALS IN HIS BUSINESS

THAT Ogden played the game of business for all he was worth is obvious. Here in his files is a copy of a vigorous note to John Wanamaker, written by him in letters half-an-inch high, a bold, military despatch, as from the seat of war. It begins, "concerning our advertising," and tells how "it was in the air that our friends 'the enemy' would fire heavy artillery to-day." So he "prepared accordingly" and was glad he did. He thought "the expense for the day fully justified," for "we cannot afford to be overshadowed" by any other firm. "The business cannot be maintained in growing condition unless it is commanding and overshadowing at every point." Advertising was "the centre and imperative." While agreeing to possible economies, "a small or narrow view" would be "destructive of the best interests of the business." He was for "inspiration within and aggression without." And, said he, "the world is bigger than we are at every point. We cannot make trade-laws. We are controlled by competition and the race is hardest at the advertising point." What he called the "*esprit*" of the business should be so maintained that "our own people must feel and know that we lead."

Elsewhere he wrote gaily:

I'm up in literature—filled two columns a day for three weeks with good advertising. There's a literary career in advertising—you know Charles Lamb failed at it, few have succeeded; I'm one as did!

It was no empty boast. According to the elaborately engrossed testimony of the experts of the Sphinx Club in New York:

he was of those first to appreciate the power and possibilities of advertising, and wrote with his own hand some of the earliest masterpieces of the advertising art.

“Write for the Ass,” was one of his maxims, “then Everybody will understand you.”

Again:

We have no sympathy with either sensation or stagnation.

Again:

Bargain screams neither desecrate nor decorate our advertising columns. But bargains, good ones, abound in our store.

Again:

Keep on Hollering if you don’t sell a clam.

Again:

Bargains are the eddies of retailing; the great volume of regular traffic goes on steadily—the basis of it all.

Again:

A good store has power to lift other stores. Each takes tone from the one next above.

Again:

Great numbers cannot locate the Speedway, the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the American Museum of Natural History. Just so, many thousands of people in this vicinage have never visited Wanamaker’s. It would be ungracious to call them provincial—but, nevertheless, they are.

On which the only comment is, perhaps, Robert Ogden’s own expression: Just so!

In Ogden’s case, the “publicity,” however competitive,

was never lacking in veracity. One to whom he gave a large contract for such announcements wrote that "he knew how to write advertisements" and "put wonderful pulling power into the introductions." But this witness adds: "He always told the truth. He liked truth in others." Ogden himself put his view quite simply:

Business should be promoted by every device that ingenuity can suggest and energy can prosecute, that is consistent with the Golden Rule. And the application of the Golden Rule does not demand the reversal of natural law. Trade laws are natural laws. Some men discern them, fix business policy in harmony and succeed. Others live in a dead past, adhere strictly to what has been, and soon are left stranded upon a shore from which the tide of business has receded.

It was at the Sphinx Club in New York that, on the 13th of April, 1898, he unburdened his soul on the vexed question of advertising. He spoke as "a very common man, groping confusedly in the realm of art" who could "claim, however, to have enough native artistic feeling to distinguish between that which is merely mechanical and that which has a soul." He commends the books of Hiatt Penfield, and Henry Sampson, with "the dainty little volume 'The Modern Poster,'" which deal with advertising, ancient and modern. And on the origin of advertising he says:

It is, of course, very interesting to know that before the time of Christ, illustrated advertising was known, for we have the record of a papyrus poster bearing the date 146 B.C., which contains a reward for the recapture of two runaway slaves. We know that the book-sellers have from time immemorial enjoyed a special right in the matter of the poster, and illustrated advertising posters adorned the book stores in the streets of Athens and Rome in the time of the Roman Empire. We know that in the Temple of Herod the Great, at Jerusalem, there were posters warning certain foreigners not to enter certain exclusive and sacred precincts, and from this early and crude

beginning down to the rich development of the present, that may be called the poster age of advertising, there has been a development which, although not continuous, shows, when viewed through the lapse of ages, a steady progress.

He proceeds to administer a sly dig at the advertisements on bill boards:

If it be asked, "Who was the first to decorate modern scenery in the interest of business?" we may answer that the great Florentine architect and artist, Giotto, who began his career in the sheep business, chalked the rocks with portraits of his sheep, doubtless for the three-fold purpose of cultivating his taste for art, defacing natural scenery, and promoting the business of his employer.

His general verdict is critical but hopeful:

The flood of advertising which has inundated the civilized world has brought much that is coarse, impure, low, absurd, exaggerated, a flood of dregs, rather than of pure water, and, therefore, a deep-seated prejudice exists against all advertising.

The question is always, How can the attention of the reluctant and the interest of the indifferent be commanded? There are so many points at which printing fails that the advertiser must command involuntary attention to his appeals, and just at this point comes the importance of illustrated advertising. The picture rouses the curiosity, touches the sense of humour, appeals to the refined taste, and commands unconsciously the attention of the average beholder, and so the advertiser's purpose is accomplished. I would say that art has its place in advertising, unique, complete, special, singular, a place that cannot be filled by any other known device, and that being so, the advertiser who ignores this fact drops out of his theory and practice an element that he cannot possibly afford to lose.

There was certainly never so much knowledge of good art among plain and average people as now. The Japanese are naturally artistic, and so are the French, but even the prosaic Anglo-Saxons have come under the spell of the great artists, ancient and modern, until plain people have learned to appreciate and enjoy pictures, and to understand them. This lift in popular knowledge and develop-

ment of cultivated taste makes an element to which artistic advertising can appeal with the certainty of appreciation.

And on that verdict, he bases the following indications of policy:

First:—Use no illustration that is not artistic. If you doubt your critical sense get advice that you can trust. Above all, do not economize on original designs. The mechanical side of your advertising expenditure is too great to permit a false economy to depreciate its influence and power. You need the best art that you can command. No apology or excuse exists in this day for the employment of inferior artistic ability.

Second:—Believe that commercial art has a true, honest, useful, and dignified field of its own. Do not allow yourself to be snubbed by the snobocracy of art. Wage warfare against the spirit that sneers at art applied to advertising as a degradation. The heresy is abroad that true art has no relation to practical things, and that a pictorial story is beneath the dignity of the true artist. The advertiser has a mission in uniting in some degree the fine and useful arts.

Third:—Be sure that your artist accepts his limitations. His art must be your servant. If it is otherwise you will fail of results.

The argument advanced by the Sidney Webbs that competitive advertising is wasteful would have left Ogden cold. He did not approve, doubtless, of all the expenditure which as a matter of business he promoted. Over Church Parade, for instance, he waxed very irate. "This is Good Friday," he writes, "but it seems to have lost all its solemnity. . . . Easter is the resurrection of clothes, not the promise of the resurrection and the life." But he was no ascetic. He believed in the more abundant life. He wanted all time to be a good time. And he was a characteristic American in his insistence that things be done well.

"I have been fussing with a motorboat," wrote he, on July 11, 1909, from his house, "The Billows," at Kennebunkport, Maine.

Tried to economize by buying a second-hand one, which came all the way from Boston to this place by sea; engine proved bad and I have installed a new one, and so by the time I am ready to run her, I will have lost six weeks and expended enough money for a new boat. Economy is the road to ruin—I mean in expenditure. Doing without things is quite another question.

In Ogden's case, the only serious trouble that appears to have arisen over advertising was of a different character. He had said that the advertiser may be and often is a patron of art. But he is also a patron of the press. He is the *Mæcenas* of the newspapers, and without his aid, newspapers at their present nominal price cannot be published. And there arises, therefore, the perennial question how far he who pays the piper may call the tune.

In 1899, the editor of the *Evening Post* of New York was that redoubtable journalist, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, an Irishman, a genius in altruism, and above all a militant. Ogden once asked General Armstrong of Hampton what he thought of Godkin, and Armstrong answered: "I think that he would begin the Commandments with 'I am the Lord, thy Godkin. Thou shalt have no other Godkins before me.'" This biographer can at least sympathize with Godkin in the fact that he was a Free Trader, anxious to make out his case. And Godkin was also a fierce reformer, a man who dearly loved to run to earth a public controversy; and in pursuit of an argument, he was too keen ever to be turned aside.

On March 8, 1899, the *Evening Post*, in its advocacy of Free Trade, published an article stating that ladies' clothes could be bought in Paris and London of better design and manufacture than in New York and at prices which, even with the duty added, were lower. The article also denounced the alleged spoliation of delicate fabrics by custom-house officers.

The article gave great offence, and with what was perhaps doubtful necessity, certain department stores, acting in association, withdrew their advertisements. The firm of Wanamaker did not belong to this association. In fact, its opinions were "completely in harmony" with the protest entered by the *Evening Post* against the rough handling of delicate fabrics imported into New York. What the firm requested was "nothing but the correction of error [as to comparative prices] by truthful statement," or, in a word, the right of reply. And—so we are assured—"at this time there was no thought of withdrawing our advertising." But there was resentment against "an attack upon the entire retail business of New York, without doubt the most advanced in the world in retail merchandising." Questions of editorial responsibility were raised and apparently the "truthful comparisons of American and English prices" desired by the firm did not appear in the columns of the *Post*. Be that as it may, Wanamaker's stopped their usual announcements. And on the 28th of March, the *Post* printed an editorial in which the war was carried a good deal further. In it we read:

A considerable number of dry-goods firms are displeased with our treatment of the baggage matter and some cognate subjects. They claim the right to direct our mode of treating certain topics, as is the custom, we are informed, in Philadelphia. If they would not absolutely prohibit the baggage topic, they would have preferred that we should let it alone. But they especially object to the appearance in our columns of any mention, even by correspondents, of the fact that some goods are cheaper in Europe than in America. Our difficulty about complying with their desire is that we have always presented our independence, both in the choice of our topics and in our manner of treating them, as our chief title to public confidence. Any departure from this policy under pecuniary inducements from the outside would constitute a fraud of a very gross kind on our readers,

so that however reasonable the demand may be, we cannot comply with it.

To this, Wanamaker's replied that no objection had been taken to the exposure of the customs; that in Philadelphia there was no attempt to direct the policy of the press, except in the case of one newspaper, then owned by members of the firm; and that there had been no objection to truthful comparisons of American and English prices. At the same time, it was not held that any useful resort could be had to the law of libel.

In this quarrel, Ogden, though much incensed, seems to have exercised, on the whole, a moderating influence. And it is, perhaps, amusing to record the bland letter which he received on April 11th from Mr. Godkin:

36 West 10th St.,
April 11.

DEAR SIR:—

I have to acknowledge your favour of Saturday last. Putting together what I know myself and what you tell me, I do not see clearly what has caused all this trouble. There was no editorial policy behind the reporter's article of the 8th March and no mistakes in it that could not have been corrected in a few words. Moreover, the *Post* is now, as it has been for eighty years, an open forum for opinions and statements on all subjects, including prices. We are sorry to offend any one but we cannot admit that there are for us any "forbidden subjects."

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) E. L. GODKIN.

The comment of Brooklyn *Life* of April 8th may be added:

Without expressing any opinion upon the merits of the controversy now going on between certain of the dry-goods houses of Manhattan and the *Post*, it does seem to us that Mr. Godkin's paper is acting in a very foolish manner. Night after night it is printing letters and

editorials which are calculated to influence the feelings of its former patrons and widen the now almost irreparable breach between it and them. As we understand it, the *Post* made statements to the effect that people can go to Europe, buy goods and settle the duty upon them, at a less cost than they can buy similar goods in New York. While this may be so with a few things, it is absurd to believe it can be with many, and, according to one of the big firms, the *Post* was asked to correct its sweeping assertion. This it refused to do, and a number of firms withdrew their advertising. Now, if there was a principle at stake, the *Post* could not have honestly done other than it did, but it is denied that there was, and it looks very much as if Mr. Godkin was engaged in another of his spite-fights. We are sure that the big dry-goods firms of New York would not boycott any paper which treated them fairly, and believe that the *Post* could have avoided the whole difficulty with honour to itself if it had acted less arrogantly and more fairly.

A final postscript was a letter from Andrew Carnegie, written some years later:

November 16th, '03.

DEAR MR. OGDEN:

My friend, Sir James Kitson, and I had some talk about the price of clothing in the two countries, I claiming that we could buy here as cheaply as in Leeds or in Glasgow. Some of our household now clothe themselves on this side in consequence. I received a package from Sir James and he asked me what a similar suit of clothes would cost in New York. I have sent you the suit and would like to get, if you have such a thing, a similar suit, you charging me the normal retail selling price which I wish to compare with that quoted by Sir James.

Very truly yours,
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

One supposes that to the end of time ladies will argue the question whether they save money or not by purchasing their apparel in this or that city. The fact is that Americans like to do these things in style and style will always cost money. Shopping in the United States is not a mere

commercial transaction. It is a form of public worship, accompanied in some cases by the largest, the most exquisite organs ever built, which daily fill the emporium with solemn harmony. Both the newspapers and the stores can thus afford to read the record of an altercation which has a historic but no more than a historic importance.

In 1890, when Ogden was still at Philadelphia, there occurred another friendly little "scrap" with the *Evening Post*. Wanamaker's had the *Encyclopædia Britannica* reprinted for sale in the United States, and there arose the question whether this was the right thing to do. Ogden cleared the ground by stating that "Mr. Wanamaker had nothing whatever to do, personally, with the decision to sell this book." "This decision," writes Ogden, "was made by his son and myself, and my decision was made upon the highest grounds." Mr. Wanamaker "only knew that he was engaged in the nefarious business when he saw it in the newspapers." The *Evening Post* was thus, he thought, anxious for politics, not copyright, and on the offending Godkin, in private letters to his family, Ogden poured forth the vials of his wrath as he alone could! When he wanted to indicate a difference of opinion, no man could do it in more forcible and expressive terms. As a more serious argument, he wrote:

In my business decisions, I endeavour to exercise the principles and morals that I try to teach, and I probably have had as many questions of right and wrong to decide regarding the book business as any single man you can possibly find. Some of them have involved loss and discredit from a business point of view, which I have been willing and glad to sustain, because a decision in the opposite direction would be against my conscience. The decision concerning this book has been made calmly and conscientiously, and I am ready to meet any code of ethics, human or divine. . . .

The copyright question as concerning the rights of authors is not

involved to the smallest degree. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a manufactured article, and the moral principles involved are precisely the same as with any article in which art is a component part, and therefore in this case law does make the ethics, and I hold that there is no higher law applicable in this case; the slavery question, the liquor question are not analogous, and even the most romantic and sentimental interpretation of questions of right cannot fairly inject into this discussion anything beyond the rights of property as defined by legal statute. . . .

When my decision, or John Wanamaker's, or yours, or any one's else is made with care and under a due sense of responsibility, motive cannot be questioned. You could not even question the slaveholding motive in such men as Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson; I would dissent from their views upon States' Rights and Slavery; I would hold myself amenable to higher law which was involved in such questions, but there is nothing in the ethics of Scripture or ordinary morality which would give me the right to condemn their motives from a mere moral standpoint. . . .

So much for the principles. If my notions of the outcome of all this matter are correct, there is another point of view that will have a practical bearing, and that is this: that I firmly believe the value of the American market to the Messrs. Black will be largely enhanced by the discussion that has taken place, and unless expert book men are in error, a greater number of the original edition will be sold in this country than would have been sold had this question not arisen. Therefore, if the matter of profit alone be considered, I think that Messrs. Black of Edinburgh will have more profits in their bank account at the end of five years from the American market than they would had no reprint been made, or discussion arisen. Understand, I do not make this as an argument; I rely entirely upon the foundation principle, but it is an incident well worth considering.

The law of copyright has been, of course, consolidated in the United States by Acts of Congress passed in 1909 and succeeding years, and the heated controversy which involved Ogden's most sensitive nerves of honour and ethics now possesses only an interest for the student of such matters. That he could write an emphatic letter

and often did so write, is a fact essential to a true biography. In reprinting the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he had the law, as it stood then, on his side. He was, moreover, justified in saying that no royalties to authors were affected. On the other hand, a work like such an encyclopædia involves a colossal outlay of money on authorship and manufacture and is to be regarded as a great public service. And unless publishers can be secure of the world market, it is possible that they may be unable or unwilling to assume so heavy a financial risk.

These little collisions with the *Evening Post* seem to have left no ill humour on either side. No newspaper dealt with the Ogden movement for education with a more sympathetic generosity of space, and it is, perhaps, allowable to mention that Oswald Garrison Villard, whose name is so honourably associated with the *Evening Post*, was a guest of Robert Ogden when, on one of the tours to be described in due course, he met the charming lady of the South who became his wife.

On one occasion Ogden was asked whether the large store develops a trade in books or merely diverts trade from the small store to itself. His answer to this question was not very direct, but it evoked an interesting memorandum. He condemned the general book trade for its "nominal prices" which, if paid by a purchaser, would mean that he was "swindled." "Public opinion," says he, "is against such methods," and "certain laws of trade, fixed as the laws of nature," are against the system. He continued:

Seven years ago we started our bookstore, not as a catch or bait for other business, but simply to buy as cheaply as possible, to sell as cheaply as we could afford, to avoid the shams of odd prices and to serve the public just as well as we knew or could learn how. A large trade is the result.



Montague Terrace Brooklyn



House at Corner of Pierpont Street and
Willow Street, Brooklyn

Not that all his numerous enterprises succeeded. For instance, in Philadelphia, he started and even conducted *Everybody's Magazine*, but, on leaving for New York, he had to dispose of this property to Mr. Curtis, the publisher. It was an egg too many even in his basket.

A store doing a business of twenty millions of dollars a year employs—so he calculates—about six thousand persons. For this large staff there must be developed “a system of law,” fairly administered so as to create “a spirit of confidence and loyalty that gives a spiritual character to an organization.” There is, he believed, “such a character to collective bodies of employees which can be made or destroyed by the management.” And he remarks:

I much fear that this point often escapes the careful and painstaking attention which its importance demands.

George Foster Peabody tells a story of Dr. Charles Henry Hall of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, who said, “I have known every bishop who has been chosen for the past twenty-five years, and all—with one solitary exception—have declined in their spiritual power and influence from the day of their consecration.” According to Mr. Peabody’s own observation “the exercise of power pulls on the character of men in a downward direction.” And to the temptations of authority, Ogden was constantly exposed. It is happily the truth that amid it all, he remained tender and considerate. As “the single directing mind,” he was masterful. But as his life drew to a close, he drifted, as it were, into a sunset, radiant with a genuine liberalism. And as he approached his end, he ceased to be a dogmatic individualist.

In 1912 his friends of the Sphinx Club again enter-

tained him. It is not too much to say that his speech, with its references to profit-sharing, startled the whole country. He said:

With us a period of industrial civil war seems to exist. Politics are seething with questions concerning big business, the money trust, whatever that may mean, prosecutions of great corporations, legislative investigations, regulation of railroads, and other agitations too numerous to mention. Much confusion is in the air, and some of our friends would in their anxiety for reform utterly ruin and destroy the goose that lays the golden egg and would leave us with only the broken empty shell of success and prosperity.

Ogden referred to “an enormous spiritual awakening, far greater than the ordinary interest that accompanies the competition of party politics.” He instanced “child labour legislation, employers’ liability, workingmen’s insurance, contributory negligence, and kindred topics.” He continued:

The time has passed when a single man, alone in his office, can settle what his workmen shall be paid for their labour. The workman has something to say about that. He is not always reasonable and just, but he has a voice in the question and he must be heard.

He proceeded:

The question I desire to ask and endeavour to answer is, Has Labour any moral rights in a successful business over and above the market price of its service which we assume has been paid? I believe it has such a right—a moral equity—in the net profits, and I do not believe that the full application of the Golden Rule will have been made until that obligation has been recognized and paid.

Profit-sharing, as usually understood, “defeats itself.” Says Ogden:

Any one with experience in giving away money [which assuredly he had!] well knows the demoralizing influence upon character of receiving out of hand in lump sums money that has not been regularly

earned. Comparisons arise in distribution. A says, "B got more than I did, and I am worth more to the business than he is," and so he is disgruntled. C is extravagant, runs into debt in advance of the distribution; that is, he spends his bonus before he gets it. D is of a small turn of mind, and so concentrates his thought upon his expected extra fortune that he forgets his weekly wage and his daily duty.

The scheme proposed by Ogden, therefore, was based upon a trust fund, under a board, representing employer and employed and including an outsider of high character. He would have a bank book for each participant, with semi-annual interest and annual additions to his balance. The money must be drawn out only at a certain age or at retirement from the firm, though a grant may be allowed in case of emergency.

Ogden praised the pension system of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the stock-ownership and bonus plan of the United States Steel Corporation. But he had this to add:

Welfare work, however excellent—and much of it is most admirable—can never meet the case. How can the half-baked and ostentatious work on behalf of employees, of which we have seen much in concerns that shall be nameless, wherein the workpeople are exhibited as curios of philanthropy but practically as an advertisement of the business, ever be thought to represent honest and sincere welfare work, or the still higher duty of prosperity-sharing?

It was on that note that this merchant concluded his career as a business man. And it is a matter of much interest that as early as the year 1890, he was formulating a scheme of profit-sharing for the consideration of Mr. Wanamaker.

In Ogden's career, what fascinates one, therefore, is his endeavour to reconcile the actual with the perfect. In June, 1905, he wrote for *The Business World* an article entitled "Business Idealism" which may be accepted as his

confession of faith. He there admits “a conflict between the intellectual, ethical, and spiritual ideals and the daily work of men”—a conflict that he characterizes as “irrepressible.” There is, he says, “a maladjustment, a want of harmony between what is and what ought to be in the world of business.” And he seeks, therefore, “a spiritual antitoxin, an ethical disinfectant, an ideal antiseptic,” phrases which illustrate his love of pointed and expressive language.

He then proceeds to enlarge the whole issue, thus:

What do we mean by business? The dictionary definition is “occupation having to do with trade or money.” This does not meet our case—it is far too narrow. . . . In a brief address I heard President Eliot class business as among the learned professions. The addition of schools of commerce, finance, and accounts to some American universities gives additional testimony to the accuracy of that declaration. It is a statement somewhat frequently made that while the priest and the soldier were the heroes of past generations, the captain of industry will prove to be the hero of the future.

He goes on to condemn the doctrine “that the acquisition of money is the only standard of business success, that the sum of money acquired and the power which it brings is the only accurate measure, that the places and things that can be secured alone by money are the only objects worth having”; of which doctrine the corollary is that “money getting by the most reckless and selfish means is perfectly justifiable.”

Ogden had himself long waited for adequate recognition, and his comment on the race for riches has in it an element of the autobiographical. He writes:

Judgments based upon rumour, hearsay, or popular talk are apt to be unjust, uncharitable, and inaccurate. Nevertheless, enough unimpeachable evidence is before the mind of every intelligent man

to proclaim the fact that the insidious charm of riches and power is dazzling to any mind and especially to the young. A young man, able and ambitious, enters the race for fame and fortune. Is it at all unnatural that in the environment of present conditions he should seek for the secret of material success, and, finding so many contrasts between the visible results of lives lived out by painful steps and slow to moderate results, as the world goes, and others that appear to have not only made haste to be rich, but actually have become rich by ruthless methods, he should choose the latter? And is it not all the more natural that, seeing the applause and approval of that portion of society most in evidence given as the reward of such achievement, his conscience should be soothed to quiet and repose? On the surface the decision is natural, but, of course, is superficial. Herein is a straight issue. It demands a square answer.

The nature of a man's work, so he argues, is less important than the character of the worker. He confronts environment with individuality and protests that individuality is supreme. And yet he envisages his era in these breathless phrases:

The world moves at a rapid pace. Sixty miles an hour on the express trains, seven days to cross the ocean, all Europe is just across the street, and India and China are just around the corner. Science is the servant of the arts. Steam is an old story. Electricity is even domesticated and more subtle forces still may soon pay tribute to men's enterprise and comfort. [He wrote before the advent of the radio and the X-ray.] The world grows rich; the mine, the mill, and the soil are constantly adding to the wealth of men and nations. Vast enterprises calling for immense capital follow each other rapidly and millions of money run in the common talk. Luxury disports herself on every side. Costly buildings with choice decoration and luxurious furniture, delicately supplied tables, rich costumes and gorgeous equipages, appear as evidence of fortunes, variously obtained; but no matter how gotten, they are dazzling to the minds of men and women and out of it all comes the mad rush to be rich.

In an address at Philadelphia delivered to the Y.M.C.A. in 1888 and repeated at Beacon Church, in that city,

he tells his “fellow working men” that “a vigorous healthy man has really only one right in the world, only one thing to demand, and that is a chance to work.” He scorns the “whining pietism” whereby men charge “the results of their own weakness and imbecility upon God,” thus “coddling their own self-love and pusillanimity, their own indolence and stupidity.” He adds:

The eight-hour question is a moral question. . . . The world needs to be much nearer the millennium than it now is, before men would be morally benefited by a material reduction of usual hours of work.

The French have a proverb, *Noblesse oblige*, and, in Ogden’s opinion, dollars also are weighted with obligation. The idea of business as a service rendered to the community was his answer to the riddle of Christianity and Commerce. He thus appreciates the gravity of the disease but, on the other hand, he denounces “the pessimists” whose “surrender” is, he thinks, “as abject and cowardly as it is complete.” And he declares that

a true idealism answers all. . . . Every man desiring to be right will look at business through the ideal character. It is a complete surrender of ethics, of idealism, when a man looks at his character through his business, or in other words, makes his material interest determine his character.

To Ogden, everything—business, art, literature and even religion—had to be tested by its value to mankind as a whole. It may seem to be a digression but it is none the less pertinent to illustrate this statement by quoting his verdict on Charles Dickens. Writing to his sister, Mrs. Ide, on January 2, 1880, he let himself go thus:

You discovered that I needed—or rather that the memory of Charles Dickens needed that I should have—a copy of his correspon-

dence. I captured the books to-day and on the train took a peep into Volume I. And most interesting it is! I do not love Charles Dickens—his books are marvels of genius—I like to read them, but back of them all is the selfish, inconsistent man. His poor widow, just dead, sent away from her husband and home simply because *he*, with his genius and opportunities, had outgrown her—*her* fault simply that she was a plain woman, not a genius! His fine sentiments only so much stock in trade to be worked up into fine shape and sold at so much a page! The sorrows of mankind the raw material from which the articles were made for market! With a ring of nobility that was apparently grand, he scored slavery; but, when we were in the depths of our struggle, not a word or line could be extorted from him in the help of the right. He was an old fop when he last came to this country and always had to be indulged in vagaries and exactions of all sorts because he was a genius.

So much for Charles Dickens! We leave the issue to be fought out ultimately by the somewhat diverse shades of Robert C. Ogden and Gilbert K. Chesterton. What we are here concerned with is Ogden's argument—his attitude of mind. The crime of Dickens had been that he wrote fiction for the mere sake of fiction. And fifteen years later Ogden reverts to the same theme.

Art for art's sake is a vain and fallacious doctrine; art for humanity's sake holds a touch of divinity within it.

Similarly with business. For himself as a merchant, he lays down the identical rule that he applied to artists and authors. He writes:

Work only for the sake of money is small and degrading. Work that is inspiring with the thought of service is ennobling.

He continues:

When, therefore, even the humblest worker finds life made richer, more interesting, more fruitful, by the presence of an ideal that inspires work with a living soul and adds to work the quickening

spirit of progress, then indeed he discovers the possibilities of a higher life in the daily round and common task. Many fail to find and apply the simple principle, and thus fail to find happiness in daily work—happiness which no man need ask of his neighbour, he can create it for himself.

And again:

The idealist in business is the only true man of affairs: none other understands the accurate boundaries of development. Therefore he is the only really practical man. The practical man, so-called, who by word or action dissents from the ideal—often proud, self-centred, conceited—is lawless, unpractical, and visionary. Lowell's quaint line, "You have to get up airy if you want to take in God," is concentrated truth.

As an illustration he furnishes this incident:

I will tell you what I consider an example of business honesty. A friend of mine, who died not long ago, held securities of a certain railroad property. Shortly before his death someone told him, on unimpeachable authority, that the railroad was about to go to pieces, and that he had better unload the securities. But he refused to do it, for someone else would have been the loser. And he was not a man of means. Sure enough, the railroad company went to pieces. It was put into the hands of a receiver, and my friend's securities were reduced to almost a nominal value.

When Ogden retired, hundreds of photographs were demanded by the staff, and in Philadelphia, to this day, saleswomen carry his picture in their pocketbooks, while social clubs are named after him. Orders were given that his room—the room where he had received every important citizen of New York—should be undisturbed as long as he lived. Often he said that he must clear up his papers, but he never did it; and at his death that pious duty fell to his daughters. Then and only then was the room itself swept away. His was a chair—a high chair—in which no one cared to sit.

And no one did sit in it save one humble and afflicted boy. Of all tales of Ogden, that is, perhaps, the tenderest. He had caught the lad, as he imagined, playing. Really the lad was ill. And Ogden was distressed over his blunder. The boy was tended; then summoned to Ogden's sanctum; and by way of putting him at ease, Ogden gave him his own chair, while he chatted. No one quite knew what happened afterward. The lad certainly enjoyed a long vacation from work and during it received full pay. He returned much sounder in health. And everyone in the store knew that Ogden had been humble enough to acknowledge a fault and do what was right. They respected him. They knew that any cloth with any cotton in it was to him all cotton, and not wool. It was an acid test that they could understand and it was the kind of test that he applied universally.

Happily, in his retirement, he had resources in himself. It might be that, as he walked along Fifth Avenue with his daughter, he would say, "Once I belonged to all this—now it goes on without me." But he had Union Seminary to interest him—he had Hampton—he had a great crowd of witnesses whose letters, full of lives other than his own, testified to his selfless friendship for all who trusted him.

Among his rough notes for some address, one finds:

Not essential that head man be great either by nature or education. If business would be great, head must have open mind, big heart, and industrious habits, etc., etc. Such a character will grow—to the end.

Among other notes:

Labour finds its greatest dignity in Christ. Thomas doubts. Jesus—"See my hands"—Hands of Resurrection body—Identical with hands of plane—adze—saw. If faith rings true—same still.

A letter has been preserved which, perhaps, expresses better than any comment what was Robert Ogden's influence on his staff:

JOHN WANAMAKER'S
BOOK DEPARTMENT

MY DEAR MR. OGDEN:

There has possessed me for some weeks past a great desire to say to you something which has been in my heart for years. To tell you what a sustaining force in my business life has been your kindness—your belief in me expressed in many ways when you were with us here—the assurance I have always held that in any difficulty I could go to you and that my worries would receive the same careful consideration you would give to matters of great moment. To have felt myself on such a footing with a man of your standing in the community is indeed something to be proud of and I have wanted to tell you how appreciative I have been all these years. . . .

We all trust you will be spared to give many more years of good service to the community, but I feel, in the eyes of God, the help you have given to struggling individuals like myself by your kindly words of encouragement will count for more even than the directing of great enterprises.

Believe me, dear Mr. Ogden,
Most gratefully yours,
GEORGIE HALL.

W. R. Hotchkin, a colleague, wrote:

The seven years during which I have enjoyed the privilege of coming in daily touch with you, on the part of the business entrusted to me, have been years of the most valuable education. Every criticism made by you has been a lesson in good merchandising, good English, and forceful statement.

In John Wanamaker's curiously artistic script, we find this:

It does me great good, dear Mr. Ogden, to see your old steady handwriting and to know that you are no worse for the overtaxing of your strength on Saturday.

I realize the need of more watchfulness of running into an old station that I have been very familiar with, i.e., sheer fatigue. Idiot that I was never to have known that I was running into the danger that I found.

And finally, we have from Wanamaker, in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* of August 8, 1913, this whole-hearted tribute:

I little knew that our early mutual friendship would have the great outcome that followed my placing Mr. Robert C. Ogden in our clothing business at Sixth and Market. The splendid work he did led me to bring him to what was then known as "The Grand Depot." He came reluctantly because he said that he knew nothing of the dry-goods business. I told him that he knew almost as much as I did and that we could both learn, and we did.

I was proud of his success and happy to have him share in any success that I could divide with him.

The first ten years of the business we made a team of two and travelled together in the one harness with great satisfaction.

I never could love any other man who was not a blood relation as much as I loved Mr. Robert Curtis Ogden. He was heroic—that's the word to describe him—in whatever direction he took. He was a great-hearted Christian gentleman. There was room inside of him for everything that was kindly and there was no room for hate, for jealousy, or littleness. He became what he was because of his sterling, unshakable principles. He was slow to make up his mind on great problems, but he was strong in whatever position he took when he did make up his mind.

His work for the Southern Education Association, whose office for a long time was in our building in New York, showed conclusively his broad vision and almost an unexampled generosity and self-sacrifice for his educational projects.

CHAPTER IX

HIS EDUCATION WITHOUT COLLEGE

AMONG institutions of which the people of the United States are justly proud is the Congressional Library at Washington where Ogden's papers are deposited. From the archives a courteous official emerges, escorting a silent trolley on which are piled bewildering masses of diaries, documents, and biographical paraphernalia. Ogden had a passion for keeping things. Letters and memoranda were, to him, a symbol of life, and of the life that he so intensely loved he hated to let slip one detail. To an affair, whatever it was, he did not like to say good-bye, and it was his wife who, in desperation, would raid his papers and destroy, from time to time, what in her view would never be missed.

Yet from these scraps, often undated, one can never be quite sure that no gold is to be distilled. Here, for instance, is the manuscript of Robert Ogden's earliest "lecture," delivered at the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. The subject was "I" and the treatment of such a subject would have taxed the wit of a Barrie or a Bernard Shaw. Ogden wrote out laboriously every word of what he was to say, and in such cases the result at the time was not always so successful as a more spontaneous effort. But, in this instance, happily for us, he has put down in black and white the authentic account of another "first lecture," delivered by no less a person than Artemus Ward. Here is the narrative:

It is now about forty years since Charles F. Brown was employed on one of the great New York daily papers. He was one of a group

of four young men, all journalists, similar in tastes and habits, that regularly dined together at an uptown restaurant. One evening while chatting after dinner one of the group remarked to Mr. Brown that his great and rapidly growing reputation as a humorist gave to his pen name, Artemus Ward, great value for the lecture field. Discussion followed, Brown was absolutely without confidence in himself for public address and flatly declined to consider the suggestion. Evening after evening the project was urged upon him and at last he told his friends that he had registered at the lecture bureau for engagements as a lecturer, his subject being stated as "The Children in the Wood."

At that time I was one of the lecture committee of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, and finding Ward's name at the lecture bureau I promptly made an engagement for him, but it was many years before I knew the most interesting fact that I had engaged the eminent wit for his first appearance as a lecturer. . . . On the evening in question the four friends dined together and proceeded in a carriage to the old Brooklyn Athenæum. On the way Brown was greatly depressed and predicted dire failure. When questioned he said that he had committed his lecture to memory and could easily recite it to his friends, but he was certain to be taken with stage fright before the audience and forget it entirely. But then it was said, "You have your manuscript and you can fall back upon that."

"I will be too nervous to use it," was the response.

"But then," suggested one of his friends, "if the worst comes and you can neither recite nor read you can tell stories and redeem yourself."

And it came all about as predicted. The lecture was forgotten, confusion of mind made the manuscript useless, but the stories came one after another, brilliant in their fun, inimitable in the telling, and the only trace of the announced subject was the phrase repeated after each story: "That is what I would have said if I had not been lecturing upon 'The Children in the Wood.'" . . . Only the four friends knew the strange drama then being enacted. The performance was accepted as a piece of consummate art. . . . Applause and laughter would greet each piece of fun, and then subsiding for a few moments the large wit would revive the laughter until it seemed like quick-following waves of surf breaking on the rocks in the sunlight.

Ogden then refers to Artemus Ward's brave fight for health and life. Like all strong men he valued courage in others. Life was to him not a sentiment alone but a struggle. A man lost the battle unless he won it. The seat of war might be in a man's surroundings or in a man's self, but about the reality of the conflict, Ogden had never a doubt. And in Artemus Ward he discerned the truth that, among spiritual weapons, must be included humour.

In Ogden, then, you had a duality. He could be boisterous, but he was always in earnest. He enjoyed a jest, but he resented a liberty. He liked company, but he was regular at Church. He labored for the Sunday School, but he rejoiced in the drama. Like the Preacher, he believed that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." His face was made at once for smiles and for solemnity. And in his emotions, there was an infinite variety.

For, let us suppose that, five hundred years hence, some student, anxious to revive memories of our era, were to examine afresh these Ogden papers. How great would be his perplexity! Who was this man?—he would ask. A merchant?—then why these bundles of what seem like the notes of sermons? If Ogden were a merchant and nothing more, why this profound zeal for the Kings of Judah and Israel—for "the three generals of the Bible," Moses, Joshua, and David—for Joseph, for Elijah, for Christ? Here is evidence of a lifelong study of the Jewish Scriptures, recorded in earlier years on faded paper and in careful, minute, meticulous calligraphy, and continued later with the bold penmanship of one who, in his own words, had learned an individual, personal responsibility, not only for the creation of true ideas but for their translation into active forceful practical life. Was Robert

C. Ogden a preacher? A theological professor? An evangelist? The answer is that Robert C. Ogden was a Sunday-school superintendent, first at Henry Street in Brooklyn, afterward at the Holland Church in Philadelphia. He left behind him, in his MSS., what is possibly an unique record of the actual faith of a devout Presbyterian layman at the conclusion of the 19th Century.

It is usual to measure the value of a Sunday school by its effect upon the pupils who belong to it. At this distance of time, one cannot easily produce evidence of the good that Ogden undoubtedly did. But consider this one fact: Every Sunday afternoon, the gallery of the school at Holland Church was crowded with the visitors who came to hear his weekly address. There is still remembered his courtesy when he apologized to a parent, thus present, whose child he had, perhaps, too publicly corrected. And there is a story from New York of a young man who arrived uptown at the store, for the moment penniless and unable therefore to take a car home again. He approached Ogden and explained that, starting out with ten cents, he had met a young lady in the car and had paid her fare as well as his own. Would Mr. Ogden lend him five cents and so help him out of his difficulty?

“Young ladies,” answered Ogden, with a twinkle in his eye, “are apt to travel on cars in every direction. Going home, you may meet another one and you had best take ten cents. You may need them.”—Which, as a matter of fact, the young man did! For, on the way home, a second young lady also borrowed her fare. Bankruptcy was, however, avoided!

Then there was that lad in Brooklyn whom Ogden befriended, finding him a place with French, the printer of plays, so starting him on an excellent industrial career,

during which he brought up three daughters, one married to a distinguished physician in New England; the second, a teacher of physical culture in a leading college; and the third, a well-known teacher of music.

Such incidents may be rescued from oblivion, but the fact for us is that the Sunday school made Ogden the man he became. It was his city of refuge against materialism. Take this revealing letter to General Armstrong:

Philadelphia, March 9, 1889.

Your letter of the 7th inst. is to me the most interesting you have ever written me. The struggle after a life guided by the higher motives among all the competitions of business is a desperate one, and one's slips and falls, fits of impatience, over-hasty judgments, indignation against wrong, so much and so often disturb the inward peace; which, added to the outward struggles against the selfishness of the world, sometimes make me feel like throwing up the sponge. It is hard to realize God. The thought of Him grows dull. Therefore, a word like yours which brings the higher motives to the front and throws meanness into perspective is a healthful tonic.

Many thanks.

The Sunday school was thus, for a quarter of a century, Ogden's university. Every week, it took him to college. It found him a youth without what we call a higher education. It left him with an intellect, a vision, a knowledge, a literary style, a rhetoric that enabled him to lead one of the great revivals of learning which are making the United States into the nation that is yet to be. And in that leadership he was supported by another product of the Sunday school, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

What is it that has constituted an education at Eton and Winchester, at Oxford and Cambridge? It is or it was the study of the classics. The mind was directed to the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome, and these civilizations, with their language, their literature, their



Mrs. Robert C. Ogden

politics, their art, were rendered into terms of our own time. It was a gymnastic that trained the reason, the imagination, and character itself. And this was the gymnastic that became a habit to Ogden. True, he did not make his pilgrimage to Rome and Greece, save in company with Paul the Apostle. But with Jerusalem, Babylon, Nazareth, Capernaum, Bethlehem, he was as familiar as he was with Brooklyn and Philadelphia. He saw America in the Holy Land and a Holy Land in America. The music of the King James Version rang in his ears. And he made it his business to translate that Version, New Testament and Old, into the vulgate of modern routine. The Bible was his Homer, his Virgil, his Dante, and it made him the equal in thought and in style—in some cases, the easy superior—of many of the collegians whom, as years passed, he met in such numbers.

In his notes one discovers an amazing variety of allusion. He mentions William Morris; he quotes Browning and the poets; he has a tilt with Voltaire; he cites Emerson and Matthew Arnold as his witnesses; he is frequently the debtor of Abraham Lincoln; he draws similes from the lighthouse, the steamboat, the coal mine. But all his teaching, all his learning, was inspired by the Bible. "The longer I live," he writes in his once-famous essay on the Sunday school, "and the more I know of the plain words of Scripture, the more I am convinced that the entire time, talent, and power we have at command can be better employed upon the text of the Word itself than in any other way." That he used commentaries is obvious, but his real commentary on Scripture was the newspaper, the picture gallery, the store, his friends.

Take his treatment of that difficult subject, as many find it, the birth of Our Lord. "How about these witnesses?" he asks. "Were they deceived? Artists—

Van Eyk, Rubens, Guido, Paul Veronese, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt—all painted this.—Were they deceived?"

Again, on the not less difficult question of eternal punishment, he wrote on September 24, 1889, a letter to his sister, Mrs. Ide, which says more sense on this subject in fewer words than you will find in many a volume:

Philadelphia, Pa.,
September 24, 1889.

And so you're shocked at a "damn" in a sermon! What would religion be without it? What do you believe regarding future punishment? I think you don't know and cannot. I am sure I don't and never expect to in this mortality, but I do know that Heaven or Hell is within me—the knowledge of right toward God and man and myself, the temptation to do wrong toward all three. The former is clear as yesterday's glorious sunlight, without doubt or question; the latter coming in scores of shapes dark and heavy as the clouds now sending wind and rain. Heaven and Hell are the prolongation of human decision. God makes Heaven and the prepared mansions, but leaves us, if we so elect, to make our own hells. That's the awfulness of this matter of living.

Referring to the treatment of Choctaws and Chickasaws and other Indian tribes by the Congress of a former day, he exclaims:

We have our Egyptian party of princes. We have insidious attacks, as had Zedekiah.

Once more:

My business to-day is to introduce you to Solomon. He is interesting. All young men are. Well-born?—yes—royal. Born a king?—that depends. Born a gentleman?—that depends.

All that he thought of Socialists and scientists and commerce and missions, of the Christian Endeavour and of the King's Daughters, of pauperism, political corruption,

and race inequality, was explained to his young congregation. They were told of Elijah, "the Puritan, fearful in his faith," and of Jezebel, "the wicked, terrible in her hate"; of Phillips Brooks, who was "never denied to any caller"; of Kipling and of Polycarp, the angel of Smyrna. They were reminded of Magna Carta.

Not that Ogden was an easy man with children. They found him formidable and, in his Sunday school, he was as much a head master as he was a superintendent. He had too many emotions to rely on emotion.

"I dislike soft sentiment," he would say, "especially in religion." In his address on Armstrong, we shall find him saying that "great souls do not make traffic of their most sacred experimental knowledge." He could not "tolerate . . . the rending of the veil of the holy of holies of the soul, within which the spirit holds communion with God." And "it is a great event when a mighty soul reveals itself." For shams and snobs he entertained a profound contempt. He would ridicule, as he put it, "the women whose world lies within the circles of cooks, housemaids, milliners and dressmakers"; and he had no use for "the specimen" of manhood who "is in evidence on Sunday" and "walks Fifth Avenue—is found in fashionable churches—well-groomed, faultless in dress, moustache trimmed with mathematical precision, a master in form and style"; who "moves with conscious pride, great in his own self-esteem, splendid because he neither toils nor spins, a poor miserable non-producing little creature; the rim of his hat describes the orbit of his life."

As a church officer [says he] I protest to a doctor of theology that I should not be bound by a scientific system of religion that I cannot comprehend, to which he replies: "You cannot be expected to understand it, for unlike myself you have never studied theology, while I have given thirty-five years to its study." I may not know much

about theology but I do know that that man's conceit made him a little theological snob.

Writing to Mrs. Ide, he remarks:

I have lately learned that "darn" is an English classical word (thank the Lord!); therefore, darn the theologians that bind burdens on us by getting ahead of what God has told us of himself.

From this pitiless raillery, Sunday schools themselves did not escape. "Your Sunday-school friend!" cries Ogden. "Good? Yes, he is good; positive, good; comparative, goody; superlative, good-for-nothing." For his own soul's benefit Ogden usually read to himself on Sunday a sermon by Phillips Brooks.

Ogden thus hated shams. And the more touching, therefore, is his occasional tenderness. "My poor speech," so we read, "may not make it clear, but I pray you that if you are yet outside of God's love, don't drop the subject." And on another page, "my whole thought is of those that are not friends of God." Again, "Jesus—not an awful dogma—a loving fact." "Did He weep over art, buildings, etc?" he asks. "No, He wept over human sin." "Christ," he would say, "answers temptation as a Divine Man, not as a Human God." For creeds he had small use. "I have no science of God"—he tells us—"no theology. All I know—how little!—is out of limited personal experience." "Controversies die," he continues; "love lives," and he instances Toplady and Wesley, who are remembered, not by their disputes, but the one by "Rock of Ages" and the other, by "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." I find this jotting, apparently for use on the platform:

Helen—Don't you see—You love your mother. You cannot make a doctrine of it.

It is a note that constantly he sounds. "Trinitarian, Unitarian, Romanist, Quaker—meet," he thinks, "in [the] devotions of Church." He coins or quotes the quaint statement that "God never says 'thank you'"—that all of life is utterly His gift.

The whole of this deep and wholesome thinking was stimulated through the Sunday school. And to what he described as "the calling and election of a Sunday-school teacher," he attributed an immense dignity. He bade his teachers arrive at a professional standpoint. They were not "studying history merely as history" but were "studying history to find principles." In Ogden's opinion "the Bible, especially the New Testament, is the greatest sociological treatise in existence," and while "it is not quoted as a scientific book," yet "no code of law and ethics is so complete, satisfactory, and conclusive in the decision of all questions of duty between man and man." And "by Christianity," Ogden would say, "I do not mean the slow coach, the Church."

If the Sunday-school teachers had a calling and election as of cardinals, what of the superintendent? Well, we have a scrapbook of cuttings which bear on his activities at the City Park school in Brooklyn. We see how he compiled suitable liturgies and had them printed. On one order of service he has circularized his teachers with the request, "Please examine it and be prepared to assist your class in its use." Another circular sets out certain questions, which are "very respectfully submitted by Robert C. Ogden"—for instance, this: "Have we a high ideal of teaching?" "The commission for the work," writes he in another circular to his teachers, "comes from the Lord Jesus Christ, oft repeated in His commands to His followers." He made with his own hand a careful map of his Sunday-school parish and pleads for "enthu-

siastic study," "diligent visiting," "sympathy in work," "consecration." And he declares:

Conversion is the object of our teaching. God's presence must work with us to that end. The power from above is given to the humble, prayerful teacher. A proud or prayerless teacher is an anomaly.

He concludes thus:

To these suggestions I ask serious attention. They are offered in no authoritative spirit. Of my own defects in the administration of the office to which you have called me, I am too conscious to be dictatorial, but I deem it a right and privilege thus to ask my fellow workers to ponder with me some of the solemn duties that are upon us, in the hope that, finding the path of duty, we may not hesitate to walk therein.

What high thinking it was in what a modest shrine! Here one finds a little pen drawing of that City Park Chapel, as plain an edifice as builder ever erected, with nothing to adorn it save the life which gathered within. It was a turbulent and restless life. But the task of dealing with that life prepared Ogden for vastly larger fields of service. At the Sunday school there was industrial distress which had to be met by collections of clothing. In a few years Ogden was to be recognized as an indispensable factor in any national scheme of relief. He had learned the lesson. And there was another lesson that he learned. One reads of "regulations for picnic to Eagleswood Park, Wednesday, June 19, 1878"—how "the only refreshments to be furnished by the Committee of Arrangements will be Crackers and one plate of Ice Cream to each person holding a ticket"; how "baskets of provisions should be distinctly labelled with the owner's name" and "will be taken care of on the Barge"; how "swimming at the Park is prohibited as it is dan-

gerous" and "no whips will be permitted in the hands of the excursionists, and if found will be taken charge of by the Committee." The meticulous attention to detail which astonished Ogden's guests when—years later—he carried them by special train on those now historic educational tours in the South, was thus developed by him as a superintendent, responsible for boys and girls. "The design of this excursion," writes he, in grave and dignified language, "is to furnish a day's enjoyment to our scholars and friends; and we hope that care, prudence, and moderation will be exercised by all, that no accident or disturbance may mar the occasion." It might have been a king's speech, delivered from the throne. It was not a king's speech, nor did Ogden mount any throne. Enough for him to stand on God's footstool and speak as Viceroy of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

CHAPTER X

HIS COMRADE IN THE CAUSE

TO EVERYTHING there is a season," says the Preacher, "and a time to every purpose under heaven." It is a wisdom that Ogden illustrated. He disliked the term "department store," but none the less it was in departments that he organized his career. You can write of him at business without mentioning him at Sunday school. You can write of him at Sunday school without mentioning him at a relief committee. He was a multiple man who was never muddled by his own multiplicity. And that is why one has said as yet scarcely a word about that problem of education in the South which became, perhaps, his chief concern in life. It had its pigeonhole, like the rest. It was kept in its place. It did not stray beyond its appointed limits. Within those limits, however, it was absorbing and supreme.

In the year 1861, Ogden was twenty-five years old and engaged in business in New York. There called on him a man, three years his junior and presented a letter of introduction from his maternal uncle, Reuben Chapman, who became, a few years later, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The young man was of a challenging appearance. He was of a good height, broad-shouldered and well set. His face was tanned by exposure to the ocean. He wore his light brown hair abundantly. About his ample countenance there was a certain audacity that revelled in health and youth and

hope. Impulsive in speech, he would jest about the Deity Himself, knowing well that it is the Deity who endows his more favoured children with a sense of humour. The man's name was Samuel Chapman Armstrong. To Ogden, he came, he saw, he conquered. The friendship between the two was instantaneous. In Armstrong, Ogden met his fate. "You are the greatest man," said Ogden to Armstrong, "I have ever been privileged to know." And after all due allowance is made for the generous flatteries of an address on Founder's Day, it is not easy, on the facts, to quarrel with the panegyric. "I have just tumbled over Whittier's little book dedicated to you," writes Ogden, in 1886. "I cannot dedicate poems to you but I could burn your coat tails off with the incense I would sacrifice to you—perhaps shirt tails, too."

While he was in college Armstrong spent with Ogden some part of his every vacation. When he was in the Army, every visit to the North, whether on furlough or special duty, included residence in Ogden's home. And, indeed, it was no wonder. For this David and this Jonathan were both of Protestant ancestry and Scottish with Irish blood. But whereas Ogden was born and bred to the home, Armstrong was reared an exile. His father was an eminent missionary in Hawaii and other Pacific islands, and even in his 'teens the son had been a traveller. In a storm, he could handle a boat. He could edit a newspaper. He could recite Greek. He could jest with children. He could unriddle geometry. And he could govern a native race. In versatility, he had been compared with Robinson Crusoe. In zeal, he belonged to that masterful type which gives mankind a Wesley, a Moody, or a William Booth.

When he met Ogden, Armstrong was a student at Williams College in Massachusetts. Later, he was to fight in

the Civil War and become by rapid promotion the youngest, or almost the youngest, general in the Army of the Union, to which he contributed a coloured reinforcement. With the declaration of peace, Armstrong was sent by the Freedman's Bureau to the historic peninsula which includes Hampton. And we have it on the authority of Dr. L. Mason Clarke, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, that there was held in Ogden's parlour on Schermerhorn Street the first conference of a few sympathetic men who met to consider how Armstrong's larger dream of an industrial institute for the Negroes could be realized. In this enterprise Ogden was thus associated from the very outset with his lifelong comrade. It was in Ogden's home that "Hampton" was born.

The friendship was not without humour. Of all men, Ogden was precise in appearance and habit. Of all men, Armstrong was the opposite. His hat in the hall would be the only notice of his arrival as guest, and he would vanish as suddenly. One day, as she prepared dinner, Katie, the cook, was discovered by Mrs. Ogden in an unusual exaltation of mind. In the corner of her kitchen sat the coloured butler, convulsed by laughter. And at the table was the General, writing madly as usual, with his papers all around him.

"Why not the library?" asked the lady of the house in some astonishment.

"I like your kitchen," answered Armstrong. "It is so clean and orderly. And I should like to take it to Hampton as an object lesson."

On such occasions there would be a hurried preparation of the guest chamber for one who, if the truth must be told, did not spare either furniture or ornaments. Whatever may have been Armstrong's military training during his brief but strenuous active service, he certainly

learned the habit of bombardment. Be it soap that he was using or be it ink, it flew about and usually hit the mark. A fall under his horse broke his right forearm, which was never again normal, and he thus used a pen as a dagger, stabbing the paper with ferocious energy and often picturesque results. All this had to be taken into account by a hostess in selecting curtains and counterpanes. Armstrong was not so much an influence as an explosion. He persuaded by impact. He himself explained it by declaring that the choice for him lay between a career as pirate or as missionary.

To Ogden he did not attempt to stand on terms of a formal courtesy. He simply said things. "I send by mail," he wrote in 1879, "a sample shirt which has been through the wars, addressed audiences, mingled in society, wept over the wrongs of Indians and is now retired from active service; it would do well for a show case. Please have half a dozen made of the same pattern for me, three buttons behind and three in front, and send by Ex." Again, there was the request for "half dozen good serviceable shirts to fasten behind"—and, by another letter, the injunction, "no studs in shirt bosom—plain buttons as becomes a public beggar." By the year 1892, Armstrong wanted Ogden to remember that his waist measure had increased by two inches. It was necessary information, for an Armstrong required an Ogden to solve the problems of his usually distressful wardrobe. Here is an S O S, date 1879:

I send by express a pair of old trousers not only as an expression of esteem and confidence, but to have them reinforced where they are most worn, that is to say made durable, so that I can ride about in them this summer without being subject to unnecessary exposure and ridicule or disrespect, where seen in the act of mounting or dismounting, especially in the presence of ladies.

Ladies? Even when Presidents visited Hampton, as most Presidents did, Armstrong was carelessly clad. On one occasion he forgot the appointment and had to be fetched from the fields, considerably dishevelled. It was only in obedience to English despotism that, when visiting Europe, he included evening dress—quite possibly hired—in his kit, and in 1878 he wrote to Ogden that it was “rather painful to order a black suit.” Even of black ties, which he invariably wore, he kept but one, every day becoming more attenuated until it snapped under the strain.

Then there was “the lawn-tennis set” which, Ogden explained, “will cost considerably less than the sum indicated.” Ogden, also, would be found “giving some attention to the kitchen floor,” about which he would “respond in a few days,” when he wrote:

The Girard College which has no end of money at command has tried wood, concrete, and artificial stone and slate. They decide for the latter—laid in large blocks—against all others. I am working a little on that line and will report soon. [1884.]

A few days later, there is “enclosed another estimate on the slate floor,” which “would have gone to you sooner but for unusual press of work.” And, yet again, “regarding the slate floor, there are varieties of slate and care is needed.” When “a baby boy” came to Armstrong, there was this unemotional comment, addressed to Ogden:

Please send me, if you can easily, a case of that light red wine in small bottles, such as you sent before; also *send the bill* for same as you *did not* before. Send the bill so I can order more when I want it.

Armstrong valued Ogden’s mind. “Part of your work,” he wrote in 1892, “is to speak and think and write on the problems of Christianity. The world needs your

ideas and words; let us have them. Your active business life made you specially qualified to discuss work as a force in Christian civilization." Just so; but Ogden must not omit from his "ideas" the most meticulous details like General Armstrong's two flannel undershirts, his brushes, or a "box of good not strong cigars" for a friend. The steam-hammer must be used to crack the nut. When Armstrong wanted a needle, he did not cross the street and buy one. Ogden must search the haystacks. And on these epistles we find endorsements, thus:

Mr. Pattison, Pls fill order and keep letter for my return. O.

Or, "Hampton Box." Genius is assuredly an infinite capacity for taking pains—especially the supreme genius of friendship.

Sometimes Ogden had to point out that he was "nearly pegged out." In 1884 he wrote from Philadelphia:

I am very busy and will do all I can, but am very short-handed and will need all the help you can give, for you know that in this I am absolutely alone here, and my daily work is heavy.

But, on the whole, the very busy man was a bond-servant who hugged his chains. He would send a dollar as his mother's subscription to the *Southern Workman*, which then, as it is now, was the organ of the Institute. He would be consulted as to the uniforms of the students. He would watch the papers for a second-hand fireproof safe. He would lend "the head man of Wanamaker's stables" whose counsel was reported by Armstrong to be "very satisfactory and profitable." He would tell Armstrong that he was shortly sending a very intelligent man to Hayti and San Domingo who "will be engaged in business but can give some time to questions of interest."

“I don’t want to create work for him,” writes Ogden, “but if there is anything at which he can be of real service, will get him to look after it.” And, last but not least, Ogden faced with Armstrong that eternal want of pence which is the burden of philanthropy as of other forms of genius.

“I expect to be in N. Y. from six to ten days,” writes General Armstrong. “Can you get me a Sunday-school job (with fair exchange of spoils) next Sunday? I’ll go—Beecher comes out strong for Indians. Can’t you see him and Storrs and other S. S. Supt.?”

Again, in 1878, Armstrong’s remarks were:

Yours of the 15th [June] is capital. You probably will not have a rush of contributions but by steady pressure they will come.

He who sits down hardest and longest on the S. S. Supt. will be sure to get him. S. schools, like the coon out West, “come down.” This is true of men generally—when there’s no other way out of the scrape.

To “sit down hardest and longest on the S. S. Supt.” was thus Armstrong’s kindly thought for Ogden. It was the thought of a benevolent dictator. For this very letter was in acknowledgment of one in which, evidently, Ogden had told of a near relative’s death. Armstrong was not unsympathetic. “That,” said he, “is very sad about Lewis.” But he added briskly: “After all, to die in good shape with a fair record is a sort of luxury, is it not?”

So the Sunday schools in Brooklyn, half a dozen of them, including City Park, of which Ogden was superintendent, raised scholarships of seventy dollars apiece, and “whoever helps, gets a student letter.”

Attention must be devoted to the press. “Let the *Eagle* scream!” demands Armstrong, as he contemplates a visit to Brooklyn. Nor is the *Evening Post* of New York

neglected. In November, 1878, a letter is sent for publication. An editorial is suggested. And Ogden must manage it. "You let the dogs loose," suggests the General. "Our building is roofed and we need help. I don't ask for a begging editorial but an educating one that will receive interest and confidence. Should like three dozen copies of the paper with the letter. We are driven to work. Howl for us." The spectacle of Ogden, then in difficulties with the Devlins, "howling" for Hampton is again not without a certain grim humour. Not that Ogden underestimated what use should be made of the press—quite the contrary. On May 23, 1887, we have him writing to Armstrong from Philadelphia:

Philadelphia, Pa., May 23rd, 1887.

I have been considerably disappointed at the result of the Associated Press dispatches regarding the Anniversary. I know they are very full, and were sent all over the country, but the New York papers ignored them entirely. Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston used them sparingly. We must take especial care next year to inspire the managing editors in advance, that instructions be given to use Hampton dispatches when received.

So it went on—this desperate struggle for the Hampton Institute. High hopes were answered constantly by "money low." In September, 1878, Armstrong reports:

Have just ordered one Indian Cottage; work just begun; cost \$10,000. We'll get along; have no money. "Allah Mash Allah!" as the Turks say. "God is Great!"

But a meeting of Ex. Com. on the matter is important. I had to say "go," to have time to finish for any use of it this year. The bricks are made and paid for, 180,000 of them, by our students mostly.

Here was no easy charitable endowment, with an office, armchairs, telephone, and typists. It was a case of "blessed be drudgery." Take this letter—dated 1900,

after General Armstrong's death—which, however, illustrated Ogden's thorough sense of his duty:

I expect to be present at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees on Wednesday, the 25th inst. I shall be greatly obliged if you wire me, at my expense, early next week, the names of such of the Trustees as have signified an intention to be present.

Ogden valued his colleagues and expected his colleagues to value themselves. Each of them had a place in his thoughts and his telegrams. The drudgery was, however, illuminated by flashes of genuine fun. Here is a note from Armstrong, dated 1878:

Hope Dean Stanley will come—we'll feed him on oysters.

Or again, the same year:

Will has returned from the Islands bringing a sacred calabash from King Kalakaua to Mrs. [President] Hayes. For ten generations the island kings have eaten their roast baby out of it.

Neither Ogden nor Armstrong was, like Levi, fond of instruments of cruelty in their habitations, but King Kalakaua's sacred calabash, as an addition to the President's regalia, entertained them, as Ogden would have put it, "muchly."

For Armstrong was by no means all work and no play. At the Mansion House, on a Friday, there would be "the frolic" at which teachers and neighbours would gather. Here Armstrong was the Peter Pan, that boy who never grew up, but insisted on what he called the Presbyterian war dance, which began with "Auld Lang Syne," sung slowly and ended in an accelerated allegretto which Ogden would execute with surprising alacrity. Armstrong had a way of starting picnics which ended when and where nobody expected. He would set sail in a boat, standing

above the prow and so navigating the craft, an arrangement which had the advantage of keeping the captain dry whoever else encountered the spray. These little diversions were, perhaps, strenuous, but they belonged to the golden period when all was hope and zest and risk; the splendour of pioneering; the covered and sometimes uncovered wagon.

Memorial inscriptions are not always readable literature, but the entrance of Ogden Hall in Hampton is adorned by a bas-relief—the gift of E. H. Van Ingen—that contains words which assuredly sum up Ogden's relations with Armstrong:

Cherished and trusted friend of Armstrong from the very birth of Hampton Institute, he never faltered in his devotion to the ideals of the Founder. His labours for the uplifting and encouragement of the Negro race were constant and self-sacrificing. Wise in counsel, a strong executive, his beautiful character, all his life long, was an inspiration to those who worked with him. His memory is blessed.

More than once there arose the question whether Ogden should leave business behind and devote his entire life to Hampton. And one of those occasions may be noticed. On May 9, 1884, General J. F. B. Marshall resigned the treasurership of the Institute. Marshall, like Armstrong, hailed from Hawaii where, indeed, he had taught Armstrong in Sunday school and found him "restless." The hope was that he would act as "a kind of tail to Armstrong's kite, to keep it from flying away altogether." Marshall had to ride the whirlwind on a salary of two thousand dollars a year and, when his appointment was vacant, Armstrong offered John Wanamaker's right-hand man at least twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars and possibly twenty-five hundred dollars a year, with a house.

How insistent was General Armstrong that Ogden join

him is shown by a letter, dated May 10, 1883. “You can give this school,” he said, “what it needs—a power to run in case of my death.” This would greatly increase confidence. The history of our country—argued Armstrong—showed hardly a case of a Christian man who had left a good business to lend a hand to the Lord’s work. And he proceeds:

You can, by coming here, give a better excuse to this world for your existence than in any other way. We need such as you here. The world will call it folly, including nine tenths of your pious friends. But a rich reward will await the sacrifice you would make in coming here. It would insure the grandest industrial success ever achieved in a school. You can stamp yourself on your time.

In disclosing Armstrong’s postscript, the utter humour of the situation has got the better of the biographer’s discretion. He thinks of the charming and dignified hospitality he has received from Mr. Ogden’s daughters and of their wide circle of friends, and then he reads in Armstrong’s courageous handwriting this proposal:

We could give your oldest daughter a fair position as a teacher I think, say \$200 and her board; would this count?—your youngest would certainly be worth her board for what she could do and soon be worth more. Should you board with teachers, which would be best at first, your wife could easily and comfortably do enough for her board, making cost living very light. Your girls would, in time, work in finely. Should the eldest become our cooking teacher, taking lessons in the Normal School for this purpose, we would give her \$300 a year besides board.

The Lord will lead you.

And it nearly came about. On May 25, 1883, Armstrong wrote:

You never seemed to me so much of a man as you did the other day when you told me of your desire, should circumstances allow, to

give up a splendid position. . . . It was the noblest moment of your life, perhaps. Few, very few men have even desired. The way is not open to you but "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends." You will be led—wisely, rightly.

Again, on December 12, 1892, General Armstrong writes:

Is "the Macedonian cry" in order? Come over and help us. Once you were nearly persuaded. Now your family is scattered. You can have a congenial home here, fixed to suit you for the rest of your days, and a moderate income—about what we all get—a bare support. You are the big strong man we have long been waiting for. No one can do here what you can. We are utterly unable to make the right generous provision for you, but you would be most welcome here as Treasurer and financial head and organizer of this many-sided industrial machine and do a great national humane work by making it a success. You are fitted for it as none else is. A chorus from everywhere would hail and welcome you here. What would Wanamaker say? . . . The old feeling for you [that is, Armstrong's] is just what it was years ago. No change. Only more candid and earnest than ever.

Armstrong was then, of course, approaching the end. He was whole-heartedly eager for immediate advance, and while Ogden received this appeal from the principal of Hampton, the vice-principal, Doctor Frissell, also wrote him in terms approaching desperation on the problem of finance involved in Armstrong's forward policy. At times Frissell's faith almost wavered under the strain and he would ask Ogden whether it might not be best to resign. Ogden's strong comradeship prevented any such calamity and Doctor Frissell has left a memory in Hampton second only to that of Armstrong himself. Ogden was not a speculative trustee. At Hampton, as at Tuskegee, he insisted that legacies be applied to endowment and not to current expenses. And, broadly, his judgment of finance supported Doctor Frissell's. Indeed, Armstrong

himself admitted that it was “wise and conservative.” One sometimes wonders whether the nation as a whole and the students in particular have ever been in a position to realize what agony of mind and body these men endured in the effort to establish the great educational institute.

Armstrong was quite ruthless in the good cause. He wrote, in 1892:

Jay Gould died without paying his debt to civilization which did so much for him. What has he done with it? This is a sort of bankruptcy which is very bad for the rich. . . . To *wish* to come will finally bring you here ere long. A few of your quick glances at things here would do much good.

The proposal that Ogden end his days at Hampton was by no means so astonishing at the time as it now appears. Ogden was a man of a profound consecration. To him, money was no more than a symbol of exchange, and as he received money, he gave it away. But he declined this and all offers of a position at Hampton, other than that of trustee. His view was that as a merchant in Philadelphia, and later in New York, he could serve Hampton and indeed every cause better than by surrendering that post of vantage. And amply did time justify the decision.

When, however, Armstrong wanted a man or a building, his onset was impetuous. “Go for Wood,” he wrote to Ogden in 1886, “as Jacob did for the angel. If you are beat, try another angel and do better than Jacob.” Over Ogden, as a possible treasurer, Armstrong was “beat” but “another angel” was secured whose service of Hampton, as long as it lasted, was second only to that of Ogden himself.

Into the circle of his family at Philadelphia there stepped a young and rising banker, already mentioned, whose name was Alexander Purves. To him, Robert

Ogden's daughter Helen was married on October 23, 1890. And through her, Purves became as interested as Ogden himself in the fortunes of Hampton. We find him, in May, 1894, putting up a sum of one hundred dollars for a certain picture by the coloured artist, Tanner, entitled "The Thankful Poor," for which Ogden subscribed an equal sum, and John Wanamaker, fifty dollars. This was sent to the Institute as a gift, and three years later there was this interesting note from Ogden to the principal of Hampton, Doctor Frissell:

New York City,
January 5, 1897.

Enclosed please find a donation from Mr. Alexander Purves, of \$70.00 for a scholarship in the name of Robert Ogden Purves. An acknowledgment to the latter, to 917 Pine Street, Philadelphia, would not only be amusing and interesting to his parents, but in the line of their intention.

It was Purves who, in 1899, gave up his career in business and went to Hampton as Treasurer.

Armstrong was a younger man than Ogden and had a constitution of steel. He lived, however, not indeed at a greater pace than Ogden, but at a pace less regulated by method. And the day came too soon when Armstrong's cyclonic spurts killed him. Ogden tried to save Armstrong's life by the only method possible, a gentle and timely hint. We have a letter, dated September 24, 1886, which reads:

I wish very much that I could be of some comfort to you in this, your time of enforced quiet. I won't say idleness, for when God's Providence says to a man "halt" for a while, it is only obedience to orders. As I think of you now, waiting for your accustomed powers for work, the suggestion comes seriously: Are you not speaking more eloquently for the causes to which your life has been given than when you are on the warpath?

A year later Ogden wrote:

I want very much to have a leisurely conference with you, free from all pressure or hurry. This suggestion may seem quite ridiculous to a man of your temperament and my occupations, but nevertheless I am serious and to this end, I wish you to come to Philadelphia and stay a few days on your way to New York, quietly at my house. I never was more convinced in my life that you need the careful attention of the dilettante loafer; whether I can supply that need is a doubtful question, but I can talk with you about it.

It was utterly wise—one more instance of the wisdom which you find in Ogden from whatever angle you approach him. This was, indeed, the judgment on him of Viscount Bryce, whose tribute to Ogden, dated 1921, seems to fit in here. He writes:

The only time when I had the opportunity of seeing something of him was on a journey to Tuskegee in 1909 or 1910. I had then a good deal of conversation with him in the cars and was profoundly impressed by the knowledge and the wisdom he showed in his views upon the present and future of the coloured race. His sentiment was strong and warm, but this sympathy did not warp the coolness of his judgment. He saw facts in their reality, understood the difficulties of the problem, addressed himself to it in a cautious and temperate as well as an earnest and hopeful spirit.

His mind was strong, clear, well balanced, fit for large affairs. It would have been a privilege to see more of him, but the opportunity did not recur. His memory well deserves to be preserved and honoured.

Ogden's clear discernment was brought to bear on Armstrong's health. But without avail. Armstrong wrote in 1892:

Do you remember that evening in your parlour, when your wife played some lovely piano music, when we were both tired? That fatigue was the beginning of my breakdown. The music was delightful and cheered us both. I asked you then if you could put me in the way of getting that collection which your wife was playing from. My

daughter, Edith, is now here and I would like to get it for her to play for me. For two weeks, I have had unbroken rests at night without the aid of medicine. I am still in bed and expect to be for weeks. My left side gains but very slowly.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1891, at Stoneham, Massachusetts, a small town near Boston, Armstrong had faltered in a speech and fallen paralyzed into the arms of a pupil called Wainwright, who accompanied him in a quartette and is still singing for the Institute (1923). In 1893 Armstrong died.

On January 28, 1894, Founder's Day was observed at Hampton. There was one, only one person qualified to speak of Armstrong. That person was Ogden. And his difficulty was that Armstrong had strictly forbidden his friends to pronounce any eulogy of him at his funeral or to compile his biography. Ogden's analysis of his character thus remains of a historic value and is, moreover, an example of literary style the qualities of which are immediately apparent. Quotation is here inevitable. He said:

Possibly someone can state whether General Armstrong had ever clearly defined and expressed his working theory of life, but I doubt it. All around the circle of his intimate associates there are those who cherish his wonderfully terse and epigrammatic utterances. His converse sparkled with them, thrown off from the torrent of ordinary speech as the pearl-like spray from a rushing cataract, reflecting and refracting, as does the mist in the sunlight, the clear rays of truth that pervaded his mind.

Were it possible to collect these brilliant and pungent epigrams, there might be constructed from them something of the system upon which his life was ordered. But I seriously question if even his philosophic mind had ever formulated in terms his scheme of life. His was not a life of doctrines, but of spirit.

In the best sense General Armstrong was a deeply spiritual man. . . . It was evident that his dynamic power was derived from some

unseen source. His mighty force in practical action, the brilliance of his thought and speech, when in the vigour and full flush of manly power, might erroneously be ascribed to natural endowment, mental and physical, aided by training and education. The facts were that all these bodily and intellectual gifts were but parts of the human machine through which the mighty, God-inspired spirit expressed itself.

It is a great event when a mighty soul reveals itself. It was my privilege to get occasional glimpses of General Armstrong's soul life. I recall a Sunday morning in my home, some three or four years before his death. He was a guest at my house. There were some fine young people also with us. It was an intense pleasure to me that they should have the privilege of meeting Armstrong in the familiar freedom of domestic life. At breakfast the talk took a serious turn, and Armstrong began to speak of the deep things of life, of death, of the future state, of the spiritual existence. An occasional remark, or question only, was needed to stimulate him to a continuation of high prophetic discourse, and it was noon before we left the table—nearly four hours had passed under the magic spell of his matchless inspiration. No word of self or personal experience escaped him, but the power of a life to which the unseen was the most real was made evident. A great soul had revealed itself.

Only upon the high spiritual theory can we explain the power of the life we are now considering. Our lesson is to be had not so much from any attempts to imitate him as to learn to seek the same power from the same source. He was eminently a Christian, and the same Spirit promised by our Lord, at His departing, to His brethren, is still the most potent factor in life. I appeal to General Armstrong's character as an infallible proof that the promises of the Christ are still valid and vital.

In the best sense, General Armstrong was a man of the world. He recognized the power of the devil to a degree that was intensely realistic, and he discovered that a great moral fault of the age is that Satan has become a merely humorous personage. He saw, with his clear and penetrating vision, the vices and degradation of humanity. He never dodged a fact. He dealt with the world as he found it, and never took shelter from the actual in a bombproof of the fanciful. He was as courageous in facing moral issues as in risking his life where bombs were bursting, bullets whistling, and battalions charging.

So ended whatever was visible on earth of that great friendship. But the invisible in that mutual devotion lived on. Armstrong was succeeded at Hampton by one who was, in temperament, his opposite. In quietness and confidence lay the strength of Hollis Burke Frissell, a man of deep philosophy and often silent industry. Things happened and people wondered why. It turned out that Doctor Frissell had been around. He steered the Institute by hints, suggestions, and tact. And in Ogden Frissell realized that he had a sheet anchor. In 1917 the Institute lost Doctor Frissell by death and his place was taken by Dr. James Edgar Gregg, who since that date has been the able Principal of the Hampton Institute.

It was in 1874 that Ogden had joined the Board of Trustees for Hampton. In 1894 he was chosen to be president of that Board, an office which he held until, in 1913, he died after thirty-eight years of service to the Institute. Just as he had taken the brilliant initiative of John Wanamaker and had expressed it in terms of an abiding commercial philosophy, so he was now to take the brilliant initiative of General Armstrong and establish it among the assets of the human race.

CHAPTER XI

HIS FIGHT WITH THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

IN THE year 1889, Robert Ogden had lived in Philadelphia as an associate of Wanamaker for precisely one decade. "Seest thou a man diligent in business?" so ran one of his favourite texts. "He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." In the United States, doubtless, there were not many kings just then available, but if any had arisen, Ogden would have been delighted to share his company. He did not conceal his enjoyment of commercial success, whether it be his own or of others. Walk a street with him and he would tell you who lived in this house, who in that, and how much they were worth. It was not so much the worship of wealth as a hobby. In his business he collected customers, and in his public works he sought subscribers, as a philatelist collects stamps. To have a man on his list added to the zest of life, and as he saw poor men become rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and rich men grow still richer, he was fascinated by the problems so suggested. He liked to meet these men, to study them, to be of their company.

The House of Commons, it is said, is a place where a member is bound to find his level. What is thought of him is settled not merely by what he says in debate but by the impression that he makes, day and night, as he is seen at close quarters, in the smoking room, the dining room, the library. In Philadelphia, Ogden was a mixer. Outside the hours of business, men were frequently noticing him and searching his character. Indeed, his busi-

ness itself was one that involved a local contact. It was with his neighbours that the great store bargained daily. And the man who, ten years before, had come to the city to repair his fortunes, found himself rapidly rising to eminence. None the less, it was a sudden act of God that plunged him one day into the throes of a national emergency. When the State of Pennsylvania was confronted by a supreme crisis, it was to Ogden that the community turned in an hour of need.

In the month of May, what the weather expert calls a low pressure developed in the Rocky Mountains and the storm proceeded eastward. On the morning of Decoration Day, rain began to fall upon the State of Pennsylvania, and it continued for more than thirty hours. At the coast it amounted to two inches; along the ridge of the mountains inland it was ten inches, and the average over a wide area was seven inches. Western Pennsylvania, an area of twelve hundred square miles, was deluged with nearly four and a half billion tons of water. The skies descended not in drops but in sheets of it. Not within recorded annals had there been such a super-cloudburst.

The River Susquehanna and its tributaries rose in response. A rainfall of three inches had never failed to produce a ruinous flood. But here was a fall of rain that far exceeded any such figure and so surpassed the previous records of 1786 and 1865. Along that stream, bridges, buildings, homes, farms, railways, lumber booms, gas works, electric plants, factories, stores, churches, were drenched, damaged, or swept away. The deluge carried down to Chesapeake Bay a mass of débris that included one hundred and seventy-five million feet of timber, immense masses of wood, the carcasses of animals, and not a few bodies of men and women.

The city of Johnstown in Pennsylvania then contained twelve thousand inhabitants. It is situated in a bend of the River Conemaugh and is dominated by hills on every side. The river is winding and turbulent, a mountain stream in its caprices, and a number of boroughs clung to its banks. The valley is rich in coal and iron and it contained factories of great magnitude. On May 31st the Conemaugh became a raging torrent.

Among the streams that fed the Conemaugh was one called the South Fork. In the year 1836 the South Fork was dammed by a mound of earth, 931 feet long and 20 feet broad at the top, where there was a road for vehicles. A lake was thus formed which covered 405 acres. The water was used for a canal and was discharged at the foot of the dam through five cast-iron pipes, each two feet in diameter. At the side of the dam there was the usual spillway, cut in rock.

By the year 1889, the canal had fallen into disuse and this artificial lake had been sold to a private owner, when it became "The South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club of Pittsburgh," duly incorporated for "the protection and propagation of game and game fish, and the enforcement of all the laws of this State against the unlawful killing and wounding of the same." The club had mended the dam, closed the culvert which contained the five pipes, and further restricted the outlet of water by building trestle bridges for a road across the spillway, which also was crossed by netting and floating logs to prevent the escape of fish.

One assumes that no dam of this construction would now be permitted, but it was not, apparently, the weakness of the dam that caused the appalling disaster which has now to be recorded. The dam was standing the strain all right when it was observed with alarm that the stream

across the spillway was rising at the rate of ten inches an hour. The culvert below the dam was closed and could not be or was not reopened. Every second of time, 10,000 cubic feet of water entered the lake—and never did the spillway discharge more than 6,000 cubic feet. In the early afternoon, the reservoir was full to the brim, and over the middle of the dam, where the profile showed a slight dip, water trickled into the depths below. The stream was soon a foot deep and a rapid erosion was irresistible. At a few minutes before three o'clock, the entire structure of earth and wood gave way. Twenty million tons of water were released. In thirty-six minutes the reservoir was empty.

The volume of the flow equalled that of the Niagara Falls. The depth of the fall to Johnstown was 404 feet; and the distance was fourteen miles. It might have been thought that the wave would traverse this distance of fourteen miles in as many minutes. But the flow of a cataract is curiously retarded by friction. With the valley twisting and turning and with wreckage everywhere collecting, it took an hour for the flood to reach Johnstown. The story that the peril produced a Paul Revere who rode the gorge in advance of the oncoming wave and warned the people is, it seems, apocryphal. No man of his name—Daniel Peyton or Periton—could be identified; no horse could have ridden at the pace; there was no road along the river for such a horse and rider to use while the streets of Johnstown were already under water. But at the little town of South Fork lay the New York and Chicago Limited, held up by a wash-out on the line. As reports of the danger to the dam quickly followed one another the passengers persuaded the conductor to take the train across the bridge and so to Summerhill. The water was seen rushing down the

South Fork, the bridge thus crossed was demolished, and the train raced a wave into safety.

The torrent was indeed terrible to witness. It swept farms and fields before it, leaving bare rock in its wake. Railroad and rolling-stock were utterly wrecked. At East Conemaugh, a large yard, a round house for sixteen locomotives, numerous freight cars, and two passenger trains were tossed about like tinder. Turntable, machine shops, coal-tipple—everything went. Twenty-three locomotives were scattered anywhere—everywhere. One was carried nearly a mile, and others a less distance; yet these locomotives weighed about seventy tons apiece. At times the flood would be arrested for a moment by accumulations of débris. It would form its own dam. But, after a brief and deadly delay, it broke loose again with yet more fearful energy. There was a noble bridge of stone, seventy feet high with a span of eighty feet, which for fifty years had stood secure and serene. Converging currents carried wreckage against this structure which choked the channel. The current flowed nine feet deep over the bridge. And the entire structure was carried away.

On reaching Johnstown, the avalanche of water and wreckage defied description. The number of persons who perished was 2,142. Of the bodies, 391 never were found. One was discovered at Cincinnati, to which city it had been washed by the Ohio River. (Even at Gettysburg in 1865, after three days' fighting, the Army of the Union lost only 2,800 men killed.) And when the worst was over, there remained the cellars full of water, the hideous deposits of slime and filth, the utter loss of property, uninsured against any such visitation, of homes in which the savings of the family had been thriftily and trustfully invested. The Johnstown Flood was a calamity that affected the imagination of the United States as

Britain was affected by the comparatively trivial Tay Bridge Disaster or the once famous loss of the *Birkenhead*. It was the *Lusitania*, the *Titanic* of the Eastern Seaboard. Ninety-nine entire families, numbering from two to ten members each, were wholly wiped out.

In Mr. Ogden's home at Philadelphia lived an eyewitness of his activities, Mrs. M. Anderson. She writes:

He made a flying trip to Johnstown, came back, started forces to work, formed committees, and in less than a week tons of necessities (such as tents, clothing, food, soap, combs, shoes—everything that was needful for the hundreds that had nothing, literally nothing) were moving nearer and nearer to that flood-swept valley. And he, with a committee that he had chosen, went there for four days to bring hope and cheer into hearts and lives that were full of despair. When a bill was sent to him for transportation, he opened his own purse and paid the cost.

On June 12th the Johnstown Flood Relief Commission was formed with Philadelphia for headquarters and Robert Ogden for its most active member. Provisions were forwarded. Wreckage which proved a menace to health was destroyed by dynamite. Clothing and medicines were distributed. Hundreds of temporary houses were provided. And business was encouraged to resume its orderly routine. A sum of \$4,000,000 was collected. The contributions came from the states of the Union and from England, France, Germany, Ireland, Persia, Turkey, and other foreign lands.

For the direction of such a work, Ogden was eminently fitted. He had a grip of detail, a rigid belief in accountancy, an eloquence and a vision which together amounted to generalship. His final task was to pronounce an oration over "Grand View," a ground for burial which was situated high above the ruined towns. Here were laid the unknown dead who lost their lives in the catastrophe.

Few of such speeches survive the occasion of their delivery. This was a subject of universal admiration.

“I have just listened to your remarks,” wrote General Armstrong, “at the dedication of the Johnstown monument. Your strong, clear, businesslike English style is excellent and forceful, and justifies you in writing more. You owe it to the public to write your thoughts more freely. You can do so with beauty and with power.”

Said Ogden:

The proud waters measured strength with all obstacles, and for a while were omnipotent save as against the stately rock-ribbed mountains. Their power of destruction was imperial until checked by the massive masonry of the railway bridge. All the creations of human skill, ponderous and substantial, surrendered submissively. The miles of iron bands that did not bend with the weight of thousands of tons and could firmly bear the resonant impact of myriads of whirling wheels beneath countless trains, as they bore in swift transit the wealth of an empire and the population of a province, were as pipe-stems in the torrent. The great motive engines, weighty, powerful, masterful, irresistible, were merely trifles in the wanton play of the waters. The mills and factories that stood firm and fast while the vibrating rack of machinery went ceaselessly on within, the houses that gave shelter and home to thousands of families, structures of all sorts, frail or formidable, crumbled or floated at the touch of the rushing rapids. All these, with rocks, trees, and solid earth, were as nothing in the grasp and grapple of the monster that came leaping and foaming down the valley on that fateful day.

Your child at play with toy houses, shops, trees, and the mimic railway, spends hours of painstaking care in arranging his little make-believe bit of scenery, and then with an impatient gesture of his little hand destroys it all. So this titanic flood tossed about the greatest creations of human skill as trifling driftwood, and with one wild sweep ruined the accumulated results of scores of years of toil and labour.

In commenting on this address, the Philadelphia *Ledger* said truly that Ogden spoke with a weight that came

from deeds. It is the simple fact that trusts had to be formed for the education and upbringing of mere babes—trusts which were not fulfilled till they were of age.

It took three years to reconstruct Johnstown. And it was on May 31, 1892, the anniversary of the disaster, that the address was delivered. Within a year Mr. Ogden's services were again required for a somewhat similar task. In 1893 the business of Philadelphia was upset by panic, and a Citizens' Permanent Relief Committee was formed. Ogden was Chairman of Finance. It was a position that involved an enormous correspondence, and when the Mayor of Philadelphia was asked for information on the matter, he referred the enquiry, simply and sufficiently, to Ogden. There were careful studies into the wiles of loan sharks, storage companies, and instalment houses. There were plans for employment bureaus and loan societies. The experience of poverty, gained by Ogden as superintendent of an industrial Sunday school in Brooklyn, thus bore abundant fruit in Philadelphia.

In the defence of the credulous against the crook, language was not spared. We read in the report for 1893-94:

Of the many loan and brokerage companies that infest our city, bleeding honest and deserving people by exorbitant interest charges, or glittering promises of loans for a small consideration, the — Company, with an authorized capital of \$500,000, has long been considered as one of the most artful, ensnaring, and dangerous. They have for several years past been watched with suspicion, and when the hard times materially increased the number of their customers, the conviction grew that some ingenious game was being played to gather in the lambs, and shear them of what little wool they had left.

Against this enterprising concern—of which nearly one hundred and fifty victims had to be advised or relieved—the protection of the law was invoked. And there was, too, the attempt on the part of certain pioneers to start

“a two-hundred-million-dollar loan bank,” with the alluring slogan, “Read! Reflect! and Resolve to become a Capitalist, or the Owner of a Home.” “Everybody,” pleaded these “philanthropists,” “wants to get along in the world,” and “a Bank Account always raises self-respect and notoriously creates respect.” On this scheme also, heavy artillery was directed. Money-lenders who charged 720 per cent. a year acquired unwelcome publicity, and home clubs were thoroughly examined. For a time, at any rate, Ogden played the part in Philadelphia which Henry Labouchere and his newspaper *Truth* have played in England—namely, the part of watchdog against unsound schemes which are foisted on the too-trustful public.

Such a man did not escape the discerning eye of Dr. Talcott Williams, that active friend of the Near Eastern peoples among whom his father, as missionary, spent an honoured life. In 1895, the retired Gladstone had thundered forth his final philippic against the unspeakable Turk who was again slaughtering Armenians. Enough to say that Ogden, when urged to organize relief, responded, and, in such a matter, Ogden meant Philadelphia. But Ogden was also feared as well as loved. He could criticize the Red Cross of that now remote day. Nothing in a charity that failed of utter candour had his approval. It was his business to see that there was nothing to be concealed from the public. And in whatever financial matter he acted as a trustee for the community, nothing ever was concealed.

For Russia, too, relief was needed, and it is curious that the appeals in 1892 anticipated almost word for word the appeals of Herbert Hoover in 1922, thirty years later. Under the Tsar, there was the starvation that occurred also under the Soviet. As chairman of the Philadelphia

Relief Association, Ogden was responsible for sending to Russia the steamship *Indiana*, with 3,000 tons of food, on which was spent a sum of \$150,000. And other ships followed.

If, then, we set in one aggregate effort the relief of Johnstown, the constructive charities of Philadelphia, the collections for Armenia, and the feeding of Russians, we shall arrive at some measure of the energy expended by Robert Ogden in his last years at the Pennsylvanian city. The church, the Sunday school, the great store were not neglected. But a magnificent constitution, a clear head, a warm heart, and a masterful will stood the strain. And when he reached New York, we find him there also collecting money, this time for the sufferers from famine in India. Such labours had become with him a habit.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHURCH THAT HE BUILT

STARTING life afresh in Philadelphia, Ogden had to decide the all-important question where he and his would go to church. Here he was an associate of John Wanamaker, expected to maintain a dignified social position, with daughters growing up amid all the awful possibilities of prospective matrimony. With prosperous and fashionable churches, Philadelphia then as now was well supplied, and the parents in Brooklyn naturally expected that as a prudent man Robert would become, in one of these churches, an elder and a leading light. Imagine then the gasp of astonishment when he joined what was then called the Holland Chapel on Federal Street. It was an enterprise as unobtrusive as it was heroic. Thirty years before, "the cause" had been merely "the Moyamensing Mission School," but a gift of \$2,000 from Miss Harriet Holland encouraged the faithful to build one of those unadorned structures in which the only architecture is a consecration of life. To Ogden it was the City Park Church of Brooklyn, over again. Here, as there, the boys and girls at an early age were set to earn a living. And to a sick boy, Ogden would carry a pitcher of soup a dozen squares and carry it also a dozen times. Against him there was whispered that word "radical" which is so innocent to English, so dreadful to American ears.

On April 17, 1912, in one of his last letters to his sister, Mrs. Ide, he wrote:

In the matter of Christianity I am more radical than ever. The Church—the Protestant Church of America—is a failure very largely. Its failure is giving socialism the chance. The Roman Church on the social side is nearer right. See the common people that constantly go into the splendid St. Patrick's Cathedral. How many such ever enter the Fifth Avenue or Brick Presbyterian churches or the St. Nicholas Reformed Church? Grace Church and the Ascension get some—many—but they are nearer right. The religion of Jesus is a pure democracy. All the drivelling little prejudices that set up their pretences in opposition are shallow. If there is a devil he laughs in his sleeve and winks his bleared eyes over the conditions that drive the crowd his way.

But while he tried to be democratic, he was, to his fingertips, an unavowed aristocrat, as much an aristocrat as Paul, and at the Holland Church his presence at once transformed the situation. It was not alone his money. It was his pervading efficiency. Everything that was done had to be well done. And as the congregation grew, it was decided to build. And Ogden loved building. He revelled in the detail of it; often he paid the bills. He liked to give the orders, see them obeyed, and watch a tangible result. And so at the Holland Church there must be the lofty roof, the elaborate sanctuary, the resonant organ, and that dim religious light which falls from painted windows, including examples of Burne-Jones, especially that West Rose Window—commemorative of the Holy Spirit Who animated Ogden's sister Helen—with angel heads, one of them showing the baby face of his granddaughter, Ruth. As ground was cut and cornerstones laid, Ogden would utter "a statement of progress," and still there stands in Philadelphia that church which was raised so largely by his efforts, a solid Byzantine edifice, with rough-hewn stones, piled square to make a tower obviously erected for all time.

In fact, his old pastor, at Brooklyn, Dr. Charles Cuth-

bert Hall, later president of Union Seminary, ventured to twit him gently on his ritualist tendencies. On April 10, 1879, he wrote to Ogden:

I do rejoice to hear of your Sunday-school work. How congenial it must be to you—and with your distinctly marked and very alarming tendencies toward the true Church, the stained windows are no inferior considerations. I shall look for an *EXTRA!!!!* of the *Sunday School Times*, announcing that the Supt. of the H-ll-nd M-m-r—l Ch-p-l has gone in for albs and birettas (Wanamaker & Co., makers) and now is seriously thinking of surplices for the infant class.

We may assume that Ogden took the chaff in good part. According to his brother Willis, he was looking better than he had looked at any time for fifteen years.

Nothing could have succeeded more thoroughly than that success. The silvery thought of Dr. J. R. Miller, read throughout the world, was distilled in pure essence from the pulpit. And in Ogden's pew, at any rate, there was evident a virile interpretation. What may be called the feminine and the masculine in the Christian faith were thus wedded in precept and example.

One who saw the Holland Church at close quarters—Mrs. Samuel B. Scott—thus sets out her impression:

Only the best of everything was good enough for his friends, even his little friends. I count now among my most treasured possessions a row of books, Christmas gifts from Mr. Ogden, during my childhood. They are editions of the poems of Keats, Coleridge, Longfellow, Browning, Stevenson, and some collections of English essays, on hand-made paper, in exquisitely hand-tooled bindings. He believed that the way to make people love the finest things was to give them a chance to know them.

He carried this same principle into the work of the Holland Memorial Church. He insisted that this working people's church should be solid stone throughout, with windows from the designs of Burne-Jones and other great artists, carried out in Tiffany glass. Those

who scoffed at the waste of putting these works of art where no one would like them as well as some garish pattern, stopped to think the matter over when they heard the Sunday-school children and their parents, many of whom had almost no opportunities to hear good music, singing the stately hymns of the church with as much vigour and enthusiasm as if they had been popular songs of the day.

He set himself to give the Negroes in the South the very best results of modern theory in industrial education. He would not listen for a moment to the argument that as almost anything was better than what they already had, anything would be good enough for them. They must have the best teachers, the best equipment, the best system of training, to develop mind and hand-skill and character. Only thus could they become worthy citizens of our country, and leaders of their own people to better things.

The building impulse was not, of course, any monopoly of Ogden's. Everywhere, and for every purpose, commercial, social, ecclesiastical, and academic, the men of his day were raising monuments of bricks and mortar. And the trouble with bricks and mortar is that while they stay put, the world moves on. The day came when Robert Ogden had to leave the Holland Church for New York. And the congregation has had to face a long and uphill struggle with changing environment, the migration of stalwarts, the influx of a population that knows not the Pilgrim Fathers. It is a story common enough both in the United States and in Britain. The difficulty with so big a man as Ogden and a man so generous is that he does not live for ever.

Even in church he dearly loved an anecdote. One day at Brooklyn the special preacher was President Cattell of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, who was Ogden's guest for the occasion. "The preliminaries," as they were called, were in progress when it was clear that Doctor Cattell was seeking to attract Ogden's attention. Ogden made his way to the back of the pulpit and tapped gently

on the door. Doctor Cattell dropped his handkerchief in that direction and, as he picked it up, said, *sotto voce*, “I’ve left my notes on your bureau and I’ll keep on praying till you fetch them.” While the preacher prayed, Ogden sprinted and the prayer lacked nothing of a litanical elaboration. Happily the people’s heads were bowed as the breathless Ogden gently opened the door and slid the notes along the floor to the preacher whose devotions suddenly terminated in favour of the anxiously awaited discourse.

At the Holland Church, all the seats were “absolutely free and unassigned.” And it was here that Ogden developed his terrific attack on pew rents which he considered to be as impious as money-changing in the temple. He declared that “the free preaching of the Gospel by means of voluntary support is the only system that will meet the Scriptural test” and that “the only condition precedent to the privileges of a house of public worship is a willingness to accept such worship.” He quotes Solomon, who asserted that “the rich and the poor meet together and the Lord is the maker of them all.” And he quotes Paul, who said to the “superior and exclusive” Athenians that God “hath made of one blood all nations of men.” He declared:

From the universal fall of man in the sin of Adam to the universal offer of salvation in the “whosoever” of the New Testament, the thought of brotherhood is all-pervasive.

And he appealed for what he described as “each Christian a smaller Christ.”

He proceeded to argue that our Lord habitually used the synagogue which became the germ of the church. The synagogue, with its Bible schools, was a voluntary self-governing organization, which had no relation to the

Levitical priesthood but was supported by contributions, collected even from heathens and proselytes. Any one might worship in such a synagogue. He admitted that the Jews had tithes, but argued that our Lord's cry on the Cross—"It is finished"—lifted religion "to the far grander ideal of the blood covenant of friendship between the divine Christ and each person who would love and serve Him." Thus, St. James, in his epistle, commanded that in the congregation there be no respect of persons. And so Ogden applies to pew rents the standards of Christ, declaring:

I hold that it cannot stand the test; that it contradicts and subverts the spirit of the Gospel; that it is opposed to the idea that the Gospel must be freely preached; that it has worked incalculable harm to persons; that it has introduced false standards of church association and ministerial success; and that it has largely perverted the Church in this country from its plain and simple work of serving humanity.

After stating that pew rents are "an inheritance" and that "no legacy is so bad as other people's mistakes, except only other people's quarrels," he continues:

Historical data concerning the pew system exist, but are not readily accessible. We know, however, that seats in churches were originally provided for the aged and infirm and for persons of rank. There is a record, doubtless the result of some definite case, bearing the date of 1617, that it was an offence for a young lady to sit with her mother. There was perhaps no thought beyond that of easy collection of revenue in the pew tax of our colonial period, but it quickly made a proscription. The poor, relegated to galleries or free seats, were thus marked in the audience with the sad badge of poverty. How serious the strain upon the heavenly grace in the case of poor saints, perhaps the choicest ungathered clusters from living branches of the true vine! How hopeless the influence upon others whose poverty of pocket was the fitting reflection of starving souls!

And so it has gone on to its logical completeness. The metropolitan centres show many examples of the full flower of the system in churches consecrated to God but devoted to human pride. There are churches that seem to have been especially contrived for the very large class seeking social precedence, and who are willing to buy at any price—and often the bigger the price the better—a conspicuous place in a conspicuous church simply and only for the social distinction it confers. Religion is too often the slave of Fashion. The pew system furnishes the fitters.

. . . The general experience also is that, given the right conditions of minister and people, the attendance upon public worship is increased by the free-pew system. European experience in free public sanctuaries is cited against free pews, but my own observation teaches otherwise. I have nowhere heard a more simple Gospel nor enjoyed more genuine privileges of worship than in the great popular congregations of the English cathedrals. The evangelical churches in Switzerland give beautiful illustration of the meeting on common ground in free seats of all sorts and conditions of men. Families sit together by coming early to service, and equality in the house of God is recognized by the universal simplicity of the women's dress, which challenges the stranger to distinguish by any outward token of garb which are peasants, factory hands, or the wives and daughters of the wealthiest families. Swiss Protestantism has lessons for America. One of the most highly respected ecclesiastical authorities states concerning the pew system in England, where it has been known for many generations and where some of its worst abuses have ripened to maturity, that "to-day, in the Church of England, it is as verily a decaying and vanishing usage as is the use of the whipping-post or the imprisonment of men for debt." It is also asserted that in England, and "especially in the Church of England itself, there has been a marked—in many cases a vast—increase in the number of the public services and in the numbers of those who are in attendance upon them. And it is equally idle to deny that that increase has been synchronous with the growth of free churches." This is the testimony that comes to me concerning the free worship of Europe. Certainly I would be the last to advocate state religion; but there is one thing sure, and it is that while state churches may create an aristocracy of priests, they certainly create a democracy of people in worship. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, the Court Church in

Dresden and the Cathedral in Cologne, all prove the democracy in worship, and possibly neither would establish the aristocracy of priests.

He admits that "in many pew-rent churches, hospitality is shown to strangers." But he replies:

That does not at all reach the root of the matter. It involves the question, "On what terms is a worshipper to be admitted to God's house? Is he to be admitted there upon sufferance as the tolerated guest of some other fellow-being who owns in that holy place an exclusive right to the occupancy of so many square feet, or as a fellow citizen of the household of God, in that Divine Republic, in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, but where men are all one in Christ?"

He refers to the "great preachers, renowned for piety, learning, and eloquence, who speak to sparse audiences in their own eminently proper pew-rent churches, and yet command crowds when preaching in public halls or in churches of other cities"; to "churches in which every seat is rented and annual auctions are held at which the choice is bid off at a premium"; to "churches in which fashion and music combine to create popularity, and in which strangers are notified, by manner or word, that the privileges of art, social affinity, and the incident of Gospel-preaching are reserved for such as pay for them"; to "great-souled preachers whose careers, marked for large success, are stunted, and whose work is dwarfed by the pew-rent limitations until failure more or less complete ensues"; to "locked pews, no longer popular, which it is illogical to condemn, for the right to own or hire includes the right to lock."

To Ogden, pew rents were "a fortification," where "the Social Demon, so powerful in the Protestant churches of America" maintained "his stronghold." He was even

against “pledges” since a pledge “violates the Christian covenant and substitutes a human for a divine obligation.”

Ask a man [so he argues] to put a white ribbon on his coat to show his Christian temperance and you discount his Christianity. Ask a man for pew rent or pledge to support the Gospel, you doubt his Christian profession. In the one case the temperance (in the use of liquors), and in the other case the pew rent, is made to stand for Christianity. Any doubt thrown upon the Christian confession degrades it.

He adds this interesting information:

In the Holland Church to which I have alluded the contributions for the support are voluntary entirely. The only pledges are those made secretly between the person and his God. The treasurer will keep, when desired, a record by numbered envelopes of contributions, and will inform the giver once a year the gross sum given, but he is in honour bound not to divulge any contribution to any other than the donor. The church expenses are not large, something less than \$4,000 a year, but the contributions are ample. The church has never been in debt over the first of any month, and no demand has ever been made to make up a deficiency. And I have a guess, only a guess, that should the treasurer state the percentage of the largest recorded contribution to the sum collected its smallness would surprise you. This to anticipate the question, Do not some one or two persons bear the bulk of the burden? No, the letter and the spirit are in perfect accord. Should the experience of a single young church be taken as conclusive on this subject? The answer is no. The Scriptures should settle; this church merely illustrates it.

It must not be supposed that an argument, then so drastic, passed unchallenged. General Armstrong wrote, April 30, 1892, “Your words on Pew Rents are strong, wise, and timely.” But in Brooklyn, Jonathan Ogdens, Robert’s father, was considerably disturbed by his son’s thesis. They were an outspoken family—the Ogdens of

that day—and Robert wrote back with a touch of asperity which meant less than was said:

Philadelphia,
April 8th, 1892.

I appreciate your letter of yesterday very much. It is a good letter and I am proud of it, but am sorry to say that you miss the main point, and merely discuss questions of expediency and detail. I disagree with you entirely as to the results of such change as I advocate in church organization; it would not diminish church attendance, but greatly increase it if properly applied in the Christian spirit. One of two things is certain: if in the future life you know how things go on in this mundane sphere, you will in fifty years from now see churches played out, useless, effete, and defunct, if present methods continue:—or, in the light of progress and reform backward to original principles, will see larger usefulness, in which the principal incident will be an adoption of the plans for which I plead.

The question of the family pew is not involved; it can be as easily maintained with my views as with the present universal system of selling out proprietary rights in the house of God. And as for the poor devils like Gould, Sage, Hill, etc., a church founded upon true principles would command their respect and attendance far better than under present methods. However, you are all off concerning two of your examples: Russell Sage is now, and has been all his life, as faithful an attendant at church as you have been, and for years past Jay Gould has, I presume, attended church oftener than you have.

Again, he wrote his father:

Concerning the pew-rent question: There was no fun, not a bit of it. Satire and incident were at my command *ad libitum*, but they were left untouched. I put my life into that paper with the utmost seriousness and had the satisfaction of knowing that it made a profound impression. I have been run down with compliments and correspondence about it. The discussion that followed was serious and earnest.

My next job is with the Ministerial Association. They want me to tell them about Church Extension—and I will, “you bet.” Christians are not giving Christianity a chance. Expediency and social

preference are the two devils at present in charge of the big end of American Protestantism.

That's what's the matter.

On social ecclesiasticism, Ogden ever loved to "let himself go." He writes his mother:

The difficulty with many excellent people who are going to Heaven on the Limited Vestibule Pullman train, with reserved seats, for which they pay high prices, is that they are in utter ignorance of the fact that Christianity is a democracy, a Socialism, a Communism in the broadest and most absolute sense, and also fail to absorb the truth that general social life, and association in Christian Service, have no relation to each other. Experience in England shows that the British type of Christianity is in this respect far more healthy than the American, and I assert, without fear of contradiction, that it has remained for republican and democratic United States of America to construct a miserable aristocracy of religion such as the world has never yet seen, and that such an aristocracy as expressed in our churches, established by the swell classes, exists, is the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Gospel in this country. Many people that have grown up under the sublimated influences have been so educated that it is difficult to perceive this fact, but it is nevertheless a fact, and a most lamentable one, of which the most exceedingly lamentable expression is the utter and complete ignorance of large numbers of people that have professed to be followers of the meek and lowly Saviour, of the position in which they by education and taste have placed themselves. On this point I am radical, doubtless considered a crank, but cranks turn things—for instance, Martin Luther, Savonarola, John Huss, and so with a long list of worthies in history that are respected and honoured, but who, were they to appear in the churches on Walnut Street, Fifth Ave., Brooklyn Heights, or West End, Boston, would be denounced now for their crazy and impractical notions. These opinions I propose to hold and maintain against all comers, and I rarely find any with courage enough to contradict their truth. Hymns of consecration are delightful under the influence of eloquent preaching, sweet music, and choice associations, but they are too often a farce, and crosses which are taken in song, are rarely touched with the tip of a finger; the things that we say are left as we sing, are in fact never left, and it is too often a simple, solemn farce

of make-believe, in which the farcical player deceives himself more than anybody else.

When his strongly Presbyterian mother was disturbed by the spiritual rebellion, "Affectionately, Robert" would explode in banter, thus:

If you think I am very wicked for having more faith in the New Testament than I have in the *Confusion of Faith* I'll come over and submit to any punishment you may inflict, even though it be to go to the stake as a martyr. In fact, a nice little *auto-da-fé* in the City Hall Square might be a novelty in Brooklyn, or more properly a revival of religion. John Calvin had Servetus burned to death in Geneva because he refused to believe his doctrines, which was very naughty of Doctor Servetus and I have no doubt John did just right in having him burned up—he was chaff—for the Bible says the ungodly "are like the chaff which the wind carrieth away" and chaff ought to be burned. Now let us have a revival of good old Calvinistic religion and burn the sinners that don't agree with him. What greater proof of devotion could I give than my willingness to give "my body to be burned" as St. Paul was willing, just to please my mother and honour the memory of John Calvin? Now that Doctor Van Dyke has become so careless I have no doubt but that Dr. John Hall would light up the fire.

If any further arrangements need to be made I will be glad to assist, or should you prefer any other sort of punishment—say slippers, or castor oil, or staying at home Saturday afternoon to study the catechism—I will most obediently do whatever you command.

And now, my dear mother, I hope you will understand how sincere I am in these marks of respect. I *will* try to do better. Ye cannot serve the New Testament and the *Confusion of Faith*, for ye will love the one and hate the other. Which shall I love? If I choose the New Testament you will, of course, have the bonfire—which might be well, as in that event I wouldn't have to think about the Holland Church.

The mother doubtless answered back and Ogden would gaily ask for "an instructor in deportment" so that he might "learn how to treat you respectfully." Says he:

I might find a minister or two to teach me—but usually their tempers are too bad to instruct in Christian grace. But I will try not to

say anything rude about the catechism—it is a good catechism. I believe and teach it all except one or two wicked questions and answers, and I know you are just as good a Christian as though you believed as I do about them. But I will be a good boy, or try to, when you come, and if I am not you can sing “Auld-Lang-Syne” as you ply the slipper and I will respond with: “Would I were a boy again!”

The bell has rung to close the store and I must hurry away. My mission to-night is to convince the Pastor, Session and Trustees of the Tenth Presbyterian Church that they ought to mortgage their property for \$50,000 and build our church and I hope to succeed. I hear Father growl out “nonsense,” but then he and I never did agree about the work of the Lord.

Our church has now 750 members, our school had 1,090 *present* last Sunday afternoon—and we worship in a S. S. room. How about consecration? If the Christians were not stealing the Lord’s money we should have had a church long ago.

“True religion”—so did he elsewhere jot it down—“is Godlikeness . . . being Godlike is not the work of a moment—not legerdemain.”

The Holland Church did not forget Robert Ogden. In 1915, after his death, there dawned on the worshippers a new rose window, designed after the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, that exquisite gem of Gothic which the world owes to the reverence of St. Louis the King, and showing Joshua, clad in armour, with sword and helmet conspicuous. Thus does each day, as the sun shines, bring Robert and his sister Helen into the silent communion of glowing radiance. The window of his soul is neighbour to her soul’s window—Action and Spirit thus associated. True Joshua had he been to that church. “There was not a splinter of bone in his tall frame,” said one who there knew him, “that was not honest.”



A Brave Builder

CHAPTER XIII

THE ARTISTS THAT HE ADMIRE

IN THE year 1879, Robert Ogden had left New York for Philadelphia, a man broken in business. Eighteen years later, he returned to New York, a merchant prince. In income, at any rate, he was rich, and his income was subject to no income tax. He could thus afford an ample suite at a hotel, a mansion, all the comforts of affluence. He and his were attended by menservants and maid-servants; they could order the carriages and the horses; and there was a cellar. In the Eastern States, Prohibition was in that day neither the law nor the custom, and some years before, Ogden, bothered by carbuncles, had been advised by his doctor to take a glass of wine at dinner. His was a sparing taste and when he dined, as he often did, with his son-in-law, Doctor Crary, the equity of his mind, even when his own pleasures were concerned, would be illustrated by the exactitude with which he would measure the modest allowance of champagne, setting the two glasses side by side on the table and carefully adjusting the sparkling levels.

Indeed, in Ogden, we have a perfect example of the controversy over the liquor traffic. He was himself strictly temperate—indeed, his brother Willis saw him “wandering off in that temperance procession in Philadelphia in 1849”—but he did not actually abstain. That charming daughter of the South, Mrs. Schmelz, would send him “this old-fashioned egg nog” with “old-fashioned love” and he would thank her for the “spiritual

counsel" implied in the gift. Then, again, he would quote Longfellow on monastic wines, and at Brooklyn, there was told against him quite an anecdote. For when his youthful daughter found Mr. Bishop, the sexton, boring a hole with a gimlet, she remarked: "That's what my father uses to wind up bottles." And after service next Sunday, many friends in the congregation took care that Ogden should hear the story. Indeed, years later, when stricken by illness, he was to write sadly, "I have lost my taste for champagne."

But that was only one side. No one had observed more closely than did Ogden how grave are the evils which accompany an undue indulgence in alcohol, and the decision of Alexander Purves to be strictly teetotal had his complete respect.

In his early days at Devlin's he was constantly seeking to combat the evil of drink. In 1870 we find him detecting one of his workers asleep. The man attributed his nap to neuralgia which, as Ogden assumed, is less often a soporific than whisky. He had a "conversation with O'Brien touching his habit of drinking which he received very kindly and gratefully and said he had already determined to stop it." "I hope," writes Ogden, "he may, and think he will." But there was another man, who "attends to business pretty well but not as he ought to" and "is a trial." Sometimes "absent" or "so much in liquor as to be unfit for business," this man was "exceedingly irritable and foolish." A third man was talked to plainly but was again unpunctual and Ogden exclaimed: "The Devil has possession of some of our young people through the influence of liquor."

In New York, as in Philadelphia, he loved the well-spread table, especially his own, and dinner at his house was—as John W. Davis said of the visit by David Lloyd

George—not an occasion but an event. He talked too well to be an adept at conversation. In the terms of the tennis court, few of his guests could return his service. It was he who had the apt anecdote; it was he who had the fresh opinion; it was he who had the literary turn of a phrase and sentence. It was not so much that he monopolized the conversation as that others monopolized the listening. If he went silent, all were silent.

What he himself thought of table talk is preserved for us, happily, in his own words. At any rate, we have here his conception of what such talk ought not to be. To the bore at his club and wherever else bores are to be avoided, the following little outburst may be commended:

You have a friend in whose hospitable home there is a cosy library with an open fire which sheds forth delightful light and warmth that illustrates the cordial welcome that you know awaits your coming. Perhaps in your own surroundings you lack the open fireplace, the bright andirons, the well-bound books, the glorious etchings that grace your friend's library, and for this reason doubly prize the occasional hour of social enjoyment with him. Your heart is full of pleasant anticipation as you make your call and find everything just as you had expected and are quickly seated, full of happiness in the prospect of a genial delightful evening of friendly chat. Such hours are rare in your busy, burdened life and therefore highly prized.

Your arrival is soon followed by another that promptly dispels all your charming hopes. *I* comes in, busy and bustling with his own little affairs. *I* has just bought a house, and has made a great bargain. He announces the fact before he settles down in the thus far contented group. Then follows in detail an account of the bargaining, how it hitched and halted, how offers were made and refused, with all the brilliant and interesting details of how the matter was finally concluded. You are awfully bored but there is no mercy in the density of this self-important fiend. You are instructed in the value past, present, prospective of the property, the improvements needed, the objectionable things to be removed, who the neighbours are on either side and opposite, who live in the next block, who for-

merly lived in the neighbourhood, and especially of Jones. Jones traded his house for another at Arcadia Station and would sacrifice all his future prospects in life to trade back again.

But all this twaddle is joy itself compared with what is to follow. *I* is deeply interested now and his complacent smile is to you but the grin of an imp of darkness as he asks: “Did you ever have trouble with the draft of your furnace?” *I* had had some difficulty with coal gas and smoke and he gives you with an infernal particularity of detail the processes by which the nuisance was abated, and now *I*’s furnace is the most interesting and remarkable furnace in all the wide world—to him.

This last straw has broken all your hopes; your delightful evening is a wreck, and as you take your leave the sympathetic glance of your host is the only token of a common grief.

It was thus from a library at the fireside that Ogden drew the reading that made him, in the words of Bacon, “a full man.” “I often wondered,” said his friend George Foster Peabody, himself a voracious reader, “where he got it all.”

Even over the dentist, he was gaiety itself, writing about the “buzz saws, band saws, gang saws, circular saws, log jacks, jig saws, infernal machines, disinfectants, guillotines, the garrote, nerves alive, murdered, and dying,” in all of which he “found means of martyrdom and grace.” He developed a phraseology which became characteristic. A favourite word was “forgettery,” and of his forgettery, he often made a diplomatic use. He talked of his “alleged mind.” And from General Armstrong he adopted the subtle slogan, “Softly, catch monkey.” When any delicate duty was ahead—for instance, the capture of a millionaire for the good cause, whatever it was—that would be Ogden’s whimsical maxim.

Of family functions, they made no end of a fuss and there was a real endeavour in those days to link one

generation with another. August 22, 1883, was celebrated as the Golden Wedding Day of Ogden's father and mother. Ogden was, as the saying goes, in his element. How twenty-eight of the family stayed at the Rogers Rock hotel on Lake George, the trip up the Lake, the dinner at three, the reception in the evening—is it not told in the chronicles of the Ogden clan? How the table was laid as a Greek cross—how daughter Fannie told in verse the story of the occasion that arose from the old family chest—it was all human, happy, complete—all worth while. In the present rupture of our pedigrees we lose not a little. Children are entitled to the sense of ancestry, of the wide domestic circle, the gatherings of cousins, the festivities of kinship.

A migration from Philadelphia to New York meant a subtle change of spiritual atmosphere. How to express it without finding oneself misunderstood is a problem. Too crudely, one might hint that Philadelphia is apt to be what is called Fundamental, while New York prefers to be Modern. Had Ogden lived as a recluse, it would not have mattered. But he was no recluse. He gave himself freely to others and others gave themselves freely to him. By his environment he was bound to be affected. It was the air that he breathed. His lungs were full of it.

How blind to their assets are the churches! Here was one of those rare laymen who, with a persistence that smacked of obstinacy, had studied the Bible. All his life the zeal of God's house had eaten him up. In Philadelphia he had been the leading superintendent of a Sunday school. In that capacity his name stood second to none anywhere in the United States. Yet when he came to New York, bringing with him a Gargantuan appetite for such work, no Sunday school was offered him. And it was this omission that changed his

piety. Here it was that he became, as some would say, less definitely religious—perhaps, one should put it, less explicitly religious. Was it a fault? Was it a misfortune? Or was it a call to larger responsibilities? Between these theories you may take your choice.

He was a year in New York before he could decide which church to join. There, at Philadelphia, he had been denouncing the church of the classes and thundering against pew rents, and now he found himself in the midst of churches where pew rents prevailed and society was evident. What finally decided his membership was his wish to worship where worshipped his daughter Julia. He would not himself rent a pew, but left to his wife, as he said, “the duty of tricking the devil,” which she managed, as she managed most things, without fuss or argument. Thus he was found at the Central Presbyterian Church where in due course he was elected elder.

If we are assisted by meditation on the courage of brave men and women, why not a word or two here about his daughter Julia and her husband, Doctor Crary? For their victory in the battle of life, it is not easy to recall an exact parallel. In a city where the art of surgery has rapidly developed to a standard unexcelled anywhere in the world, Doctor Crary, as a surgeon, had won an acknowledged reputation. Then there occurred one of those acts of Providence, fairly to be described as inscrutable, which furnish the poet, the novelist, the philosopher, with material for his craft. First a blizzard which delayed a wife twenty-nine hours in a train from Boston to New York; secondly, a husband, devoting the long and tempestuous night to fruitless enquiries; then, a chill, pneumonia, a magnificent fight for life, victory, but a sudden paralysis of one side which, in a moment, shattered a surgeon’s skill, and with it, his chosen career.

There were moments when faith wavered. In the mind, the struggle was desperate. But after three years in Europe, the battle was won and the victor returned, to find awaiting him on Ogden's desk a doctor's plate, ready for his front door. By perseverance, the surgeon that had been, found a larger sphere of usefulness in the serious arena of dermatology. The disaster was transformed into an achievement that, without it, would never have been recorded.

And then, the hobby! There, in the woods of Maine, may be seen a log cabin, furnished and complete. The site was cleared. Three feet deep was the excavation of soil. There is a bathroom, fully furnished; a fireplace; a chimney eighteen feet high; wainscot; floors; shingle roof; doors; windows. And every nail, every pipe, every brick, every log was lured into its position by the skill of an unconquerable brain and the labour of but one free hand and arm. It helps all to see such a spirit in one.

Ogden liked, indeed, to play the part of an appreciative Mæcenas and many an artist knew him. There was Frank Wilbert Stokes, born in Nashville, Tennessee, who studied painting in Philadelphia under Thomas Eakins and worked in Paris under Gérôme and other masters. He tells how in 1891 he was introduced to Ogden at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, how he was grasped by "one of those firm shapely hands," how the man "of big build, and of florid complexion, reminded one of Lincoln." "Genial and sunny," "caustic and quick," Ogden revealed to the discerning eye of Stokes "a fine, innate modesty to a rare degree," and it was through Ogden's "generous aid and wisdom," that in 1891, Stokes accompanied the Peary Relief Expedition and Peary himself the following year. The expense of these journeys fell on Ogden, and Stokes rewarded the nation with vivid

pictures of Polar scenery. For fourteen months he had his studio at Bowdoin Bay, and in 1901, he was the artist member of the Swedish Antarctic Expedition where also Ogden helped him. "I had corresponded," says Stokes, "all over the country for months, vainly seeking a portable house in which to live and work. Several times, when I was visiting Mr. Ogden, the subject came up, when he would humorously remark: 'How about Wanamaker's?' This I did not at first take seriously. As the time approached for my departure on the long voyage southward and no house had been secured, he again offered to have the little house built. And it was built in less than ten days by some eight expert carpenters, who were at the time employed in Wanamaker's new building in New York. It was set up there after my plan. The work was accomplished thoroughly; a most timely and generous aid, without which I could not have followed the original plan of passing several winters in the Far South."

In the Museum of Natural History of New York you may see the fresco which Stokes completed in the year 1909, illustrating in allegory the Arctic day and night and revealing the life of the Smith Sound Eskimo. Stokes was abundantly honoured by artist and geographic societies abroad, for instance, France and Italy. And as late as 1912, he was writing Ogden about the decoration of the National Museum in Washington. After four years of waiting, he hoped for the commission, after which he "must get the money." "After all," asks Stokes, "what worth is an Arctic explorer unless he is willing to undertake the seemingly hopeless and impossible?"

And through Stokes, let us introduce ourselves to another of Ogden's artist friends, none other than George Grey Barnard. "Barnard," writes Stokes, in June, 1912, "is still in town with his family but is at work on two

pediments for New York Public Library. Barnard was much pleased with my decorative designs and we had a very enjoyable morning together last Thursday. We were both working at a design in pastel at my easel at the same time, each helping the other out, and meantime a very bewildering and continuous broadside of art talk fired away in artistic splendour. I cooked an omelette and made tea, George in perfect wonder that I could do such a thing. It was like the old student days."

With Barnard, Ogden was intimate and Barnard went south on the excursions. Over the dedication of Barnard's statues at the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, Ogden presided, and the programme of the ceremonies contained a tribute "to my very dear friend, Robert C. Ogden, whose timely help made the marble work of these statues possible, and whose faith in me *often and often*, helped through dark days when their creation was in the doing. From his friend, George Grey Barnard. Nov., 1912." Ogden responded with the statement that "the story of their construction, of the obstacles encountered, the bitter disappointments and hardships suffered, and the glorious success which at last crowned the task, is a story both pathetic and inspiring—more like the fancies of fiction than the record of stern facts—and serves but to emphasize our admiration for Barnard, the hero, the patriot, the man."

It was beyond controversy a great achievement. In 1902 Barnard had received his commission for the statues. In less than a year, at his studio at Moret in France, he had completed models, 14 inches high; he repeated the work through four sizes, until a height of $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet for the figures was reached, when, sure of a heroic effect, he sent the final models to Italy to be expressed in marble. Thence, they returned to Paris for completion,

a work which was begun in November, 1908, and only finished in 1911.

The judgment of France was immediate and enthusiastic. On April 7, 1910, Barnard wrote Ogden:

The sculptors Bouché and Lefevbre of the Salon jury came again two days ago with our Ambassador; also M. Rodin. Rodin said it was *a magnificent achievement*. Bouché (Medal of Honour man and one of France's great sculptors) said Rodin was never in his life so impressed with a *living* man's work. They all say it is one of the great works in the history of sculpture. One critic says it is more vital to humanity and greater art than Angelo's. It is to be placed either side of main entrance. Members of the jury notified me it would be given Legion of Honour. The honour I have laboured for is to reach the people with *their* own lives in sculpture, and lose none of my own days to *labouring* for them. This is my one desire and dream. Toward this you have done much.

Not that Barnard always accepted Ogden's suggestions. Early in 1910, Ogden seems to have recommended Barnard to the Frederick H. Alms Lincoln Memorial Fund of Cincinnati. The Trustees thereupon wrote to Barnard proposing that he and Gutzon Borglum should each submit a sketch model, for which the trustees would pay one thousand dollars. One of the two models would be accepted for a monument, to cost an inclusive sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

“I am writing them,” so answered George Gray Barnard, “that under no circumstances can I ever go into a sketch *competition*. The worst sketch done by a poor workman, under the hands of Phidias, would grow into a masterpiece for the ages to love, but a Phidias sketch finished in the large by a poor artist would *become* worthless. The thing is for the committee to find out who the great artist is.” He added in a postscript,

"I have never competed with any but Phidias and Michael Angelo in my vision of the science *I should command*. With no others will I compete. G. B." It was the artist temperament but it was right.

To Ogden's friendship for Henry O. Tanner, son of Bishop Tanner of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, there is attached a particular interest because Tanner belongs to the Negro race. Like Stokes, he was inspired to art by Thomas Eakins in Philadelphia, and later he studied in Paris under Benjamin Constant, and in Paris he made his home, exercising, as he writes Ogden, "the most rigid economy," though with "less of the painful character of the one and one-half years spent in America." That was in 1905 and there are jottings about Mrs. Tanner, and "a little snapshot of Jesse at two years old" and gossip of "our little boy" who "grows nicely." Tanner's pictures were hung in the Luxembourg and the Salon and may be found in collections at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. In September, 1905, Ogden writes to Doctor Frissell:

I have caused Henry O. Tanner's picture, "The Bagpipe Lesson," to be reframed, varnished, and forwarded to you as a donation to the Hampton Institute. This picture has been in my possession for a number of years, and I have come to be very closely attached to it, but I feel that Hampton is its permanent abiding place, and therefore hope that a position will be found in which, in good light, its beauty may be apparent. The other picture, "The Banjo Lesson," will be a good pendant for it, although it is very hard to treat the latter because of its difficult light and shade.

No man has had a more honourable or a severer struggle than was Tanner's. In his present success (1923) the sympathy of Ogden played a preparatory part. Tanner's soul is deeply spiritual and what Ogden hoped for him was that his brush would illuminate the life of his own

race, so revealing its inner dignity and heroism. Inspiration, however, has ordered it otherwise. And Tanner's reputation depends rather on his treatment of Scriptural subjects.

A more distressing correspondence suggests the tragedy—where so many see alone the triumph—of the artist's career. This was one of the sad letters which burdened Ogden's life:

I am the wife of ——, the miniature artist, who mailed you, a long time ago, one of his miniatures painted in water colour, on ivory, from the great Parisian Art Galleries, price only \$15.

Owing to want of patronage and our terrible poverty, my poor husband's mental faculties have been deranged. In still greater distress than when he wrote, I venture now to make a very pressing appeal to you to purchase the miniature he sent you, either at the price he asked, or at a lower one. . . . It is very beautiful and well worth the price asked. The support of the family now devolves upon me and although I have tried typewriting, I cannot meet our expenses.

Enough that he bought the miniature.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SEMINARY THAT HE GUIDED

IN NEW YORK, then, the first fact about Ogden's life was that, at the age of sixty-four years, he was bereft of a Sunday school. And the Sunday school had been, through all his struggles, the sheet anchor of his strong and turbulent soul. We have seen how he patronized art. But he had no use for art for art's sake. He ridiculed the egotists who "sneer at composition, and hold sentiment in contempt, laud to the skies the inane compositions that present sickly old women or younger women that are impossible guys while depreciating honest and superior pictures, simply because they express life in accord with human sentiment." Similarly, he had no use for religion merely for the sake of religion. With Ogden as with Christ, the Sabbath must be made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Unless he had children to pray for, why pray as he had prayed? Unless he had addresses on the Bible to deliver, why read as he had read? He could afford to live for a while on his accumulated spiritual capital. Of resources of piety, he had saved enough for the rainy day when at last it came. To change the metaphor, one can compare his life, perhaps, to the course of a river which flows from lofty mountains and is at first beautiful and remote; a river which must, however, be harnessed to the work of the world. Such was the later career of Ogden. His religion was to be now expressed in a wider service and a mellowing tenderness of spirit.

If a Sunday school was not available, another labour of

Hercules was promptly suggested. At that challenging institution, the Union Theological Seminary, Ogden was regarded—in the words of Frances Brown—as “the indispensable man.” He was asked to become a trustee and he accepted the position, we are told, “with enthusiasm.” His appetite for such work was indeed insatiable. Not only did he belong to committees but he attended them. Minutes and records were the diet on which he throve. And on whatever body he sat, he had a curious habit of becoming chairman. He could not confer without presiding. And at the Union Seminary, in 1908, he succeeded John Crosby Brown as Chairman of the Board of Directors. He also served as trustee of the Union Settlement on Third Avenue, where his daughter Julia has been long associated with the work among women. In these various capacities, Ogden addressed the students and took an interest in them. He fulfilled the routine of his responsible office but he added ideas. And as a man of ideas he did not attempt to be subtle or pretentious. He was sane and lucid, at once disciplined and liberal. To him, Union was “a school of the prophets of national and international reputation.”

Founded in 1835, the Union Theological Seminary began operations modestly at Number Nine, University Place. In 1884, the college was removed to what is now 700 Park Avenue. And in the years 1908 to 1910, the benefactions of D. Willis James enabled the institution to choose for itself a third and adequate home in the immediate vicinity of Columbia University. That was an enterprise after Ogden’s own heart. He says:

Especially notable was the selection of the plans. In response to the invitation of the Building Committee, thirty-five architects and firms submitted plans. The authorship of the various plans was scrupulously concealed from the knowledge of everyone. A jury of

architects was selected to examine all and advise upon the best plans. After this, the Committee was assembled for the final decision. An extended personal examination followed and when an expression of preference was solicited the entire Committee was a unit upon the first choice. Upon opening the sealed verdict of the architect, it was found to be the same as that of the Committee. This remarkable harmony and unity has supplied the keynote of the whole construction.

It was, indeed, a notable scene, the plans ranged around the walls of a room, the grave demeanour of the judges and their unbroken silence as they made their decision and indicated it by vote enclosed in an envelope which told nothing till all were opened. The verdict, thus unanimous, has resulted in an edifice, restful, dignified, and wisely adorned, which ranks high among the architectural achievements of New York. Especially to be admired is the chapel.

On three days in November, 1910, the buildings were dedicated. At the varied and prolonged exercises, scores of academic bodies were represented, and Robert Ogden was throughout a prominent figure in the solemn pageantry. Over the dinner at the Waldorf Astoria, he presided, and there, as it were, handed the new edifice to the faculty and students who were to use it. In his address, he thus stated what he considered to be the bases of "Union":

The position of this Seminary has been wrought out through the stress and strain of conflict and misunderstanding with a spirit of tolerance such as she only desired to receive. After an extended period of reconstruction, the Seminary is now at a point where its mission is not controversy but reconciliation. The crowning official act came with the elimination of subscription to an ancient creed as the binding official symbol, qualifying Directors and Faculty, and the substitution therefor of a simple, clear, concise statement of evangelical faith in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ, that could be acceptable to Christian believers of every name.

It was not, however, for limestone and metal alone that Ogden was responsible at Union. He had now to deal with the very vital essence of the faith once delivered to the saints. Early in life he had settled for himself the comparatively simple yet challenging question of amusements. With his friends in Brooklyn, Uncle Davy and Uncle The, he saw Booth in "Richard III" and "Hamlet," and afterward—the date was 1878—he took his daughter Julia to see Booth in "Richelieu." The performances were "magnificent," "superb," "intensely interesting," "wonderful and artistic." In his diary, he writes:

Everything about the theatre entirely unexceptionable. Only bigotry—or ignorance—can criticize the propriety of going there.

Again:

Never before did I realize how Shakespeare controls the mind and speech of English-speaking people. . . . I can see nothing in such entertainment inconsistent with good morals or religion.

As to taking Julia, his view was:

I think I have done right; it is an educating influence for her.

In 1893, fifteen years later, he wrote:

There are good plays and good theatres. The dramatic instinct is God-given. There are many bad plays and immoral theatres. Just so with books. The same standard should apply to each.

Again, in the same letter:

There is no inherent wrong in games at cards. They do immense good. They can be made to do harm. But morally they are the same as backgammon, billiards, checkers, baseball, football, and should have the same standard applied.

Believing as he did in liberty of amusements, denouncing as he did the "legacy of pious cant" which mistakes



Robert C. Ogden
President of the Directors, Union Theological Seminary

“shells for kernels,” Ogden was thus in one sense an Epicurean. He wanted all life to be abundant, including pleasure, but the abundant life must also include service. Francis G. Peabody, in his memorial address, put it thus:

We hear in these days much of the spirit of commercialism and materialism in our modern world, as though business life were a form of warfare and piracy, where the unscrupulous win and the honourable lose. But here was a man of large and exacting cares, buying and selling, organizing and building, with energy and foresight, yet maintaining among these tumultuous obligations an interior quietude of spirit which illuminated his very countenance, so that—as was said of Moses—“he wist not that his face shone.” Laurence Oliphant once said that the greatest need of England was the need of a spiritually minded man of the world—a man who could live in the world, sharing its responsibilities, accepting its methods, yet detached from it and superior to it, as one who makes it an instrument of spiritual ends. Well, here was just such a man, needed in America as much as in England—a spiritually minded man of the world, knowing his world and mastering it, yet more intimately knowing himself and mastering himself, with the power of a spiritual mind; gaining the world without losing his own soul.

At Union Seminary Ogden was confronted by issues more complex than the theatre or cards and more baffling than his masculine piety. It is, I think, his niece, Mrs. Mabel Wood Hill, the daughter of his sister Helen, who has, with the insight of a woman, put down on paper most exactly the attitude of Ogden toward dogma. She writes:

Uncle Robert and I frequently “philosophized” together, as he called it, and often talked of religion. His breadth of vision drew me to him. While conforming to the outward church formulas, I believe he had really very little belief in the value of creeds, and that they meant less to him all the time. He believed in a practical religion of love and service, as the world knows. He loved to do little things that please, little things that are really big. In all the rush of his busy life, crammed to each full minute, he found time to think

of sending a school girl a lovely feather fan at graduation. And everyone knows, who has ever been on one of his Southern trips with him, how every detail for comfort and pleasure of his guests was personally arranged by him.

The nearest that he got to a creed seems to have been in June, 1878, when he wrote in his diary:

What a halting lame business it is trying to be a Christian—at least for me. My life is such an intricate web. I cannot disentangle it. I try to study—read—pray—and business cares, future possibilities, impending disasters, anxieties about Sunday school, spiritual doubts, care for my family—all these things crowd and jostle—hopes disturb and fears annoy until I doubt my own identity and would fain drift anywhere—whither the struggling currents would carry me. I long for peace of mind. Shall I ever have it? Perhaps in the hereafter. But why do I hope? Simply because a religious hope is the only anchor I have—and that I believe I really have. Amid all the doubts and fears—the attacks of materialism—I recognize some things as certain—viz.: There is a God. That He is a perfect Being. That the Bible is His word. The moral law could not have been a human invention. That I am a sinner needing pardon. That Jesus Christ is the Saviour of men. Prophecy proves it. His character proves it. Human nature and divine justice demand Him as the only means by which God and they can meet. That the Holy Spirit is a real presence—ready to guide and help me if I only admit Him to my heart. Love and Obedience to God. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Sympathy with the Holy Ghost. This is the sum of my theology. If I really believe it my life will express it. Oh! that I could translate even this little creed to a true life.

It has done me good to make this little confession of faith.

On August 5, 1909, the *Christian Herald* addressed to Ogden, with others, a plain question on his beliefs. The letter invited a comment on the following:

Ex-President Eliot of Harvard, in his recent address before the Summer School of Theology at Boston, expressed the opinion that the present century will witness the dawn of a new religion, not based

upon authority, spiritual or temporal; without "deification of remarkable human beings"; a religion wholly monotheistic; which rejects the fall of man and denies his hopeless wickedness; which "admits no sacraments, except natural, hallowed customs"; which "lauds God's love and does not teach condemnation for the mass of mankind"; which is not to be "buried by dogma or creed," and the basis of which will be "the love of God and service to one's fellow man."

And to this Ogden replied:

I do not care to go into much detail. I agree with him entirely in his view concerning the fall of man and his hopeless wickedness, and I consider the spirit of his remarks as reported in the newspapers to be the form of the gospel as given to us by Jesus Christ, namely, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Somewhat cryptically Ogden adds:

It would seem to me that Doctor Eliot's influence will be constructive in assisting to establish the fundamental ideas of the Christian gospel by present reaction against some of the traditional orthodox views as a tendency to return to the rejection of all religion. For it is necessary while accepting the teachings of science and history where they establish truth, we should not be left in vacancy, but should have something stronger put in the place of that which is removed. This strength can be found in the basic fundamental principles of Christianity.

On occasion, then, even Robert Ogden could be as vague as Gladstone.

In an outspoken address to a Presbyterian Conference in 1888 he said:

For myself, I feel that great abuses exist, not only in practice, but in opinion, which need to be rooted out before we can come to a true basis for Evangelistic work. . . . "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." So says the Holy Word, but the world sees the rich man separating himself from the

poor man, and churches divided very largely upon the line of money and culture. Hundreds of Christians would stand and sing with holy unction:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,

whose consecration stumbles at an unpleasant odour, who cannot bear church association with people wearing garments with the flavour of narrow and ill-ventilated homes. The odour of the poor kitchen brought in the garments of an humble person to the place of worship is a death blow to the consecration of many.

Ogden elsewhere says:

There is a quiet corner of Presbyterianism in which one who tries to be broad as the Gospel—and no broader—can quietly repose. It is the corner in which survives the historic spirit of the adoption of the Confession of Faith. When the Synod of Pennsylvania made the first formal organization of the Presbyterian Church in America, it placed the Confession of Faith in one hand and absolute freedom of conscience in the other; it left the layman free from all dogmatic statement of belief and formulated a purely republican form of government. The sum of all this was the foundation principle that all authority in the Church comes from the people, no priests were created, only elders, teaching elders, ministers, and ruling elders, laymen. . . . The true genius of the Presbyterian Church is not dogma but character—not so much what a man believes but what he is.

He says that “in the grand democracy, churched and unchurched, of Christ’s following, the Presbyterian Church has still a great work to do,” and he continues:

I propose to remain a Presbyterian unless cast out by my co-religionists. Fear does not possess me for persecutors and persecutors have discovered that to the world and Church at large, they are *persona non grata*—heresy trials settle nothing.

Again, with regard to the Confession of Faith, he speaks of “its evident misstatements of Christ’s teachings” and

he would "dismiss to the school of theology" that "philosophical interpretation" whereby these are "theorized into truth." He suggests that "its days would be numbered as the ecclesiastical symbol of Presbyterianism." It is "a theological statement" and since "theology is the science that treats of God," it follows that "the fundamental basis of the Presbyterian Church is Scientific." And so he concludes:

Of course theology has a very proper and important place in the realm of thought, but that place is not in the Church. It belongs simply and only in the institution of learning, should be relegated to the shades of study and diligently kept there forevermore.

In this manuscript he is evidently thinking aloud, for he describes "love and science" as "two absolutely antagonistic forces"—and then comes to a full stop! Ogden would often say that nobody has ever understood the doctrine of the Trinity, and when his wife admitted, as sometimes she did, that her own views were inclined to be Unitarian, he would get over that perplexity by telling her that the Presbyterian Laity are not required to subscribe to the Confession of Faith. And—as she put it in the days of their early romance—she would poke fun at him, saying gaily, "You old Presbyterian, you."

In 1892, he delivered the Centennial Address at Bridge-ton, the Presbyterian church of his grandfather. "The accidents of life," he said, "make us Presbyterians, but only personal experience can make us Christian." He declared for "the simple standards of the New Testament as we find them in the text" and adds:

We all know what the Master says; we become frightfully confused when we undertake to find out what somebody says he says.

He denounced the lines:

Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I—

on which his comment was:

That dear sacred head was not devoted to worms, but to grand moral beings made in the image of God and possessing a part of the divine nature.

And he writes:

When statesmen and social scientists have said their last word, the moral element lies beyond. Sin is the synonym for wrong and until the sin is removed the dawn of the sun of righteousness will be obscured in cloud and fog.

They who try to place Ogden among the Moderns or among the Ancients are equally mistaken. What he mistrusted was not this or that theology, but a precise theology. He did not believe that faith could be put into such words and in his distrust of formulas he was a Quaker within the Presbyterian Church. It was not that he lost faith. He refused to define it in precise terms, and preferred to rely on the inner light.

In less responsible years that was all very well. But here at “Union” he was president of the theologians. He was helping to disseminate theology. And it was a keenly disputed theology. For twenty years there had ranged a strictly theological storm around the head of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, called to the chair of Hebrew and cognate languages in 1875, and transferred in 1890 to the chair of Biblical theology. The trouble over Doctor Briggs, in so far as I am able to appreciate it, seems to have been similar to the controversies in England over the views of Bishop Colenso in Natal, Doctor Temple (afterward Archbishop of Canterbury) and his contribu-

tion to *Essays and Reviews*, and Bishop Gore's thesis on inspiration in *Lux Mundi*. And in 1892 Doctor Briggs stood his trial for heresy. By the Presbytery of New York he was acquitted. But in the following year, the General Assembly suspended him and, in due course, he joined the Episcopal Church, becoming a priest in 1900.

The Seminary stood by Doctor Briggs to the end. In the view of Union, freedom is to a teaching institution what virtue is to a woman; rob it of that and you have nothing left. And in the Seminary, therefore, you may see to-day a tablet to "the heretic" which "attests the reverence and love of his pupils." This tablet describes Doctor Briggs as "scholar, teacher, friend, devoted Christian, champion of truth and righteousness." He died in 1913 and one of Ogden's last affairs was consideration for the widow.

The trial of Briggs antedated Ogden's arrival at Union by several years. But in that trial he was, as a leading Presbyterian, deeply interested. He wrote his father:

I consider last Friday to have been the Black Friday in the history of our church. I cannot, for the life of me, see how any General Assembly would dare, by such an overwhelming vote, condemn a body of men like those that control as directors and faculty the Union Theological Seminary. That the church should not be willing to trust them in the selection of a professor for a chair endowed, I believe, by the president of the Board, the incumbent of which was personally and intimately known to them all, is a sorry state of things. Besides this, upon the merits of the question, so far as Doctor Briggs is concerned, it seems to me that the action is exactly in accord with that of the Dark Ages. Galileo and the Vatican with his astronomy, Doctor Briggs and the Assembly with his scholarship, seem to be in precisely the same position. We stand for liberty of conscience, learning, and progress, and yet have joined hands with darkness and practically say that no man within the Presbyterian fold shall have

the right to study or to teach beyond the limits of the man-made Catechism and Confession.

And the father's answer to "your very welcome letter" is not without a touch of paternal irony. "It is," he says, "another of these breezy epistles, of which you have written me so many during the long parallel years of our friendly companionship, to say nothing of the more intimate relationship which the good Lord has permitted us to enjoy. We have been friends through all the journey." Then this father proceeds:

I do not think your head is quite level in the Briggs matter. I am with you in your views of the necessity of broader liberty in the confession, and think the revision is going to give it to us, if the injudicious action of Doctor B. does not prevent it by furnishing the material for the purpose. I admire and revere his scholarship and do not fear his heterodoxy, if it is really that. But I very much distrust his judgment and, had I been a member of the Assembly, should have sustained the vote on that ground alone. He was under no bond to make an inaugural address. Had he remained quiet, his chances of confirmation would have been good. He knew the church was sensitive on this point, and had a right to be. Therefore the unwisdom of his course, and, therefore, he was the author of the disaster, if such it is.

The break between the Union Seminary and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church occurred in the early 'nineties. In 1912 and 1913, Robert Ogden, as President of the Directors at "Union," was responsible for the negotiations with a recently appointed Committee of the Assembly "on the reestablishment of relations" with the Seminary. On March 27, 1913, he signed a document, one of the last for which he was responsible, setting out the position from the standpoint of the college. In this *apologia*, it was denied that "the Westminster doctrine and polity" was ignored by "Union" but the teaching would

be, if desired, supplemented by a lecturer or lecturers. On the question of theological liberty, we read:

It appears from conversation with you that there is concern in some quarters with regard to the teachings of members of our Faculty.

Allow us to call your attention at once to the fact that we and the Faculty are loyal ministers or members of our several church organizations, taking part in their activities, promoting their interests, putting ourselves at their disposal, as far as in us lies, for the great ends of God. All these several church organizations are represented in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This would seem to us a strong presumption that the anxiety referred to is not well founded.

We *are*, indeed, of several church organizations, and we take pleasure in so much of practical Christian unity. We cannot, as a body, claim or expect more than a certain consensus of specific beliefs, which leaves each individual with a large measure of freedom. We do not think alike on all matters. But our agreements are central, and our loyalty to our common Christianity is not affected by our minor divergencies.

This consensus of which we speak is not rigidly defined, because institutional authority is, with us, vested not so much in articles as in living and conscientious men. With its eyes wide open, this Board of Directors has refrained from formulating any statement of belief.

On the Deity of our Lord, the stand was thus defined:

The one great purpose and desire of us all, Directors and Professors, is to spread the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Kingdom of righteousness, truth and love, the Kingdom which is appearing here and now, and will endure for ever. To this every one of us is devoted. For this we wish to live, and for this, we venture to believe, we are ready to die. This we eagerly proclaim as the supreme object of human endeavour.

We speak of the Kingdom of Christ and the Kingdom of God interchangeably, because Christ is, for every one of us, God manifest in the flesh. We declare, joyfully, the deity of Christ, never dissociating this from the humanity of Christ, just as we claim, for our comfort and assurance, the humanity of Christ, knowing well that in Him is deity also.

And in view of the recent controversies, attention should be directed to the following pronouncement on the meaning of religion:

In preaching to men and training others to preach, it is *vital religion*, a living experience of God in Christ that we and our Professors are primarily concerned with. In every connection, whether as preachers, as theologians, or as needy men, we lay greater stress on vital religion than we do on specific forms of words—not because words are unimportant, but because it is so easy to rest in forms of words and lose the vital power of the experience—which words can never fully express. Jesus Christ reveals to us the loving purpose of God, bidding and empowering us to adopt it for ourselves. We desire to take absolutely in earnest his summons to follow Him. We believe with absorbing conviction that “if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His,” that “if any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine,” and that there is, for the obedient, a divine guide into all needed truth.

We are conscious of sin in ourselves, and we cannot shut our eyes to it in others. It is the absence of the loving purpose in human life, it is the absence of the divine righteousness, it is pride and hardness and selfishness in all forms. It may be sensuality and vileness.

God’s loving purpose in Jesus Christ is redemption from sin. Jesus is the Saviour from sin. By His life of loving righteousness, by His sufferings and death, by His resurrection and glorious life He removes all barriers, brings us to forgiveness and makes us one with God, and gives us that redemptive spirit, that readiness to spend and be spent for Him and for the highest life of other people, which is in Him, and which is the permanent temper of the God revealed by Him. We know no hope for the world apart from Him. We believe that those who are possessed by His spirit belong to Him. We long for the transformation of all men into His likeness.

Finally, as to the Bible:

The Bible is to us the fundamental charter of our faith. It is a book of history and of divine revelation. Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We cannot look at it in a mechanical way. It is a book of life from which we ourselves draw nourishment, and which we pass on to others with confidence that it will do for them what it has done for us, and has done for the Christian

generations. It is a book absolutely unique. To it, mainly, we owe our knowledge of God's dealings with men in all the early ages; to it, above all, we owe our knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord. In it we commune with him. We use it in our teaching and in our devotions. We find human elements in it—inevitable, if it were not to drop ready-made from the sky, like the Book of Mormon. The rigidity of the Book of Mormon, and the Koran, of itself marks them as in a wholly different class. The human elements in the Bible we recognize without hesitation and without fear, because we are so sure of the divine power in it. The results of critical inquiry enhance, for us, its religious value. Through the Bible, as it now is, God speaks to the souls of men.

One further point we should like to emphasize. We hope, brethren, that you share our estimate of the importance of Christian liberty. It seems to us essential to a healthy church that there should be freedom of inquiry. Truth has nothing to fear. The Holy Spirit was present with the men of the Bible and with the makers of our creeds, but He has not left the Church.

All convictions must be brought to the test of actual life. It is inevitable that the Church at large should be conservative and slow to change. No wise man will find fault with this. But our new times need new presentations of the old beliefs. Even for substance it would be arrogant to suppose that the last word in Christian theology has been said. It must be the duty of some to attempt such legitimate adaptations and developments. It really does not seem to us that a wise conservatism should involve the crying down of these attempts. We do not think suspicion and attack should promptly emerge when new solutions are honestly offered for old difficulties, or when one tries to make Christianity more Christ-like. Our heritage in the Protestant creeds was revolutionary once.

We look backward with respect to past formulations of the faith, but we do not think we ought to live in the past, but in the present, with an outlook toward the future. And it seems to us that progress in thought begins most naturally with those whose special business it is to think and teach.

It was perhaps in 1907 that Ogden put the case most briefly and clearly:

We cannot get ahead of the New Testament as a panacea for human ills, and Christianity has never had a fair show. Let's help it if we can.

This idea he developed in 1912:

Christianity has not yet had its chance. Its mission is to do what Socialism is blindly aiming at but has not and never can accomplish. In my judgment we need a “reformation,” a revolution that will recognize the democracy of Jesus Christ and will put it in practice. A thousand superficial objections will arise, founded upon social prejudice and the traditions of the elders and others. They can all be met by constructive persuasion and not by destructive attack.

To put the case in a nutshell, Ogden was not too busy to believe, but he was quite too busy over service to argue over syllables. His faith did not change, but his spiritual exercises became less definite. It may be thus inferred from his letters, and the inference happens to be corroborated by the affectionate solicitude, in later years, of his wife. He had a hard, a heroic fight, with the material tendencies of his time, but he kept the faith.

CHAPTER XV

THE CRUSADE THAT HE DECLARED

WE MUST now approach what will always be regarded as the climax of Robert Ogden's career. It is through the portals of Hampton, perhaps, that we can best enter into the once famous and never forgotten "Ogden Movement" in the Southern States of the Union. Hampton—what is Hampton? What distinguished Hampton from a thousand other so-called philanthropic institutes of the day? What was the unique thing that Armstrong achieved ere he fell stricken in the conflict with ignorance and prejudice? What was the actual task for which, in a measure, Robert Ogden made himself responsible as President of the Trustees for Hampton? The biographer must here write a word or two of history, the essential intimate silent history of the United States, the story of what goes to the making of a nation.

In 1865 the Civil War had been fought, won, and lost. Armstrong was already a general but was not yet thirty years of age, and there, on the peninsula of Hampton he found himself, planted by Congress. It is the peninsula that includes Jamestown, where settled the Pilgrim Grandfathers; and Yorktown where the British surrendered; and Fort Monroe where the Negroes first fought as free men; while there in "the Roads" was the scene of that epoch-making duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* which sealed the doom of the wooden warship.

What, however, confronted Armstrong was not the past, stirring as might be its memories, but the present,

with its problems, clamouring for solution. He was made responsible for 10,000 Negroes, who were the now liberated citizens of the United States. The Negro—here he was—at last, his own master; but he was still himself, no different in colour, in mind, in impulse from what he had been the day before. What was to be done with the Negro? That was the question.

It was no use for millions in the South to say, as very naturally they did say, that they knew the Negro by experience—which was true—and that he was better off as he had been. Be that right or be that wrong, destiny had decided otherwise and the decision could not be reversed. Nor was it possible to repatriate the Negro to the African home of his ancestors. The American Negroes already numbered four millions, and by natural increase were to exceed ten millions in fifty years. Apart from any other circumstance, therefore, mere arithmetic vetoed this solution of the problem, nor was the experiment of Liberia to be regarded as encouraging. If the Negro were not fit for citizenship in the United States, he could not be expected to set up for himself a worthy republic across the Atlantic. The American Negro has become a changed race. He is no longer of the Old World.

Nor was segregation of the Negroes a feasible policy. To begin with, there were too many of them, and in the next place, their labour was in constant demand. Segregation is not as humane a treatment as we sometimes suppose. When the segregated Indian and the Negro were set side by side at Hampton and inspired to work out their own salvation, it was found that the Negro, despite all his sorrows, made at least as good a start as the Indian—so valuable had been his contact, his sometimes painful contact, with white civilization—on which point we have the judgment of Doctor Frissell. It is a judg-

ment fortified by the experience of South Africa and corroborated later by the monumental report on African conditions issued in 1922, by Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, who tells us that the hope of "the dark" continent, so mis-called, lies not in removing the white man but in the white man fulfilling his opportunities of service.

If then the American Negro was to become a citizen and a neighbour, how, in the meantime—the period of transition—was he to be treated? In the South, at any rate, where most Negroes lived, social intercourse between the races was considered to be unthinkable, and even as voter the Negro soon became unwelcome at elections. There was established that system of etiquette of which, perhaps, the Jim Crow car may be mentioned here as a sufficient illustration.

This being the human landscape, it seemed to many observers that the racial problem in the South had to be accepted as one of those chronic perplexities to which there is not and never will be any solution. Others, of a more impulsive temperament, saw in the situation merely a plain case of human rights, still obstinately denied; they advertised the grievances of the Negroes, and even organized the Negroes into societies for their own political advancement. But neither to Ogden nor to Armstrong did agitation appear to offer a remedy. They mistrusted a method that stirred the emotions and perpetuated antagonisms. The career of Marcus Garvey, the annals of Hayti, Eugene O'Neill's drama "The Emperor Jones," suggest that some deeper alternative was needed than political excitement. What Ogden wanted was "the principle that sound constructive work must eliminate the controversial spirit"—letter dated June 15, 1905—that "peaceful patience should control the utterances from Hampton." Hence, he discouraged notices in the South-

ern Workman—the journal of Hampton—which might advertise controversial volumes. “I have a very strong impression,” says he, “that the present decline in violence from the South to the Negro is an echo of the educational work of the past five years.”

General Armstrong held that he was not an American but a citizen of Hawaii. His life was that of a foreign missionary, at home on furlough. It was the mind of the missionary that he brought to bear on the Negro. The status of the Negro, his circumstances, his grievances, were seen in their true perspective by a man who, in his boyhood, had witnessed the environment of a native race when left to itself. About the future of the Negro, Armstrong entertained hopes without illusions. He realized that what mattered was not, at the moment, the status of the coloured people, their circumstances, their grievances, however important those matters might be in their place, but what men, what women the Negroes were themselves. Their life was more than meat; their body, than raiment. And Armstrong began redemption where Christ began it, within, and worked from the inside to the environment. It was a slow method. It started at a narrow gate where few could enter. But it was the method of Our Lord who set forth to win the world with Twelve Apostles.

You may say that this simply meant that the Negro should be educated and that any one could have thought of educating the Negro. The answer is that in those early days not many people in the impoverished South were in a mood to educate the Negro, and that in any event, it was Armstrong who, from the first, understood what the education of the Negro ought to be. What seems obvious now was not obvious then. There were millions who said with truth that the Negro was a sinner who should be saved through Christ. In the valley of his humiliation,



Church at Hampton Institute

the Negro had, indeed, found Christ and shared His cross. Nowhere in literature or music is there to be found so pure a spiritual rapture, so clear a vision of things unseen, so intimate an experience of Christ's companionship with man, here and hereafter, as you will find in the Negro Spirituals, those songs of the slave in his cabin, to which Natalie Curtis Burlin, niece of George William Curtis, the distinguished journalist, devoted such a profound and fruitful study. It was not mysticism that the Negro had to learn. He had his Lord but he needed the nurture and admonition of the Lord. A mystic himself, Armstrong applied to the Negro the whole gospel of Christ. He wanted the Negro to love the Lord His God with all his strength and with all his mind, as well as with all his heart and all his soul. And the development of strength and mind, not one without the other, became the system of education at Hampton.

For, evil as had been slavery, there was in it one benefit for the Negro. Introduced by the compulsion of others into a civilization centuries in advance of his own, he was, at least, taught that for mankind there could be no life without manual work. According to Armstrong, there could be no education without such manual work. The hand and the brain must be trained together, so developing the entire person. Hence, the workshops at Hampton, the carpentering, the weaving, the dressmaking, the tailoring, the laboratories, the agriculture, the breeding of livestock and all the other applications of reading, writing, and arithmetic. You say again, "How obvious!" But was it obvious? Arnold of Rugby was a great schoolmaster, but the idea of work, evolved at Hampton, was not obvious to him. When Thring applied somewhat the same idea to Uppingham, it was considered to be a revolution in the public schools of England. And in 1921, so

little was the idea obvious in Africa that, when Doctor Jones visited one mission, he was greeted by Negro children, who, on their first emergence from barbarism, triumphantly recited the Greek alphabet. What happened at Hampton was that Armstrong and his comrades builded not only better but bigger than they knew. In concentrating their gaze upon the coloured student, they were in effect saying, not only "Behold the Negro" but "Behold the man." They were enunciating principles of universal applicability. Pilgrims, like Sir Michael Sadler, the British authority on education, visited Hampton and agreed that this gospel of hand and brain is a thing that Eton and Harrow should not ignore. Private schools—the most exclusive and the most expensive in the English-speaking world—have adopted the policy of Hampton for white boys and girls, drawn from the opulent class. What was best for the emancipated slave has been proved best for the dominant race. And the emancipated slave had that best, first. Hampton blazed the trail. It is a trail that has reached India, where one cause of unrest is an education based exclusively on the development of intellect.

To Ogden, Hampton Institute was thus a starting point. The students at Hampton were, in his opinion, taught in order to teach others. They were to be the shock troops in the struggle against ignorance. We find him in the year 1885 writing in serious terms to Armstrong because he had discovered a graduate acting as waiter in a hotel at Boston. And he asked whether the Institute was to turn out teachers or merely mechanics, farmers, bootblacks, and waiters. It was a point that could not be "guarded too closely, not only as a matter of conscience to constituents but as a protection against adverse criticism." In 1898, Ogden put the case not less plainly. He wrote:

Robert C. Ogden to H. W. McKinney

New York, April 30, 1898.

The purpose of the Hampton School is to furnish district school teachers, well equipped with all the necessary knowledge of domestic science, for practical missionary work among the coloured people. This applies especially to young women. The same idea, or the alternate purpose of supplying labour leaders that shall become labour employers, prevails among the young men. For myself, I utterly discourage any of the capable graduates from finding homes in the North. The education is too costly to be expended upon the production of domestic servants, and the purpose of the Institution is to supply strong character, well equipped for practical work, to go out as leaders among their people. . . . The commanding positions that our graduates have taken in many Southern towns—the development of the schools at Tuskegee, Kittrels, Mt. Meigs, Calhoun, and other places—is in line with the value of the Institution and are witnesses to its success. When I catch a Hampton graduate on a Pullman car or filling some subordinate position in some Northern place of business, I usually handle him without gloves.

Ogden usually did handle important questions without gloves. But if his rigorous letters came sometimes as a blow to the recipient, there was about them this wholesome quality, that they were entirely disinterested. The thrust never meant that Ogden wanted anything for himself. His was never the small or mean motive. What he contended for was the merits of the case and because he only contended for the merits, he was trusted with affairs of the utmost delicacy. A suggestion against the properties of a distinguished man's conduct would be referred to Ogden and one other and they would be sure to do the right thing about it.

Shall one revive the story of the guard house, now demolished and forgotten? Why not? It has its amusing side—now that all is over. The Institute assumed responsibility for Indian students who had been actually prisoners of war. And these men were no stained-window

saints. On January 11, 1888, J. D. C. Atkins, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, wrote to General Armstrong, quoting a report on "the severe modes of punishment sometimes resorted to" among these Indian pupils, who were confined, so it was said, in a guard house, described as "a disgrace to civilization." Naturally this "fearful place of punishment" aroused mingled emotions and much correspondence, the adverse report being written by a Rev. Doctor Childs. General Armstrong's answer was characteristic. He slept a night himself in "the dungeon" and "found no serious difficulty in staying there." And, at a later date, another unexpected prisoner was thus incarcerated. Ogden's then youthful grandson and namesake, Ogden Purves, was on one occasion in somewhat active mood, and the powers that be furnished him also with a brief period of quiet reflection in the guard house. And in that case, the authorities at Washington did not deem it necessary to intervene!

Difficulties were what Armstrong would talk over with Ogden; and Ogden, while standing by Armstrong, would see to it that whatever had been open to criticism, was adjusted. Faithful were the wounds of such a friend. And on the value of Hampton as a school for teachers, he was dead right. From Hampton went forth Booker Washington and his successor at Tuskegee, Robert C. Moton. And they have been only the most conspicuous examples of the educational exodus. It was a matter of regret to Ogden that, 1875, the year when Booker Washington graduated at Hampton, was the one year when he missed those ever-inspiring exercises.

It was William H. Baldwin, Jr., a Harvard man, a railroad president and a reformer, who invited Ogden to Tuskegee where he was associated with Roosevelt. Baldwin died too young; he was a man sadly missed when

he went; and how he captured Ogden was told (April 4, 1909) by Ogden himself at the unveiling in Tuskegee of a tablet, memorial to a fine citizen. Ogden said:

He came to my office one day, introduced himself, and said he wanted to make me, whom he regarded as a fellow worker, acquainted with a cause that was so dear to his heart. Instantly I felt that I was talking to a master mind, and although I had at that time a generation of service behind my work, I felt that I was in the presence of my teacher. Later, I was indebted to him for my first sight of Tuskegee. I was invited to join a little party which Mr. Baldwin got together, and came down here. There were men here gathered from different parts of the South. We had a conference, and friendships began at that visit that remain unbroken friendships still; and at that time began some things that have been very useful in these later days.

I once had a conversation with Mr. Baldwin concerning the relation of his work for humanity and the great business that he had to conduct. His answer was simply: "They must take me as I am. I must do this work in obedience to my conscience, and if they don't like it, they must do without me."

Ogden became Trustee of Tuskegee and so remained until his death. For a brief period he was Chairman of the Trustees.

In 1892, not long before his death, General Armstrong established "a missionary department" under Dr. H. B. Turner. He wrote as follows:

If Hampton School is anything it is a missionary work for the spread of the truths of clean Christian living among the Negroes of the South and the Indians of the West. Its large force of graduate workers already in the field need visitation, instruction, and proper help from time to time and especially stimulus and encouragement to keep them from falling back. The students at the school need the constant stimulus of reports from the field that shall lead them to see clearly the needs of their people and their duty to them.

Hampton's appeal in the future must be chiefly to the eye, through

illustrations; and to the thought and conscience through the ear, by verbal statement; and, occasionally, to both eye and ear, by meetings with the Hampton quartette accompanied by a couple of your Indian speakers.

It is obvious, both from this letter and from the facts, that Armstrong and his colleagues, when they toured the country, raising money, were in reality preaching a gospel. If there was to be this highly developed and intensive education of selected Negroes, then it was asked, what about the whites living in the South? Below the Mason and Dixon line, there was a bankruptcy described by that pioneer of a new day, J. L. M. Curry, as “universal and crushing.” According to these Southern pioneers, population was sparse. Roads were bad. Schoolhouses did not exist. And competent teachers were scarce, while compulsory attendance was practically unknown. “The public schools,” said a superintendent in North Carolina, “have been in the galling grasp of the court house politicians for twenty years.” In South Carolina, there was a tax of three mills on property, the proceeds of which went to the schools. But so small was the value of property that in one district of Aiken County, the tax raised only \$18. In North Carolina, only one third of the available children attended the schools daily. Not two thirds of the children were enrolled at all, and the school term was less than seventy-one days. The schoolhouse was valued at \$180, the teacher’s salary was \$24 a month, or about \$77 for the term.

To quote Professor S. C. Mitchell:

The chief evil of slavery was not economic nor political, but mental and moral. Slavery tended to gag the South. Its sole imperative was: Thou shalt not think.

One evening, there arrived at the home of Mrs. Purves a man already rising in influence, Walter H. Page, with Mrs.

Page. It was assumed that on their way to Hampton they had dined in the train, but apparently this formality had been omitted. The domestic staff had been dismissed for the day and the larder was hardly furnished for guests who were at the moment as hungry as they were later to become illustrious. Page, however, was equal to the occasion, and entering the deserted kitchen, he superintended the catering with expert skill, himself frying the eggs and bacon. So, as a competent male cook, the future ambassador steps upon our stage.

In 1897, at the State Normal College for Women at Greensboro, N. C., Page delivered an address of which the title at least will live. He spoke on "The Forgotten Man." It was the voice of a Southerner, claiming a more abundant life for the South. Who was this forgotten man? An agent of a school, "only fifty miles from Atlanta, yet nestled in the bosom of the mountains"—an official whose name was Nath Thompson—thus describes one type:

It is needless to tell you of the mountaineer. You know his physical, mental and moral worth. I look upon them as the native forests of our American civilization. The call of a complex civilization is fast bringing them from their silent retreat to the activities of a new industrial era. Such schools as these say whether they shall be mob-leaders and night-riders, or leaders in civil and religious righteousness.

Let such a mountaineer speak for himself. He was described when in school as "not brilliant but faithful, making ax-handles in his leisure moments to pay his way." Here is his actual letter:

dear sir

i thought that i would tell you all a bout my troubles the other day when i saw you at —— and tell you as nere as i could how anxious i am for a education and if i diden get to tell you eney thing much seems as tho you would want a man that is reliable to recka-

mend me and i dont no who to refer you to as i have not lived like i ought to i can tell you more a bout my soyness than eney one else as to sticking to my work up thair till i got through i dont think that eney thing excep deth would take me a way unless you drove me a way i certainly do want to come but i haven got eney money to start with and i dont see how i could get through though you mite see the way clear now as for my cairecter i never have give over to the devil hole sole and body though i have done mity sory at times and i never stayed at one place more than one year at a time and i have had seveal diferent jobs though i have bin so restles and disasfied and so impatient that i wasen fit for eney thing and the viry thought of intern the field for my blessed master is a nought to over joy me at the very idy of going out with out haven to be imbairsed on account of not noin nothing now as you see i am a sory scrib though i have never had **very** much chance.

While Page, a Southerner, was discovering the forgotten man, Dr. Edwin Abbott, a Northerner and brother of Lyman Abbott, with his wife was visiting Capon Springs in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a resort near the boundary between Virginia and West Virginia. Conferences on Arbitration were then being held at Lake Mohonk near the Catskills, where Albert Smiley was host, and Dr. Edwin Abbott suggested that a similar conference, dealing with the somewhat different subject of education in the South, be held at Capon Springs. On June 29, 1898, therefore, at the Hotel, a company of thirty-five enthusiasts met and formed themselves into such a “Conference for Christian Education.” Bishop T. U. Dudley of Kentucky presided and Doctor Frissell of Hampton reviewed the field. Robert Ogden was not present.

But in 1899, there was held a second conference at Capon Springs. J. L. M. Curry was elected president and Robert Ogden, vice-president. In view of what follows it is amusing to note that the treasurer's receipts were \$78.35. In 1900, a third conference was held at Capon Springs, and Robert Ogden sent a letter of interest but did not come

himself. In the Southern press, the meetings were almost unnoticed. Only one journal, a religious weekly of Louisville, was represented by its editor.

But in that year, 1900, an industrial awakening throughout the South was signalized by the opening of 365 cotton mills or one for every day throughout the twelve months. And in April, 1901, Ogden decided that he would take the conference in hand. The moment that he allowed his decision to be known, an entirely new situation arose.

If you had searched this planet for brains with ideas, it is doubtful whether you would have discovered one man, one woman anywhere who would have devised Ogden's artifice for developing education in the South. Since the Greeks captured the city of Troy with a wooden horse full of armed men, never was such a thing as this heard of. Ogden began by engaging as elaborate a special train as the Pennsylvania Railroad could supply, regardless of cost. Never, even in the United States, had there been seen quite so special a train as that. In the compartments daily, there were fresh flowers. No guest chamber could have been furnished with a more lavish and detailed accuracy. One diner was not enough. Often there were two, and the entire party could thus be seated at once. A programme, worked out to the ultimate comma, guided the company, day and night, and so intimate was Ogden's knowledge of the arrangements that he seemed to be able to place in his mind the number of every berth and its occupant. An illustration of his thoughtfulness was his particular instruction that trolley car tickets be handed each guest at Fort Munroe, so that not so much as the few cents involved in the trip to the Hampton Institute should fall on any purse other than his own. The cost of each of these annual excursions, as they were called,

into ennobling experiences was \$25,000, or, about \$2,500 a day. At any rate, it was not less than that challenging sum.

It was, of course, a glorious thing to do—thus to let loose on an astonished country the very visible embodiment of what Americans call “a good time.” And that Ogden enjoyed the affair was obvious to all. The sense that he was host and that he could afford to be host, the indulgence of his passion for detail, the stir that he was making, the press notices, the ceremonies when arriving at or leaving a city—it was all incense that he inhaled with delight. But the progress of the train was not intended to be a funeral, and to belong to that selected party was not offered as a martyrdom. The aim of the business was talk, laughter, argument, observation, comradeship. The motto was “Rejoice in the Cause and again I say rejoice.”

It was, of course, a highly speculative investment—that train—in educational philanthropy. Who was this rich Northern merchant that he should thus display his gains among us poor Southerners? Did he want to advertise his store? He must have some interested motive; what was it? A journal called the *Manufacturers' Record* was full of criticism—not to call it abuse—toward which Ogden assumed an air of philosophic nonchalance. A touch of heat was just what he wanted. It kept the pot boiling. “A little healthy opposition,” he wrote, “will do our cause much good.”

The press was indeed only too apt sometimes to jump in where angels fear to tread. There were, for instance, the exuberant but embarrassing headlines of Northern newspapers, for instance, the New York *World* of April 28, 1901, which thus announced the inclusion of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the party:

MEN OF MILLIONS TO REDEEM THE SOUTH
SPLENDID FAR-REACHING PLAN IN WHICH YOUNG ROCKEFELLER
IS A LEADER

MUCH HOPED FROM HIM

OIL-TRUST WEALTH MAY BE POURED OUT TO EDUCATE BLACKS
AND THE POOR WHITES

SCHOOLS TO DOT SOUTHLAND

EXISTING INSTITUTIONS WILL BE AIDED AND NEW BUILDINGS
ERECTED IN EVERY COUNTY

Then there was the criticism of Southern newspapers, on which—to give one instance—Ogden wrote (May 4, 1903) to his daughter:

I have just been reading a “sweet” editorial from the *Charleston News and Courier*. I ought to be humbled by chastisement.

That journal ridiculed “the present invasion of the South,” which, according to the *Charlotte Observer* of August 20, 1904, was “likely to do more harm than good.” And so “the sound doctrine” for the Southern press was to be “more and more inclined to wash its hands of ‘Ogdenism.’” “The South,” declared the *Norfolk Virginian Pilot*, “can get along without philanthropy.”

Particularly scornful was the *Manufacturers’ Record*. It talked of the “antique aroma of a minstrel troupe,” and when Ogden added an extra excursion of friends who attended the inauguration of Doctor Alderman as president of the University of Virginia, this was described as “a postlude in the New York *Cave of the Winds*.” It was all “so redolent of the sweet-smelling savour of the incense burned in the good old summertime at Lake George and at Kennebunkport, Maine”—interesting allusions to George Foster Peabody and Ogden and their country homes. Sometimes the insinuations were as reckless as they were calculated to work mischief. The *Hampton Monitor* of June 14, 1901—to give one case—roundly accused

Ogden of delivering what it called “a speech” at Philadelphia. And quoting an alleged indiscretion, it declared:

It is evident that a school of good manners is more needed in the vicinity of Philadelphia than a Negro normal is needed anywhere in the South.

Again, there was the awful allegation, by a Ku Klux clansman, that, in introducing Booker Washington to an audience at the Cooper Union of New York, Robert Ogden, with “his crazy notions about the Negro,” had indulged in “a loathsome and disgusting performance,” and, about this time, had even gone so far as to conduct Washington familiarly through Wanamaker’s store! “Too contemptible for notice,” was Ogden’s rejoinder, “and so absolutely absurd as to make a denial or explanation purely ridiculous!” In fact, the accuser, in this case, was sufficiently answered by the fact that his wife herself—“a good Georgia girl,” as he called her, “who graduated on the race problem long ago”—was “afflicted with the Wanamaker habit” and had never been sold “a shoddy piece of goods!” The conflict between Southern susceptibility and the shopping instinct was, in this case, embarrassing to the critic; and on the whole, the laugh was with Ogden, who might be, on the race problem, “a fanatic of dangerous and far-reaching power” but was “as a merchant” to be respected as “a man of the highest order of genius.”

One knows, of course, that Ogden never said the things that were attributed to him and that whatever he did say was distorted. And no newspaper ever made more handsome amends than did the *Hampton Monitor*. “Pride and lack of knowledge”—we read in that journal, under date of May 9, 1908,—“were the prompting of such criticism on our part.” And it ridiculed the newspapers who “are going into annual convulsions at this time upon the return of the Ogden Movement.”

It was, indeed, a Southern newspaper, the *News Leader* of Richmond, Virginia, which, on April 21, 1904, most severely trounced the *Manufacturers' Record* whose "annual dismal wail" was attributed, somewhat brusquely, to the circumstance that Ogden and his friends "have no advertising space or rates." The paper had been "labouring to bring Yankee money to this [Southern] section for investment." And why should not Ogden "bring Yankee money to help educate Southern children"? Some of the criticisms were, to be frank, mutually destructive. On the one hand, there was great anger when Doctor Dabney was reported as saying that "the South was poor because it was ignorant and ignorant because it was poor." On the other hand, it was persistently urged that the Ogden Movement only aimed at educating the Negro to equality with the whites and neglected the latter who also needed schools! Happily the turmoil has long since subsided.

What Ogden did was not to impose a crusade of education on the South but to evoke that crusade within the South. He went there not to speak, but to listen. In the South he made it his duty to secure an audience for the best voice of the South. He demanded honour for the prophets in their own country. Take the second Conference at Richmond: The attendance was analyzed in two ways; by occupation there were registered:

Farmers	310
Business Men	194
School Workers	990
Professional Men	37
Ministers	88
Congressmen	3
Miscellaneous	426
<hr/>	
Total	2,048

And by states and countries the registered membership was:

CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH

SUMMARY OF REGISTERED ATTENDANCE BY COUNTRIES AND STATES

Alabama	29
Arkansas	14
Australia	2
Canada	1
District of Columbia	39
Florida	9
Georgia	41
Illinois	5
Iowa	1
Kansas	1
Kentucky	60
Louisiana	13
Maine	2
Maryland	31
Massachusetts	9
Michigan	1
Minnesota	5
Mississippi	25
Missouri	5
New Hampshire	2
New Jersey	5
New York	44
North Carolina	163
Ohio	10
Oklahoma	2
Pennsylvania	2
South Carolina	55
Tennessee	30
Texas	13
West Virginia	38
Wisconsin	2
Vermont	1
Virginia	1,388
Total	2,048

That audience was typical of the other and previous conferences, as they developed from year to year.

With reminiscences of these occasions one could fill a volume. In 1902, a friend asked John Graham Brooks if he was going to Europe that summer. "No," he replied. "I am taking a much more fascinating trip than any in Europe." And at Athens, Georgia, he was Ogden's guest. Bishop McVickar, of Rhode Island, was of the party, an immense man whose stature caused a sensation. "I am from the littlest state in the Union," he explained. "It has two bishops and the other is as big as I am." Josephus Daniels, who was to be Secretary of the Navy, attended the first conference at Richmond in 1903. And there was Richard Watson Gilder who recalled the fact that forty years before he had tried as a boy to reach Richmond but had been "interrupted somewhere about Gettysburg and made to go home where I suppose I belonged." He had "tried to hold up General Lee's Army."

As chairman, Ogden loved a jest. However solemn the conference might be, he would insist on having his little joke. At Atlanta, Georgia, in 1902, various academic authorities had been curing themselves and others of various prejudices, when, as chairman, Ogden arose, begged a moment's grace, and remarked that, by publishing his photograph, the newspapers had cured him of vanity. At Winston-Salem, when a long session was telling on the company, Ogden suggested that the audience stand and sing "America," which loyal exercise was to act on mind and muscle like a spontaneous perpendicularity of the crowd at a ball game when the seventh inning is announced. Someone asked why might not the windows be raised to let in the air, and quick came the chairman's repartee, "The air is in the song, of course."

On such occasions Ogden, in presiding, was admirable.

He had presence; it was presence of mind and of body; he had humour and authority. He said enough but he never said too much or said it at too great length. And he was fond of joking at his own expense. In 1902, amid a scene of great enthusiasm, Yale conferred on him the degree of Honorary M.A. On the distinguished company he looked with calm benignity and then remarked humbly that no congregation was said to be complete without a goat! Himself a lavish host, he might have been deemed, perhaps, a formidable guest. But of one host he remarked: "He has taken too good care of me. Luncheons have been so good that they have been a reflection on my breakfast and an insult to my dinner." "I am a social being," he confessed in 1910, "and have a mercurial temperament." It was this temperament which he consecrated during his later years to the cause of a higher citizenship in the South. No wonder that the Union College conferred on him the apt and unusual degree of Doctor of Humanities, for which it was so difficult to secure the correct hood!

At Tuskegee, on one occasion the enthusiastic students determined that the Ogden Movement should appreciate the living aspects of modern education. So they erected cages in the hall and there displayed a truly impressive collection of poultry, ducks, and other fowls of the air. When Ogden opened the proceedings, the birds were delighted and their applause was what reporters call "continuous." In no barnyard could there have been a more gratified cackling. Ogden never discouraged appreciation, but on this occasion he was embarrassed. He did not wish to hurt any feelings, so he remarked that often, on the tour, the company had received flowers but never, until to-day, so many *cro(w)cusses*. In due course the audience "got it" and the anecdote was secure. Then there was that brisk argument between the Governor of North Carolina



Chapel of Union Theological Seminary
New York City

and the Governor of South Carolina which might have developed into an incident. But again Ogden rose, and in that speaking voice which Doctor Buttrick says is the best he ever heard, remarked, "I have always understood that the relations between North Carolina and South Carolina are spirituous, but I now realize that they are also spiritual."

How hard it is to gather the gay fragrance of those sixty-mile-an-hour pilgrimages—particularly that memorable occasion when, for undisclosed purposes, the dinner was cleared and at nine of the evening the guests assembled to face a triumphant rebellion of the ladies against an era of progress which apportioned all the speeches to one sex and all the silence to the other! How Mrs. William Potter Wilson seized the chair and mimicked a certain Robert Curtis Ogden; how Mrs. Schieffelin answered her husband's popularity with young ladies by seating herself in the midst of men still young, how Bishops blushed when fair lips lisped their long familiar perorations and how, ultimately, masculine presumption was asserted by the cacophonous use of concealed drums, trumpets, and mouth organs, unscrupulously provided in advance by the bland and benign Ogden himself—it cannot be told: only suggested! Many a time, when some crude Yankee had touched too shrewdly the tender susceptibilities of the sensitive South, Ogden would relieve the tension by calling for the aforesaid William Jay Schieffelin, whom he would accuse of a romantic tendency that caused him anxiety, and amid uproarious laughter, Schieffelin would be discovered amid what Tennyson called "a garden of girls" and would be haled to the platform, there to be kept under Ogden's eye—after which irrelevance the Conference would revert to education in Florida—the bad break forgotten.

One observer described Ogden by telling the story of the English peeress who sent a new footman to the railway station to meet her husband.

“How shall I know him, my lady?” asked the footman.

“He is a tall man, James,” said the wife, “and you will find him helping someone.”

One reads this kind of thing:

All members of the party are requested freely to command the dining and buffet service of the train, also to make known any wants that may not have been anticipated.

Once only was there sheer disaster. In 1905, the special train left Columbia about midnight and was bound for Greenville, South Carolina, whence they were to proceed to Biltmore where the host was to be Mr. George Vanderbilt, whose palatial home is situated in the Sapphire Country. At eight o’clock in the morning, or thereabouts, there was a collision with a switching freight train. The wreck was complete. Baggage was pitched about in deplorable confusion and four men of the train staff were killed.

For Ogden that was a dark hour. Alexander Purves had just died and the excursion was attempted at all only because the arrangements had been made. There, amid the desolation, Ogden stood, a list of his guests in hand, and his face rigid with pain, as he endeavoured—happily with ultimate success—to complete the roll call. It is still remembered how St. Clair McKelway, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*—himself severely shocked—wrote a cable for his paper, using a trunk as desk. And the experience of one lady was even more dramatic. The evening before, Ogden had asked every one to be on time for breakfast. Fortunately, most people were five minutes late. But not this lady. She was always punctual and, for her virtues, she suffered. The crash came and she found herself pinned

beneath the diner. Slowly but surely, the flames approached her. And, half dazed, she managed at last to extricate herself. On a bank of earth she sat, dishevelled, and her face completely disguised with soot and dirt. For a while her husband, Mr. Thorpe, sought her in vain, for, on passing that forlorn figure, he failed to recognize his wife—the radiant daughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—immortal in his poems. It was amid such scenes that Ogden found time to telegraph to his daughter Helen: “Let not your heart be troubled.”

That accident nearly put an end to the “Ogden Movement.” It was a crisis of discouragement when even the strong man’s faith wavered. But the strong man’s guests saved the situation. They who were injured said: “Carry on.” And they who could carry on went forward. In due course, the party, shaken but undefeated, arrived at Hampton and the programme was completed. And Ogden was thus drafted for further service.

Miss Emily K. Herron of Hampton Institute happened to be an eyewitness to the sequel of that disaster. And she has recorded the scene in language so vivid and illuminating of Ogden’s personality that it will be read with interest:

After that dreadful railway accident the Ogden party came directly to Hampton. Here three or four unimpressive-appearing representatives of the railroad’s officials called upon Mr. Ogden in the office of Doctor Frissell, with the evident purpose of conciliating him. He received their rather too confident and effusive salutations with serious dignity, and after a long conference I heard him say in a voice of stern and ringing challenge which I have never forgotten: “No railroad officials can say that they have done their duty until every detail that brain and brawn can devise for the safety of their passengers and employees has been carried out.” These were his words as nearly as I can remember them, and it was a chastened and wilted group of men that left his presence.

The situation was indeed singularly unpleasant for the host. The accident was not his fault. But his friends had suffered. And it fell to him to collect the compensation payable by the railroad for damages sustained.

Then there was that brighter day when these solemn authorities on education were asked to jot down their own best anecdote. Amid uproar, Professor Peabody would tell of the man who inscribed on the tombstone of his wife: "Tears cannot bring her back, therefore I weep." Bishop McVickar would elucidate the creeds by confessing that he felt like the Kentucky man who, after his first glass of milk punch, exclaimed: "Heavens, *what a cow!*" President Alderman bubbled over with admiration for the hero who, after being tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail, calmly remarked: "You know, if it hadn't been for the distinction of the thing I really would have preferred to walk." He also celebrated the guest who, on visiting a girl's college, explained that, for himself, he knew no botanical names of flowers except Aurora Borealis and Delirium Tremens. And then there was that favourite little tale of Booker Washington—which perhaps depended on his way of telling it—of how a Negro was seen lying under a shady tree in the middle of the afternoon and when asked what he was doing there said: "Oh, I'se waiting till it's time to quit work." As for Walter Page, he rollicked, throwing discretion to the winds with often devastating results for the more prim of the proprieties. He it was that told of the freshman who, in an examination, described the Roman Saturnalia as the she-wolf who reared Romeo and Juliet, and he had other yarns as irresistible in their absurdity.

The movement, like Hampton Institute itself, appealed to the most diverse minds. There are letters from Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, who warmly supported the good

cause, while on the other hand many of the Southerners, like Henry E. Fries of North Carolina—indeed, Northerners, too—held opinions that would be described to-day as more conservative in inclination. President Taft spoke for Unitarianism, and when confronted at dinner by some eminent divine of his Church had a disconcerting way of addressing him as “Pope.” As Cardinal Manning—after attending an Episcopal service at St. Alban’s, Holborn, in London—would say that he “preferred the sweet simplicity of Rome,” so would Taft indicate whimsically that he felt more at home with the affirmations of his Unitarian creed than with the perplexities of Modernism. In Christian service, these men and women revealed their best side and were all one in the crusade for a more abundant citizenship.

“Something,” wrote James Lane Allen, to Ogden, “goes into the next book from you as an influence. I shall try to do it justice.” “The rare visit,” Charles Richard Crane called his trip with Ogden to the South.

How a conference was held at Nashville, Tennessee, is quite an anecdote. “We’ve no mission,” protested Ogden, “in such an educational centre as Nashville, Tennessee.” He was convinced, however, by Chancellor Kirkland, who told him a story of two newsboys whose conversation he had overheard just as he was leaving home. One boy asked the other how to spell “sense.” “What kind of sense—brains or money?” enquired the other. “I don’t mean either, but sence the war,” was the reply. And instantly Ogden agreed to a Conference on Education in Nashville, Tennessee.

In 1907, the year of his retirement from business through heart failure, Ogden was absent from the conference at Pinehurst, and Mrs. Alexander Purves took his place as hostess. “Your Helen is wonderful,” wrote one friend,

while another wanted to tell the father “how beautiful it was to see Helen moving quietly and sweetly among the guests with a kind word for everyone.” For “Helen,” as for Ogden, it was, indeed, a far cry from those desperate days in Brooklyn when Ogden had been so dreadfully discouraged over his rebellious daughters.

At Memphis, in 1908, James Bryce, the British Ambassador, attended and spoke, urging that “the larger number there are of people who vote, the greater is the need that the leader of the voters shall be a wise man and a man in whom the voters may put their trust.” His historical eye quickly grasped the significance of the occasion.

At Atlanta, in 1909, Gifford Pinchot, now Governor of Pennsylvania, was a guest. George Foster Peabody chartered a special train and took the trustees of the University of Georgia, with friends, to see the University of Wisconsin in action. President Charles R. Van Hise of Wisconsin confessed that the compliment was worth a million dollars to his state, and the Legislature of Georgia on its side promptly voted \$100,000 for a new agricultural building in Athens.

About the year 1908, Ogden began to organize a new type of “excursion into ennobling experiences.” The state superintendents of public instruction in the South were invited to travel north. They made their tours in the Middle West, in New York State, and in New England. They visited Page County, Iowa, where was rural development, and Guelph, Ontario, where the agricultural college had a reputation for methods of sanity. The pilgrims observed rural and municipal schools, libraries, museums of art, places of historic interest, and offices of other superintendents which had achieved an especial excellence. At some convenient point Ogden would join the party, the

cost of which was borne by the Southern Education Board, his being, however, the plan and the minute detail thereof. Professor S. C. Mitchell, who happened to be lecturing that winter at Brown University in Providence, gives a vivid picture of the party in Boston, accommodated as it was in the Westminster Hotel on Copley Square, facing Trinity Church with its memories of Phillips Brooks, and the Public Library where is carved the famous inscription: "The Commonwealth requires the education of the people as the safeguard of liberty and order."

Doubtless, there were some of those tourists who regarded the crusade merely as a "junket." Ogden noticed this. But, in the main, the thing was worth while. To quote the words of P. P. Claxton, formerly United States Commissioner of Education:

It was a rare sight, that of the great merchant prince, long accustomed to the direction of thousands of employees and the responsibility for the management of a business involving hundreds of millions of dollars, in his old age spending weeks of his time on chartered Pullman cars, going from city to city and from state to state with these superintendents of public instruction from the South, inspecting universities and colleges, listening to recitations in schoolrooms, visiting isolated one-room country schools on the plains of the West, and discussing with teachers, school officers, and citizens their local school interests, for the sake of gaining for himself and those responsible for the direction of the politics of education in the South such wisdom as might thus be had.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin? Yes, since there was an agricultural school at Oshkosh, there also they went. And their gratitude for entertainment, so unusual, is expressed in a leather-bound souvenir, displaying at once the faces and signatures of the state superintendents and the architecture of the state capitols where were their offices. From these hard-worked public servants, Ogden's appreciation

evoked the best that was in them. His enthusiasm illuminated their routine.

Exactly what Ogden himself felt about it has been expressed in his own strong yet modest words. In March, 1902, he addressed Harvard University thus:

It is always a little interesting to me when I am asked to have anything to do or to say about Southern education, for I am a Northern man through and through. I have held the extreme Northern view of slavery and the Northern interpretation of the Constitution, and the cognate questions that come with the heredity and the make-up of a man from this end of the country. I sometimes ask myself as to why I am so much absorbed in Southern education. There may be several reasons given. It has come to me with a great deal of force during the last two or three years that we are just now beginning to be, in a full and complete sense, one nation. We are divided through many generations by constitutional questions and by issues having to do with slavery, and finally those questions were settled by the court of last resort; but the irritations that remained afterward have continued since the close of the war until recent days. My long-time feeling concerning our Southern friends was that they could only come back to us as penitents, as the prodigal son coming with a plea to be forgiven and taken into the fold again. I have come to the conclusion that that is all wrong, very wrong. All we have a right to say to them as fellow citizens is, "Do you accept this decision? If you do accept it, then we are fellow citizens and brothers, just as we should be."

A new generation is coming to the front, and with it there are bright, earnest minds looking to the future, with needs that are very serious and that appeal to the best instincts of our nature. . . .

How to concentrate upon the needs of the South the highest intelligence, the most cordial understanding, and the result of the best experience, is the question. And there is a little group of us in love with this question.

To be "in love with this question" was the secret of the Ogden Movement.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MOVEMENT THAT HE LED

FOR the first dozen years of the 20th Century and the last dozen years of his life, Robert Curtis Ogden was thus the leader, actual and titular, of a movement which aroused the mind of the South and enriched the mind of the North. He was a figure and a figurehead. He presided and he directed. He has been called an unofficial statesman or, in the words of Dr. E. A. Alderman, then president of Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana, and now president of the University of Virginia, "an apostle of coöperation and service." In one sense, he was no pious founder. No academy bears his name. His chief monument is a noble reconciliation within the household of the Union, and a renascence at once intellectual and civic.

At first glance you would not have said that Ogden was the man for a task so delicate and so perilous. "As I grow older," so had he written in the dark days of 1876, "I can less and less bear friction and ill-feeling." Over trivialities, Ogden's irritation flashed like lightning, but on serious duty, all the more impressive was his splendid serenity.

On the diplomacy exhibited by Ogden, one may quote an opinion of singular value. No man has stood more firmly for human rights than Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the *Nation*, nor is any man a severer critic whether of privilege or of patrons. His tribute to Ogden was as follows:

It was Mr. Ogden's prescience to realize that the time was ripe for an educational renaissance, that the need had but to be set forth to

hold the interest of intelligent men and women, and that a single pebble thrown into the great, ominously still pool of Southern education would send forth ripples the spreading of which no man might measure. To do this called for specific achievements. The new movement must be without prejudice and so shining in its good-will that the most suspicious could not distrust it. There must be nothing of cant or condescension, no appearance of conferring of doles or benefits from on high, nothing of the fashionable sport of slumming applied to the problems of a great section, no seeming to probe the affairs of those less fortunate by others more censorious. A portion of our citizenship, steeped in tradition and armoured in an easily injured pride, must not be allowed to think that it had come to such a pass that outsiders sought to bestow unasked alms. To sail between Scylla and Charybdis were but child's play compared to this. Yet Mr. Ogden steered his course with never-failing accuracy of judgment, meeting and overcoming many an incipient tempest with good humour, skill, and tact.

Of tact he had full need, and in tact it is not easy to discover that he ever tripped. Take this first difficulty—that all his life he had been assisting in the education of Negroes. This fact was, in itself, enough to arouse suspicion in districts where such education of the Negro had been not only opposed by public opinion but made an offence at law. On the other hand, the Negroes who had found in Ogden a friend feared lest the whites would divert his sympathies. That this suspicion did not last very long is clear from the correspondence, and when Ogden's illness gained on him and he resigned his trusteeship of Tuskegee, this was the answer that he got from Booker T. Washington:

I think you have already heard from Mr. Low or Doctor Schieffelin regarding the action of our Board of Trustees covering the matter of your resignation. Your letter was read to the Board, and at once someone made a motion that the resignation be not accepted, and that action was carried unanimously. It would have been impossible

to have gotten through a motion releasing you from the Board of Trustees.

But the most interesting and satisfactory thing in connection with it occurred the next day when it was announced in the chapel to the students and visitors that the Board had refused to accept your resignation. I wish you might have been present to have heard the hearty and prolonged cheer that came spontaneously from the audience as a result of the announcement.

That Ogden was ever loyal to what he took to be the essential interests of the Negro could not be doubted. There is a story of how he attended a meeting at the Union League Club where it was proposed to dispense with the coloured help. Ogden listened, then rose and gravely asked what coloured people were to do for a living if objection were raised to their serving in clubs. He said little but the little that he did say carried the jury.

On April 10, 1903, there was another discussion in the same community. To Doctor Frissell, Ogden wrote:

We had a big fight last night in the Union League Club over the question of an appeal to Congress for the reduction of Southern representation. I opposed the proposition, not because I denied the facts, many of which are outrageous, but because I could see in it only distress for the Negro and ammunition for the Southern demagogue. I will be glad to tell you more about it when we meet. The newspaper reports are inaccurate.

Here was, indeed, a difficult affair for Ogden as a Northern Republican. By Article XIV of the Constitution, the electoral quota of each state was determined by its population, which in the South includes the Negroes. By law, the Negroes were entitled to vote, but in practice they were frequently prevented, yet the representation of the South continued as if the Negro suffrage were exercised. Strong pressure to rectify this anomaly was brought to

bear on Roosevelt who, however, resisted it. And to Roosevelt, Ogden wrote:

December 5, 1904.

I think I am better informed concerning the unjust operation of the franchise laws in the South than the great majority of Northern men. I am a sincere Republican and have voted for every Republican nominee for the Presidency since Abraham Lincoln. I believe in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, but admit the great injuries done the South in the reconstruction period. Just this as the background for the following:

In my judgment, the intelligent American public will never comprehend the wisdom and patriotism displayed by your silence, in both your speech and letter of acceptance, upon the representation plank, nor will the courage demanded by that position be understood. It was your discretion alone that proved superior to the error of others and eliminated the race issue from the campaign. Thus the demagogue of the South was crippled in the use of his only remaining weapon, the Negro as a political issue; the country was saved from an attack of increased sectional bitterness; the Negro was protected from a fresh aggravation of the present over-acute race hatred and the quiet power of the constructive educational work now proceeding was not hindered.

The danger of an opposite course to that pursued by you is but little understood. The race issue in the late campaign would have turned back the wheels of progress many years. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness would have been increasingly difficult with an important part of our people. Therefore, as a simple private citizen, I want to express to you my deep and earnest gratitude.

The Fourteenth Amendment is a dangerous bit of political machinery. It may prove a boomerang. Its enforcement may be the Negro's undoing. At most its reduction in Southern representation can only be small. When the Negro-hating politicians of the South have paid the price, they will do as they please with the Negro. Its enforcement would probably make the number of voters and not population the basis of representation. This would be uniform in its effect upon all States in the Union and would abolish all educational tests for the franchise. Then would follow the crowding of ignorant

voters upon the registry and a dangerous demoralization of the suffrage. Philosophers, not politicians, are needed in the treatment of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The reply was:

White House,
Washington,
December 6, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. OGDEN:

Your letter of the 5th instant has been received and called to the attention of the President, who directs me to state in reply that his present feeling is that you are right; but that of course he cannot speak about the future. The President wishes you would get hold of Senator Warner Miller and write to him just as frankly as you have written to the President.

Very truly yours,
WM. LOEB, JR.,
Secretary to the President.

It will be seen that, in this matter as in others, Ogden stood firmly for education as the next step. To keep the field clear for the school—clear, that is, of political controversy on either side—was his object.

How delicate was this question of the Negro is illustrated by a letter which Ogden received in February, 1906, from a clergyman in New Jersey, who quoted “just what some of the *very* best, most honest and loyal and cultivated people” in the South had written to him. This correspondent said:

The people in the South who write to me do not like what they call the “Ogden Movement.” They say that your excursion parties are like driving a coach and six to give charity and that the Negroes are both misled by it to despise the whites and encouraged to presume on the favours of the North.

Now personally I am a believer in you and I do thoroughly appreciate your purpose to help the South as well as the Negro.

The only question I have is as to method, and, because of my great love for the whole country, my deepening solicitude for the people of

the South in their and our relations to the black man, I write you in frankness and in friendship, just what some of the *very* best, most honest and loyal and cultivated people have written me.

The South is recovering slowly but surely, and they are very sensitive as to the parade of their helpers before the world. You will, I am sure, appreciate my motive in thus telling you how they are feeling just at this crisis. With high esteem, I am, etc.

Ogden was not one who suffered fools or even critics gladly. And his reply in this instance, dated February 14, 1906, was characteristic:

I am duly in receipt of your favour of the 13th inst. It is somewhat difficult to answer your questions and the criticism that comes to you from sources unknown to me. I can only state that, if you had any first-hand information concerning my relation with Southern educational affairs, you would understand that the allegations are utterly groundless. I respect your motive in the inquiry. The quoted criticism implies on my part a degree of vulgarity and ignorance that would make me absolutely unfit for association with a public-spirited and altruistic matter.

I will send you by this mail one or two reports of the Conference for Education in the South. If you will take the trouble to read them you may possibly get a more correct idea of the facts. The allegations are so large that, although briefly stated, it would require a very lengthy response to cover all that is expressed and implied. I will give you a few facts from which you may perhaps draw some conclusions:

The only excursions that I have ever had to the South have been to the annual convocations of the Conference for Education in the South. I have never undertaken one of these trips except at the demand of Southern people. Very few of the hundreds of my guests that I have taken to the South in past years have been people of wealth, but there have been persons of power and influence, having much to do with moulding public opinion. On each occasion I have also had numerous Southern guests. The purpose of it all is simply to make the best South know the best North. The official organization of the Conference for Education in the South is entirely composed of Southern men. Their residences are scattered from Virginia to Missouri

and Texas. I am the only Northern man holding an office in that organization. I have tried for the last three years to relinquish that position, and have only retained it at the imperative demand of Southern men and women that represent the very best side of Southern public opinion. This Conference is a mendicant, has no funds, and its expenses are paid by a very few people.

Out of the Conference has grown the Southern Education Board. Every man publicly engaged in that Board is from a Southern State. It has not now, and never has had, a single dollar to give to any educational work. Its purpose is a propaganda for the rural public school. Its expenses are large; but are defrayed by a small group of patriotic men who do not care to exploit this service to the Southern people as a whole. The ramifications of this Board extend from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. The results achieved would read like a romance; the undone margin to be covered is terrible to contemplate.

The General Education Board is another organization, which is not devoted to the South especially, but to the whole country. This Board administers the income of such trust funds as may be given to it.

Governors Montague of Virginia, Aycock of North Carolina, Heyward of South Carolina, and Terrell of Georgia, have been very pronounced in their public utterances upon all the subjects involved herein. Governor Jelks of Alabama, Blanchard of Louisiana, and Frasier of Tennessee have all been frankly and publicly sympathetic.

Each conference in the various States of the South has been held by invitations of Acts of Legislatures, municipalities, voluntary committees of citizens and the heads of educational institutions.

Your neighbours, Starr J. Murphy, Esq., and Frederick T. Gates, Esq., may possibly add something of their own knowledge to the foregoing statements.

P. S. The statement that "the Negroes are both misled by it to despise the whites and encouraged to presume on the favours of the North" is absolutely and unqualifiedly without foundation in fact. The above described work is in the interest of education, and out of it the whites get the far greater dividend.

When in March, 1903, he read an "ugly attack" in a Virginia newspaper, his answer was to travel all the way to Tulane University, New Orleans, in order to "stand up and be counted" there as Doctor of Laws. "Please do

not call me ‘Doctor,’” wrote he to Doctor Frissell. “It is all too funny to be taken seriously.” His journey to and fro was only for “the cause.”

What the Negro thought about it all is shown in a letter which, as evidence, has a historic value:

I hope you have been watching the papers and understand just about what our condition is here in South Carolina at this time [1912] and especially in the factory districts. I know that you have not been able to read all of the Governor’s incendiary harangues against Negro education and advancement and in favour of lynching, mob law, and violence against the Negro—much of which the papers have refused to print because it was unfit—too brutal for the public to read, but I hope you have kept up with what they have published, and if so, you know that our condition is critical—that race riots are likely to break out at any time and there is no extent to which they may not be carried, as the Governor pledges himself that no troops or militia shall interfere and further promises that no white man shall be punished for killing or lynching Negroes. If twelve white men can be found who are so mean as to convict, he will wire their pardon, that the work of strife, confusion, and race hatred may be kept up.

Remember that the people of this state have always been divided into three distinct classes—the rich or aristocratic, the Negro, and the poor white or “cracker” classes. The poor white was the lowest and despised by the other two before the war between the states or during the days of slavery. The war emancipated the poor whites and the Negroes, but never made them friends. The aristocrat fought in the war between the states to keep all the privileges he then had and gain some others; the poor white man fought because he hated the North and the Negro, and would have considered it a very high privilege to have been able to destroy both. This hatred is still taught among the poor whites from generation to generation.

After the war cotton mills began to multiply in this state and they began to draw all of this class together from all parts of this and other states; and this hatred against the Negro, the aristocrat and the North was still taught and kept up, and to-day we have Senator —, Gov. —, and many others in office who fully oppose Negro education and advancement—who are very outspoken against the Negro and mean all they say.

After graduating at Hampton, I came back to this county and began work as a missionary. I taught school in different parts of the county for the first six or seven years and organized about 100 Sunday schools without any pay. I organized about as many more in the adjoining counties. Many of these have grown into beautiful churches. During this time I was studying the people and their conditions and I saw that what is to-day would be; and the only thing for us to do as Negroes, was to make friends with the poor whites, for they were sure to come into power—because when the Negro vote was cut out, the poor whites outnumber the aristocrats two to one on account of so many being drawn to the cotton mills. They principally make up the grand jury, petit jury, and the coroner's jury and these concern us much more than the congressman and whoever is elected president.

Understanding all this and reasoning it out with others, I tried to get a school located here right among these people, before and by whom we must be tried on every charge and occasion so that we would be better known and would understand them better—but nobody agreed with me then.

If the nations of the world knew each other better there would be a better feeling and more mutual love and respect for each other and there would not be so many millions spent preparing for wars, and these millions could be spent for education in various ways to make the world healthy, holy and happy as far as possible.

Gov. —— spoke near here Saturday night. His speech was just as usual, full of hatred and terrible invectives for the Negro, urging lynching and the cutting off of every cent possible from the Negro in every way possible.

With all this as background, imagine then the scene at Winston-Salem, at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Here, in 1901, there gathered a party of seventy persons, whose every minute was apportioned by Ogden in a pocket folder. There was George Grey Barnard, the sculptor. There were Walter H. Page and his wife. There was Lyman Abbott. There were Albert Shaw, Doctor Frissell, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Purves. There were two bishops, McVickar and Doane. There was George Foster Pea-

body, big and bearded and generous as Ogden himself. And there was a rich young man, eager for the Kingdom of Heaven, called John D. Rockefeller, Jr. They met in the chapel of the college founded by the Moravians when they fled from Austrian persecution. They met to inspire the whole community, irrespective of colour.

In that Moravian chapel you might have seen the North and the South striving for the Union. Ogden, from New York, had at his side that progressive Governor of North Carolina, Charles B. Aycock, and as a result of the discussions there was started the Southern Education Board, which, privately, George Foster Peabody underwrote to the extent of \$40,000 a year for two years.

In the choice of the Board, Ogden displayed a judgment fairly to be described as unerring. To begin with, he singled out Charles W. Dabney, the son of Stonewall Jackson's chief-of-staff, president also of the University of Tennessee and Assistant Secretary of Agriculture in Cleveland's administration. There in Ogden's room at Wanamaker's, Dabney, Peabody, Baldwin, and Page were entertained at lunch and Dabney's draft of a policy, typed on two or three pages, was adopted.

Among the pioneers we also find Dr. E. A. Alderman, at that time president of Tulane University, New Orleans, and Doctor McIver, president of the North Carolina State College for women, who were invited that summer of 1901 to Ogden's home in Kennebunkport, bundled into a canoe, and carried, as Alderman says, "with a swift sure stroke up the deep quiet river," where, "under the pines," they were initiated into the great scheme. "I shall never forget the beauty of the day," wrote Alderman, ten years later.

The Board itself ultimately consisted of twenty-five members, of whom eighteen were from the South and eight

from the North. It had no charter, no constitution, no by-laws. As Doctor Buttrick put it, Ogden was Field Marshal. And one of the Field Agents was Booker T. Washington.

So with the literary and sympathetic Edgar Gardiner Murphy as his executive secretary, Ogden started operations with the Southern Education Board. It was a simple organization which did not long survive Ogden's death, but for ten years it inspired an immense achievement on an infinitesimal expenditure of money.

The veteran of the movement was J. M. L. Curry. In 1851 Curry had visited Garibaldi on Staten Island, New York, finding him dressed as a labourer and rolling barrels of tallow from a sloop up the hill to a candle factory, the pots and irons of which were to be seen long after. Born in the lower South, Curry sat in Congress before the Civil War, was active in the Confederacy and, in 1868, became a professor in the University of Richmond. Founded in 1832, that university had been used by both armies as a war hospital. It was gutted by fire. Its endowment had disappeared. Virginia itself was "Military District Number 1."

At the Court House, in churches, and in class rooms, Curry preached his gospel of education. In 1869, he met George Peabody, who had given \$2,000,000 for education in the South, and in 1881 he became agent of the Peabody Board, while in 1890 he entered the service of the Slater Fund. Under Cleveland, Curry was American Minister in Madrid when King Alfonso was born and in 1902 Roosevelt sent him as personal representative to King Alfonso's coronation. In 1903, Curry passed away. He was, indeed, as Alderman put it, a man of "leonine" quality. "I will *make* you applaud that sentiment," he would cry, as a Southern audience sat glum over the suggestion of a

school for every child in its borders—high or low, bond or free, black or white. He would take a child and, setting it in the midst, preach, as Christ preached, with this for text. And his statue now stands at the Capitol in Washington, with that of Robert E. Lee.

For a week of every year, George Foster Peabody entertained the Southern Education Board at “Abenia,” his home on Lake George, where Robert Ogden was always accorded the special guest room. Here, on the front porch, with the lake as foreground and the mountains beyond enclosing the landscape, the kindred souls would debate every aspect of their common aims from hook-worm to land purchase. They would visit “Triuna,” where lived Mrs. Spencer Trask, who, not long before her death, became Mrs. Peabody; they would dine with Edward M. Shepard, whose efforts had developed New York City College. Asked how he could have induced a Board of Aldermen to build there so beautiful a hall, Shepard replied to Professor Mitchell: “I showed them how we had economized on every detail of the plans, but when I came to the Hall, I asked them to break the alabaster box.” The Board of Aldermen passed a vote for \$7,000,000.

We have now to consider what was, perhaps, the most dramatic single incident in the Ogden Movement. The funds at the disposal of the Southern Education Board were about \$40,000 a year. But there soon arose a new organization which was as powerful as it was welcome. We have seen John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as one of Ogden’s guests. In that train, this man, endowed with all the perils and all the opportunities of a fortune of which no Croesus had ever dreamed, met the best minds of the nation—men like Seth Low, once president of Columbia University and Mayor of New York. And Rockefeller

was in constant touch with a wise and trusted counsellor. In the year 1880, a graduate of Rochester called Frederick T. Gates was a pastor in Minneapolis. Eight years later we find him helping to organize the American Baptist Education Society, in which task he was brought into contact with John D. Rockefeller, Sr. In the founding of the University of Chicago, the influence of Gates was an important factor and his discerning eye did not fail to recognize the supreme significance of the Ogden Movement. In that movement no man was closer to Ogden than Wallace Buttrick. Like Gates, Buttrick was a graduate of Rochester, and Buttrick had held a pastorate at St. Paul, the twin city of Minneapolis. Also he had been chairman of the Baptist Mission Board which helped Negro schools. That Gates and Buttrick were thus linked by memory, service, and a great church, was a fortunate circumstance.

On January 15, 1902, in the evening, there met at the house of Morris K. Jesup, New York City, seven men, as follows: Morris K. Jesup, William H. Baldwin, Jr., J. L. M. Curry, George Foster Peabody, Robert C. Ogden, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Wallace Buttrick. And one year later, incorporated by Act of Congress, the General Education Board, with offices at Washington, D. C., had started its far-reaching operations.

In 1902, John D. Rockefeller, the elder, gave one million dollars to the General Education Board. And in 1905, a sum of ten million dollars was thus given. Still greater bequests have been made at subsequent dates. The first president of the Board was William H. Baldwin, Jr. After his death in 1905, he was succeeded by Robert Ogden, on whose shoulders fell, therefore, the chief responsibility for the due administration of the ten million dollars. "The trust," wrote he, as he assumed the task,

“brings great responsibilities, but I feel that our organization will be able to deal with them wisely, although hundreds of institutions will be disappointed in their appeals.” In due course Ogden resigned as chairman in favour of Gates, remaining, however, on the Board. And later, Doctor Gates was succeeded by Doctor Buttrick.

One question, raised by Oswald Garrison Villard, was whether it would not be well to include a coloured representative on the Southern Education and General Education Boards thus inaugurated. To this suggestion Ogden replied:

The only direct responsibility that either Board has is to the donors of the money that gives support to the one and capital for distribution to the other. Under these circumstances, there is no logical demand for representation in either Board from any persons except the donors. I find, upon contact with coloured people, that an utterly erroneous notion concerning the functions of the General Board prevails. Very many suppose that it asserts a general control over education in the South and that it also assumes to direct the channels of philanthropy for Negro education. Nothing could be further removed from the actual facts. I think that this misunderstanding is the basis of the demand from the coloured people for representation in the Slater Board. A request for coloured representation in the Slater Board would be far more consistent, the Slater Board fund being entirely for the coloured people. A demand in the past for representation in the Peabody Board would have been quite as consistent as the claim for representation in the General Education Board.

Ogden had thus to be at once a Liberal and a Conservative. And there, in “the Conferences,” the Southern Education Board, and the General Education Board, you have the organized skeleton of the Ogden Movement. What remains now to be summarized is the result. The sowing was zealous; abundant, as we shall see, was the harvest.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HARVEST THAT HE REAPED

TO SUMMARIZE the results of the Ogden Movement is not a simple matter. As Francis G. Peabody put it, "the stream of generous, humanizing influence irrigated a fertile soil wherever it flowed." We can do no more than broadly survey an inspiring landscape. And we will begin with a few sufficiently startling statistics. From 1900 to 1914 the percentage of illiteracy among the whites in the Southern States between the ages of ten and twenty years was reduced from 9.5 to 4.0, or by more than one half. In North Carolina the reduction was from 15.6 to 4.2. Among coloured children the reduction of illiteracy was still more astounding. The school year was increased from 105 to 130 days, a gain of 25 days, and in Alabama the gain was from 78 to 132 days. Expenditure on public schools increased from 23 to 82 million dollars—that is, by 59 million dollars. In fact, it was more than trebled, and per capita it increased from \$1.10 to \$2.75. The value of public schools increased from 40 million dollars to 175 million dollars; it was, in fact, quadrupled. Thousands of high schools were built. Their attendance doubled and doubled again. Hundreds increased their course from two to a standard four years. All the Southern States had normal schools, some of them four or five, and there were started summer schools for teachers. To give one illustration, an educational campaign in the State of Alabama, carried on during the years 1905 to 1910, cost the Southern Education Board a

sum of \$8,495.22. It resulted in a sum of \$4,000,000 being devoted to schools, of which 1,041 were repaired or rebuilt. Everywhere the appeal was for increased taxes for education, longer terms, a better attendance by children, and a more effective teaching. In 1904 Ogden was able to tell how 1,600 School Improvement Leagues had been started in Virginia. And next year, 100 speakers swept that state with eloquence, while Robert Frazer's book "Universal Education," became an "arsenal of argument" in favour of the "Ten Point Programme."

In that great revival Walter H. Page was a leading figure. He was a man who brooded over the South, and perhaps his most characteristic address had been delivered in 1904, at the conference in Birmingham, Alabama, when he asked, "What ails us, then, or what ails the time we live in?" With a passion of emphasis he denounced "the fatal doctrine" that communities "require a large number of untrained, low-priced men," to which he cried, "No!" it was the heresy that had lost the South her industrial leadership—that had cost her a hundred years of progress. It was "nothing but a sequel to slavery." Did the training pay the individual? Well, said Page:

Here is the answer from Tuskegee:

Before training, a coloured lad can earn in Alabama from 60 to 80 cents a day; after training at any useful kind of work, from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a day.

These instances, among others, are sent to me by the principal of the Slater School for Negroes at Winston, N. C.:

John Smith's untrained earning capacity was \$15 a month. Trained at this school as a builder, he now earns \$50 a month.

J. B. Christian earned \$8 a month. As a teacher he now earns \$35.

Lizzie Crittenden earned \$5 a month. As a nurse she now earns \$25.

Eliza Hand earned \$6 a month. As a dressmaker she now earns \$35.

The principal of Hampton Institute, in Virginia, gives these cases:

L. R. Henderson as a bricklayer earns \$4 a day. He works side by side with white men and has no trouble with them.

Charles Harvey earns from \$2.75 to \$3.50 a day as a carpenter.

A recital of such cases might be made for a whole evening from any part of the South.

Now, in the face of such facts, any able-minded Negro who does not train himself is a fool; there is a greater economic difference between an income of 70 cents and \$2.50 a day than there is between \$3,000 a year and \$30,000.

But if a Negro be a fool not to train himself, what shall be said of a white man? He, too, is a fool, with a punitive adjective for emphasis.

And the community gains:

Economic civilization moves forward only as the whole mass of activity becomes more efficient. Are you a lawyer? Your dirt shoveller will never pay you a large fee; but a trained man who works machinery may. Are you a physician? The same is true. Are you a merchant? Your untrained dirt shoveller can never buy much from you with his 70 cents a day. But a man who earns \$4 a day is worth having as a customer. Are you a railroad? Your untrained man has little money to travel and nothing to haul. Are you a cotton mill? Your untrained man or woman can't buy much cloth on low wages. Whatever you are, you fare better if all men about you are trained, and you fare well in proportion to the number that are trained.

In his peroration, Page became prophetic:

Nor is this all. A time is coming, men of the South, and it is coming before we die, when other and even graver economic problems will press our national life for solution. They press already. They are new problems and no government has yet met them. When we grapple with them in earnest, we shall need leadership of a quality that is got only from a hardly won victory. The men who have passed resolutely through one struggle for economic truth and free opinion will have had the best training for other struggles, for other

economic truths, and for free opinions, fettered then in some other way. A democracy in its days of trial calls its leaders from those who struggled last.

It was indeed true, as he declared, that “the South is now a land of rapid change.” He spoke in the theatre at Birmingham and on the very platform where, a year or two later, his fellow statesman, Aycock—the former Governor—was to fall dead as he appealed for education.

One may, perhaps, add here that in 1912, it was Walter Page who entertained the Southern Education Board at Garden City for what proved to be its last week of counsel. Page himself was destined for London, and Ogden was more grievously stricken than he himself realized. “I have engaged all the clergy in the community,” wrote Page, “to pray for clear weather and a moderate temperature, and they report up to this date that the outlook is good.” So did “yours very heartily” greet his guests on what was their leave-taking.

A sidelight on the movement is furnished by Miss Martha Berry, who thus described her industrial school, attended by “mountaineers”:

In a little log cabin near Rome, Georgia, eight years ago, I first started this work. I prepared this little cabin for a den where I had hoped to spend many hours in quiet study. One Sunday afternoon I noticed some little children wandering around. They were white children; they were poor; they were ragged. Their childish faces appealed to me. I called them and asked them if they went to Sunday school. They said they didn’t go to Sunday school; they didn’t have the clothing, some of them; some said their parents were Hard-shells and didn’t believe in Sunday school. I said, “Well, have you brothers and sisters?” “Yes, five, six, seven.” I found the chief assets of these poor people were children. I invited them to come next Sunday afternoon to hear some Bible stories. They came, not only these but other boys and girls; and mothers came and brought

the babies. Soon I had this little log cabin that I had fitted up for a quiet study a regular little bee-hive of children and babies on Sunday afternoons. The mothers would bring the babies, and the babies would cry; and I am sure my watch helped to cut more babies' teeth than any other watch in Georgia. I would go around to see these children; and the thought came to me that I had been spending all my life among them and had not realized that these bright young lives, which might be of such great use, were being wasted for lack of opportunity. When I returned to my home of comfort and culture, I realized that if these young boys and girls had the chance that I had had they would probably accomplish more than I had.

I opened a little day school in the cabin. I got a microscope, and then used it to teach them to keep their hands clean. I used the microscope in showing them the difference between clean finger nails and dirty ones. Soon a basin was included in the furniture of the cabin, and we all washed hands together.

I decided to deed a place, the only farm that I possessed, of a hundred acres, for an industrial school for poor country boys. Then I built a dormitory of ten rooms and started this school with one dozen boys and a teacher, keeping up three day schools and Sunday schools at the same time.

Trivial?—you say. Perhaps—trivial as human life.

Among Ogden's guests was William Howard Taft, for whom he entertained a warm friendship. We find Taft, the Secretary of War in Roosevelt's Cabinet, travelling in one of Ogden's special trains, bound for Tuskegee. And Taft became a trustee of Hampton, of which institution, in this present year 1924, he is President of the Board. Nor has this office exhausted Taft's service to Education in the South. It happened that among those interested in the cause was a Quaker lady in Philadelphia, Miss Anna T. Jeannes, who gave \$10,000 to Doctor Frisell of Hampton for rural schools to educate Negroes and a similar sum to Booker T. Washington for Tuskegee. Pleased with the use of her money, Miss Jeannes established a fund of a million dollars and consulted Doctor

Frissell as to its administration. To Doctor Frissell is due the idea of associating in that task both North and South; both Whites and Coloured. The Board included Taft, Ogden, and G. F. Peabody, Talcott Williams, Frissell, and Page, and Booker T. Washington and his successor at Tuskegee, R. R. Moton. The leader was James H. Dillard, dean of Tulane University and a Virginian.

It happened that in Henrico County, Virginia, there was a coloured teacher called Virginia Randolph, who knew something of industrial training. One day she asked the County Superintendent, Jackson Davis, to find her a substitute and let her start such training in a school near by. Gradually she transformed the Negro schools in her county. And it was this humble teacher whose simple sense of initiative guided the policy of the Jeannes Fund, established by an aged lady in Philadelphia. When Taft became President, he invited the Jeannes Board to the Cabinet Room of the White House and himself took the chair. It was a strange and inspiring scene. Smith, a Negro with one arm, sat side by side with Andrew Carnegie, the ironmaster. While the Negro's coat still bore the tag of the store where he had bought it to be worn at that day's meeting, Carnegie would laughingly observe that, on leaving home, he had found himself that day six millions in debt, this being the amount pledged by him for libraries, on condition that others raised their share of money.

In December, 1912, a cold bleak day, the Jeannes Board met in the White House for the last time. Taft had been defeated and was not well and he received his friends in his own upper room. For him the glamour of office was over, yet he did not lose interest in the cause. Some years later, as Chief Justice, he received a call from that

enthusiast, Mrs. B. B. Mumford, who wanted help from the Carnegie Fund for the Coöperative Education Association in Virginia. Root was then attending the Washington Conference, and to him as an authority of the Carnegie Fund, Taft, with his own hand, wrote a four-page letter of commendation.

That Taft was influenced by Ogden is evident from the unusual warmth with which he wrote on the occasion of Ogden's death. In this letter, we read:

He brought to his task a business genius, a calm and quiet persistence of purpose, a clear judgment, a Christian character of serene purity, and an utter lack of self-exploitation.

We are not able now fully to estimate the value of his work for education of the Negro and for education generally in the South, because he was taken from us in the doing. His plans were so broad, his look into the future was so extended, his ideas were so sane and practical, that not for many years yet can we weigh all the good that he planned and did.

It was my good fortune to be associated with Mr. Ogden in several of the many projects for the betterment of the Negro and of education which had his interest and effective support. I speak from personal knowledge of his valuable judgment on what was practical and what was not, in the objects to be pursued.

I cannot close without an expression of the personal love that the beautiful character and charming personality of Mr. Ogden awakened in everyone who was privileged to come in contact with him. His sense of duty as a citizen was not dimmed or made less strong because he had also a wider sympathy for mankind; but there were united in him with energy and a knowledge of how to do things a sweet reasonableness, an elevated enthusiasm, and a sane courage and hope that one can never forget.

"There is no man," said Taft elsewhere, "whose sacrificing efforts in behalf of the humble and hopeless of his fellow men deserve such unstinted praise as Robert C. Ogden."

How matters stood with Andrew Carnegie is illustrated by this little epistle:

Cumberland Island, Georgia.
Feb'y 15th, 1906.

DEAR MR. OGDEN:

I fully intend to be of your party and shall join you as you request.

Am preparing some remarks at Mr. Washington's request, as he wishes the press to have them.

Our little one has improved steadily and we are hoping the doctors will be able to assure us there is nothing hopeless in her case. We now look forward to complete cure.

Many thanks for admission to your car. That makes madam easy. She has not one particle of confidence in my ability to take care of myself. She is happy you are so kind as to take me under your wing.

It is a great thing to have a reputation as both good and capable and, in your case, great also. A rare combination.

Yours ever,
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Again, when Ogden retired from business, Carnegie wrote:

Fernandina, Florida.
March 5, 1907.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

We have been watching with deep concern the daily reports. Yesterday's was so favourable that I venture to write congratulating you upon recovery, but you have had a needed lesson. You must reserve your powers, so you eke them out for a long term of further service to your fellow men—Robert Collyer, Edward E. Hale, Colonel Higginson give us youngsters of seventy an example. We must take a seat in the stern of the boat and give up the labouring oar, except now and then for a moderate exercise. We are no longer full of A. B. S.'s.

Well, we can advise, consulting members are in place still. Wish you were here upon our sister's "Enchanted Isle" where all is conducive to rest and enjoyment.

Our united greetings to your guardian angel and all surrounding you in your convalescence—*be very obedient to them.*

Always with sincere affection,
Most sincerely,
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

To both Hampton and Tuskegee, Andrew Carnegie made handsome gifts. And everything possible was done to lead him in the right path! Here is a delightful and characteristic letter from Albert Shaw, to be read, of course, in a whimsical sense.

I am much interested in your letter about your talk with Mr. Carnegie. I wonder how the poor man at this rate will ever be able to give away his money! I wish he would give me power of attorney, limited, let us say, to a period of ten years, and to a bagatelle like \$10,000,000 a year. I think I could place a hundred million dollars for him in the course of the next ten years where it would do nobody any harm and where it would do a great many people a lot of good!

What a pity that Mr. Carnegie does not recognize your merits, mine, and those of some other people as qualified to help him bear his burdens!

To such suggestions, in due course, Carnegie splendidly responded.

The only "excursion" that crossed the Mississippi was held at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There did Ogden define the work of the General Education Board, agricultural and urban, in terms that included the entire Union. And one cannot discuss the Agricultural side of the movement without mentioning Ogden's son-in-law, Alexander Purves. It was he who projected the Southern Improvement Company which purchased four thousand acres near Tuskegee and sold it in small plots and on long credits to coloured farmers. In nine years, twenty-five coloured families had bought and paid for farms of an average forty acres apiece, and thirty other families had bought and partly paid for farms of a similar size. It was the aim of Purves to eliminate philanthropy from his scheme, to reduce the problem to a commercial basis, and to permit the race, as he put it, to work out its salvation at 6 per cent. Dr. Robert R. Moton, later Principal of Tuskegee, thus described the results:

I went into the homes of quite a number and looked over the farms and the general outlay, even taking dinner in one of these homes, and I never saw a more hopeful lot of people anywhere than were to be found on the lands of the Southern Improvement Company. Most of them were not only growing cotton but a large amount of corn, sufficient feed for their stock, and most of them had good vegetable gardens and pigs and chickens also. The house furnishings were in pleasant and striking contrast to what I saw when I was there a few years ago. The faces of the parents as well as those of their children have a brighter and more hopeful look, and they were loud in their praise of the opportunity Mr. Purves had given them to "rise up in de worl'," as one old woman put it.

When Purves died, it was realized that Ogden alone, as senior stockholder, could be president in his place. On November 10, 1905, he wrote to his daughter in her sorrow:

To-day I have been doing some things for the Southern Improvement Company, and signing my name as president! Whenever I do this, and some other things, a strange feeling comes. Old and near the end, but just taking up Alex's work! Strange reversal! It was to him that I turned when my knapsack should be loosed, that he should buckle it on and step forward, strong, stronger than I, in the completion of my undone work. There was no defeat, no failure with Alex, but hopes were blighted. Let us be worthy.

Much might be written of this small scheme of land purchase—how eagerly Purves had hoped to acquire further areas for the whites of the South—how keenly the experiment was analyzed and approved by Dr. R. R. Moton of Tuskegee who reported, among other things, "no fear of night-riders!" But the enterprise depended on Purves and, when he left there was no one—not even Ogden—who knew the detail and could watch it closely. So this hopeful piece of pioneering did not survive many years.

Agriculture—that was indeed the problem. It faced the whites. It faced the blacks. At Hampton there



From left to right—at the back—P. P. Claxton, George S. Dickerman, E. A. Alderman, H. E. Fries, David F. Houston, Walter Hines Page, S. C. Mitchell, Sidney Bowie, Frank R. Chambers
At the front—George Foster Peabody, Robert C. Ogden, Wallace Buttrick

was the Shell Banks Farm, devoted to rural education. Here had been built about the year 1906 a fine barn for the dairy herd. It had floors of concrete and every modern device for convenience, sanitation, and stability. Asked what he thought of it, Frederick T. Gates turned thoughtful. "If that land," said he, "will build and support that barn, it is a good thing; but if that land will not build and support that barn, it is a bad thing." Then, turning to a cabin which they were passing, he continued, "Gentlemen, we have been interested in the homes of the South, but we ought to be interested in the soil that supports the home, the school, the church, and civilization. The fundamental problem of the South is the recovery of the fertility of the soil." W. M. Hays, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, was speaking that night at Hampton, and, says Doctor Mitchell, who narrates this incident, he and Gates entered into deep conference. Gates had found the farm problem.

Here there enters the story of the vigorous personality of Dr. Seaman A. Knapp. He was sixty-eight years old and had devoted a long career to agriculture, having served as president of the Iowa State College. He had studied his subject in Japan, China, the Philippines, and in Porto Rico. And in Texas he had fought the boll weevil by superior cultivation, deeper ploughing, and more careful selection of seed, all demonstrated on a model farm in that state, which he started in 1903. Knapp, a veteran eager to retire, was pressed into further service.

Take this incident an account of which is furnished by Professor S. C. Mitchell. In southern Georgia was a "cracker" or poor white, who was getting \$150 for his cotton and hardly enough corn to support him through the year. His home was bare. His furniture might have been made out of dry-goods boxes.

When they sat down at table there were no chairs, but just a bench on either side. There was nothing on the table that suggested thrift. Knapp looked in at the kitchen, where there were no devices for the good wife. He asked her if they sent their children to school. She replied, "No, while we are poor, we are proud; we have never been able to dress our children for that nor to buy books." Then Knapp urged again his plan for a demonstration plot, telling the farmer that he could beat what he was then doing. Finally the man consented. Knapp brought in two big mules, ploughed double and deep, and selected the seed. Every month he or his agent would come around, gather the farmers on the land in the presence of the growing plants, and talk out the whole matter of better tillage and better business.

After the crop was laid by in August he did not come again until December. As he approached the house he was made to understand the feelings of Peter as he entered the home of Cornelius. The farmer wanted to worship him, believing that Knapp had waved his magic wand and all these goodies had come in return. In that same front room was nice store-bought furniture, and at dinner there were now chairs, and on the table an abundance of wholesome food. He looked again into the kitchen and there were all sorts of utensils. Then the wife began to tell him how, for the first time, they had clothed in the fall their children and sent them to school, how they had formed friendships with their teacher and companions, and how the home in this way had been related to the community. As they strolled back into the front room, the farmer said he had sold his cotton for \$800 and had more corn than he could use. Then going up to a centre table, upon which lay a big family Bible, the farmer placed his hand upon it and said, "When we sold our cotton for \$800 the first

thing we got was this Bible." Then, lifting up a little book that lay upon it, in a voice choked with tears he added, "I never supposed that book would come under my roof." It was a bank book.

Knapp's maxims on farming were placarded on railroad stations. His wit struck home. At the Pinehurst Conference he scintillated after this fashion:

I did not mean to call Texas a section of the country, the Texan would not permit that. The rest of the country is a section.

* * *

You can fill this room with books about heaven, about which we know nothing, but all the books upon agriculture you can put in my hat.

* * *

Even their graveyards looked as if the living did not believe in the resurrection.

* * *

The first thing is to fertilize and apply one half to the man's brain and the rest to the soil.

* * *

How can a man who has nothing diversify? He can't buy the tenth of a cow, or the sixteenth of a pig. He can only remain in the old rut, and keep improving it until he fills it up.

* * *

In Texas there are no common schools, they are most uncommon schools. But I think they mean right, and by and by, they'll begin to read and spell.

* * *

How are they getting on in Latin? Right well, only they can't write their translations in English.

To Knapp's demonstration farm, the General Education Board subscribed as much as \$102,000 in the year 1909. Within about three years, no fewer than 135 men had been installed as supervisors of demonstration farms

and nearly 200,000 farmers were influenced thereby. In 1907, Boys' Corn Clubs had been organized. And there were Pig Clubs and Girls' Tomato Clubs.

"Mother," said a little girl in South Carolina, as she heard the Bible read, "I never heard of Jeremiah, but I know all about Jerry Moore." This boy Jerry Moore was the almost legendary being who had grown 228 bushels and 3 pecks of corn on a single acre. Little wonder that President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, after touring the Southern States, described the Ogden Movement as "the most valuable piece of constructive educational work now going on in the United States." Knapp held that the South should be a great country for rich farmers because "its germinating power is five times as great as it is in the North." Knapp's death preceded Ogden's by a few years and, in the opinion both of Ogden and of Page, he was a great man, the Benjamin Franklin of the countryside.

Ogden's zest for ideas on agriculture was insatiable. He dubbed an expert, James W. Robertson, an agricultural wizard because he told how Ontario had doubled her exports in ten years. He encouraged Doctor Frissell to visit Ireland and there study the work of Sir Horace Plunkett and, in 1907, he entertained Sir Horace Plunkett in New York. He was, moreover, approached about a coöperative colony of Dutch farmers who were to be settled in North Carolina. And the general result? Well, one worker writes:

All that you mention is a tremendous problem, "What are we doing to help the people here to live upon some good basis of civilization?" We have had this school here for ten years with two and three hundred pupils each year. When we first came here it was very dirty and unkempt, scarcely a sober man in the town. The wife of the hotel keeper some mornings when I went down to the village would show me

the bullet holes that had been shot in her door the night before; and such celebrations as the Fourth of July, or closing exercises of our school, were broken up by drinking and shooting.

Yesterday we had a Fourth of July celebration in a lovely spot and I am sure there could not have been a better-behaved audience or better speeches in our state: not one drop of liquor on the grounds, or around about here anywhere. John Fox, Jr., on a recent visit here said that he had never seen such a clean town in the mountains. When we first came, there were very few windows in any of the homes, and we brought as many as one hundred window sashes and exchanged them with the people.

Many of the home-makers around about here now are the boys and girls who first came to us. Many of their children are in school now. They are better housekeepers, they have more rooms in their houses, and I am quite sure many of the men who came to our school are more industrious than they would have been if they had not come to us. When we go to visit in the communities ten and twenty and thirty miles away, we can tell before we get to the home that some one of our old pupils has come to that neighbourhood.

And here is a revealing human document, this time from a coloured graduate of Hampton:

April 13, '02.

Ever since Christmas I have been trying to write you a long letter, I have just put it off from day to day and now I find it April and I'll just stop and write.

I have had such a busy winter, my heart and hands full, school teaching, sewing, missionary work, gardening, Old Folks' Home and many other things have taken my time. I want to tell you first about a new way I have found out of having very early cabbage. Instead of burying the collards in the earth as I have done, I made a frame of pea vine sticks and planted the small collards that would not head up underneath. I covered the frame with corn stalks and dried bean vines—(I sold the fodder leaves). The collards grew all winter and some got white and hard. Last week I made about \$3.50 off cabbage. I took the orders in the afternoon and delivered them early in the morning to the white neighbours around me. I met a man whose child attended my school. I had a basket of cabbage on each arm. He said, "What are you doing up so early?" I said,

“I am selling cabbage.” “Do you sell cabbage and teach school?” I said, “Yes, and I am sorry it is nearly eight o’clock and I can’t sell more.”

I met a very old ragged forsaken man in the street about three years ago. I asked him what he did for a living. He said: “Gardening, when I am well but I am sick and hungry now and nobody wants me.” I said: “Come along with me and I’ll see.” He had his head all bound up with tobacco leaves and salt for a head pain, he said. I looked at the whites of his eyes and they were more yellow looking than orange. I gave him some good liver pills, a good strong cup of coffee (he said he wanted coffee), and a good breakfast. I took a suit of Mr. ——’s worn clothes and gave him and told him to come back next day and help me in my garden. He did so, and I paid him and we had a good garden that year too. Last week he died and he said to his wife that he had been trying to get something to leave me. All I have is some garden seed and I want her to have those.

I have relieved many poor families this winter by having the school children bring lbs. to school. It is astonishing to know how liberal the coloured people are. Some of them that had the least, brought more than those that had more. I asked one of the principals of the white schools to get her pupils to bring some lbs. to school for the Old Folks’ Home, and they brought lbs. enough to last the old folks two months. I do not know how I could have fed my old women this winter but for that.

I had a good mothers’ meeting last month. I found so many of the parents owned their homes. I always have tea and sweet crackers for them. I made the tea on the school stove right before them. Many of them said it was the best cup of tea they had ever had. Some few waited back and asked me for the tea leaves that were in the large boiler. I asked them what they were going to do with them and they said they wanted to dry them and make tea again with them. I talked with the mothers along many lines. Everything I thought they needed I brought up.

Mr. Davis from Hampton sent me a circular asking for a dollar for the Armstrong Memorial fund saying he only lacked \$225.00 to complete it. I sent him \$5 and told him if he could not get it to send again. I do wish those faithful workers at Hampton could get the amount before Commencement.

What you sent Christmas did a lot of good.

Then there flits across the stage that Jewish apostle of credit for farmers, David Lubin, who captured Page's enthusiasm, preached his gospel in many countries, finally establishing the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome, for which the King of Italy gave a building and an annual income of \$60,000. Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page declared that the most interesting man he had met in Rome was David Lubin, and his Institute, as a link between nations, withstood the disruptive shock of war.

Finally, we have David F. Houston, stating to the Fifteenth Conference that nearly three times as much money is spent on the child in the city as on the child in the country and that in Vermont, Maine, and North Carolina the rural teacher was paid less than \$200 a year. He declared:

It is the paramount duty of the State to see that there is provided, in every part of the State, a modern, efficient elementary school under the direction of a thoroughly trained teacher, permanently fixed in the profession, in reach of every child, of every colour and condition, and by coöperation with the county and districts to found and operate an efficient high school, with transportation facilities, so that every child in each community may continue his training and look to the higher reaches of intellectual life and service.

And within twelve months of that utterance, he was sitting in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture.

In that year, 1913, Ogden disappeared from the scene. To Seth Low he wrote his simple adieu:

New York City, April 9, 1913.

I can only say that the little service that I have been able to render to public interests in our Southern States during a period of forty-four years has been trifling when compared with the benefits that I have enjoyed therefrom.

What John D. Rockefeller, Jr., thought of Ogden's career was summed up in his letter to Mrs. Purves on her father's death:

Seal Harbor, Maine.

Now that the flood of messages has somewhat subsided, I want to express my own sense of loss in the death of Mr. Ogden, and my deep sympathy for you and the other members of his family. From the time when I first met him a number of years ago, I have always held Mr. Ogden in the highest regard and affection. Few men had more friends than he or were better entitled to the esteem of their fellow men. With modesty, persistence, and force, he has followed up the various works to which he gave so much of his time and energy, and their splendid success has been the result.

I shall always count it a privilege, as well as an inspiration, to have known Mr. Ogden and been associated with him, and in his going I have lost a true and loved friend.

Mrs. Rockefeller joins me in tenderest sympathy for you all.
August 24, 1913.

The soul of the movement went marching on and the impact of a great thought has been felt throughout the world. One finds, for instance, among Ogden's papers an elaborate report from Mackenzie College, São Paulo, Brazil, and it is only one of many such documents. Of American citizens of distinguished reputation as Colonial Administrators, two—Chief Justice Taft and Cameron Forbes, have been Trustees of Hampton. And it was Hampton that, in effect, guided the judgment—the vision—of the Phelps Stokes Foundation when it sent Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones with an Education Commission into Africa. This biographer is able to bear witness to the profound impression which the report of that Commission has made on official opinion in Great Britain. On July 25, 1923, Mr. Ormsby Gore, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, made this historic announcement:

I have to announce that recently we have had an important conference at the Colonial Office consisting of the African Governors and Colonial Secretaries home on leave—and there have been a good many—together with our educational advisers, as to the future of native education in Africa. We want to avoid making mistakes at this critical stage. We want to explore the experience of the world as to what is the best and most helpful form and type of education that we can give to the Africans, for the purpose of giving light to New Africa. With that view, we have formed a permanent Committee, and I hope shortly to get a permanent Secretary to advise on this issue. We were led to this largely as the result of a most extraordinarily interesting report issued by Dr. Jesse Jones, who has travelled, not only through the British Colonies, but through French Africa and the Belgian Congo, and the Portuguese Colonies. He has made a most helpful contribution to the subject of African education from the point of view of the native. It is hoped that Doctor Jones may pay a similar visit to the East African Colonies. This Committee consists of Sir Frederick Lugard as chairman; Doctor Oldham, who practically represents all the Protestant Missionary Societies; Sir Michael Sadler, who has great knowledge of Indian education; the Bishop of Edmundsbury, who was formerly head master of Rugby; and Sir James Currie, director of the Gordon College at Khartoum, who has had experience in the Sudan, and at present is doing such valuable work in connection with the Empire Cotton Growing Movement. He knows that side as well as the educational side. We hope that the Committee will be able to contribute very materially to the progress of the new educational movement taking place in Africa.

To the innermost hierarchy of the British Commonwealth of Nations, therefore, the hopes of Ogden and of his friends have penetrated. And in the mind of that cool and unemotional bureaucracy, his ideal has made its impression. No one can pretend that the race problem, whether in the United States or elsewhere, has yet been solved. But the theory of Ogden and his friends, that in the practical and well-balanced education of all races lies the solution, has now been generally accepted.

The problem of race, of which Hampton has become a

focus, is world wide. What Armstrong had to do with his contraband Negroes is what the British Raj has to do in India and what European Powers should do in Africa. That which began as an Institution thus grew into a renascence. And the renascence is still spreading. At its inception it was called the “Ogden Movement.” To-day it needs no such name: the river of progress has joined the ocean.

On the story of the General Education Board subsequent to Ogden’s death a fascinating volume might be written. But such a volume could hardly be included with propriety in this present biography. Never in the history of mankind has there been recorded so princely an endowment of all that makes for a sound mind in a sound body. With every year that passes, the volume of these vast benefactions grows yet greater. In the twenty years of the Board’s career which began in 1902, and ended in 1922, nearly \$100,000,000 had been appropriated for an immense variety of educational purposes, of which sum nearly half had been then actually expended. And the assets of the Board amounted to \$135,000,000. For North and South, for East and West, for whites and coloured, the General Education Board has laboured. And its gifts have stimulated an expenditure, larger by far than themselves, in the quarters where they have been bestowed. They have not dulled the zeal for local sacrifice, but have evoked it. For this achievement, history will not overlook the circumstance that the great idea was born amid an educational crusade of which the acknowledged champion and statesman was Robert C. Ogden. In the case of millions of children, declares Professor S. C. Mitchell in his nobly worded tribute, it is Ogden who “thinks in their brain, throbs in their heart, speaks in their conscience, and makes their will leap like a resolute muscle to its task in fulfilling the will of God.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DEATH THAT HE DIED

PROCRASTINATION was so unusual with Robert Ogden that one may now mention a small affair, personal to himself, that he did manage to put off from day to day and from year to year until he was seventy-six before finally he got through with it. Whether he would have called this business by the usual name of Death may be doubted, for on the subject of Death, as on most other subjects, he had his own particular opinions. As a rule, he enjoyed excellent health; indeed, the topic hardly enters into his correspondence; one recalls allusions in earlier letters to various minor ailments, but little else. But, on the other hand, Death was to him ever a definite reality. A kinsman of his, Charlie Lewis, died in 1872 and Ogden's comment was "Who next? That's the question. Me perhaps"—and he lived on for forty years. Coming into contact several times with the universal event, he studied it with a characteristic detachment, as he studied everything else.

We have seen what death meant to Ogden's ancestors—the will of David Ogden is witness of that—and to his schoolmates when they wrote in his album of farewell. There is a letter, dated December 21, 1877, which tells of a visit to Baltimore where he "narrowly escaped seeing a poor wretch hung in the jail yard" and "could only pray God to have mercy on his soul and turn away while thousands waited for the horrid spectacle." He had other and more sacred recollections.

It was in the year 1874 that he lost his brother Harry, who drifted into the unseen with hymns on his lips, and over that sorrow he had come to understand his sister Helen. “All my boyhood’s unkindness to her,” wrote he, “has been returned with an affection so firm and strong.”

A year later, Ogden lost his own little son, Robert, and he would keep anniversaries of “Harry and Robbie beyond—waiting for the rest of us.” That “blessed little fellow” was his namesake—Robert Curtis Ogden—and he would exclaim, “How solemn and how happy the thought that one of us is in Heaven!” He found that “in the music [of hymns] they come very near.”

“Are they happy?” he asks; “if so it must be because a Saviour has redeemed them. My own life, so poor, so weak—with such drawings toward a happy future, why do I halt and stumble so?”

Again, of an acquaintance who died in 1877:

Typhus fever—quick case—solemn thoughts come now—did I do my duty by him? Did I try to lead him to the Saviour?

It is perhaps curious that the next entry in the diary was:

Detected a boy D—— stealing. Had him committed.

Was the “boy D——” led to the Saviour? Elsewhere Ogden confessed himself baffled by such cases of dishonesty.

It was after his sister Helen that he named his daughter Helen, and in 1892 the sister died. Among Ogden’s papers one finds a now yellow document, typed at his direction and entitled in his ever decorous manner “a few last memories of my sister, Helen Ogden Wood, and re-

flections on them." To the biographer, prejudiced against death-bed scenes, as he turns those faded pages, who was this Helen Ogden Wood? A mere name. But read and the woman herself shines from the canvas. What had seemed to be an emotional domesticity is in reality a living portrait, a hint of literature. Touched once or twice by the blue pencil, here it is:

Her appearance was striking and impressive; the light falling upon her hair was reflected back from the tints of gray like a golden halo, her brown eyes were fuller and more luminous than when in health, and her complexion was transparent with a whiteness almost sparkling. The ethereal expression told me before any word was spoken that her spirit would soon take its flight. She was already transfigured.

The first spoken words after the meeting salutation were: "Do not let me see any tears in your eyes, there are none in mine," and then followed a conversation in which she said that her apparent strength was entirely artificial, that the doctor was doing his best to keep her alive until her son Willis on his way from Amherst and her daughter Mabel coming from Smith College should arrive late in the evening. If that could be done it was all she expected or desired.

She spoke of death as a friend of the other world, as only a step away. Raising her hand and pointing to the opposite side of the room, she said: "Eternity is just over there," and bore testimony to the sustaining power of the "Everlasting arms," and the absolute certainty of immortality and salvation.

"I have no visions, but I have no doubts," she remarked, after which she repeated the confident reliance and perfect repose of her mind and then added with the quaint humour so well known to those near to her, "Mother wouldn't think that orthodox." To which I replied that doctrines had not been very important to her. She assented to this and said: "I have experience and that is far better."

This interview thus so faintly sketched terminated by a kiss of her hand to me as I left her room with a promise to return later.

At a larger meeting to which I was witness, there was counsel to one and another, the tender touch upon the head of the youngest boy with the words: "You are twelve years old and old enough to do without your mother." The appeal to Willis, whose emotion was evident:

“You are a great strong fellow; you play baseball and belong to a football team; are you not strong enough for this?” and then to all: “Death is too beautiful to cause sorrow.” Afterwards Doctor Meredith at her request repeated several Psalms, and as his voice ceased she began the Lord’s Prayer with a clear firm tone and led us clearly to the Amen, she alone being able to articulate distinctly to the end.

While this was passing, her daughter Mabel was kneeling by her, and as quiet came, she passed her arm about Mabel’s neck, and loosening all the pins from her hair it fell in loose disorder. Upon Mabel’s asking, “Why?” the answer was “Just for mischief.”

Later again, when none were in the room save her attendants and perhaps her husband, her voice was heard singing, “Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.”

After this, evidently expecting the end and fearing unpleasant impressions, she desired her door closed to all save her husband; but unexpected vitality developed, and the following morning found her still with us, and I congratulated her upon the bright sunlight. “I have enjoyed every ray of light since the dawn,” was her reply, in a moment adding: “But I have more sunlight than you.” She also said: “There is nothing to be done to-day, everything was completed yesterday,” evidently meaning that she was free to expend her strength in speaking with me if she chose so to do. After the interview she said: “I have a bone to pick with Robert: he came and sat by me and said nothing, I did all the talking; I must see him again.”

Her peculiar sense of humour continued to the last. When inhaling oxygen she remarked: “This is coming back to first principles.” Speaking of some expected dentistry, she said, “I have cheated Doctor ——.” She desired to speak with each of the servants and did so with great gentleness and kindness; but one of them being tardy, she mentioned his peculiarity of “taking a long time to part his hair.”

Speaking to one of the children she referred to the hymn, “Jesus can make the dying bed soft as downy pillows are,” and said: “That is just what He is doing now, don’t you see?”

Her last words were a pleasant bit of banter with her husband which were turned to a little joke with her nurse.

The “one grand truth” that Ogden derived from this scene was that he called “the complete and perfect unity

of life." While on one occasion he playfully called himself "a spiritualist," his only spiritualism was actual observation of a passing soul. To his father, Jonathan Ogden, he wrote of Helen, thus:

You remember something of the lesson Helen taught us during the last twenty-four hours of her life. It was not your privilege to see and confer with her as I did, but the lesson she taught those who were near to her was that physical organization is a mere incident of life, and that constructive growth is continuous. This lifts one beyond all merely human limitations, so that we find really that death and decay bring freedom. I am beginning to believe that the entire doctrine of the resurrection is completed when human dissolution overtakes us, and that a clear understanding of the instruction of the New Testament on this point will show that death is resurrection.

"It is just like stepping into the next room," said he one day to F. W. Stokes, the artist.

In the earlier years of the new century, his wife began slowly but surely to fade away, losing strength and sight. "Robert," said she, "we will not keep our Golden Wedding as we expected," but as Christmas, 1909, drew on, she gave Robert a gold-headed cane. That was during a last fortnight of mingled pain and bliss. The grandparents again became lovers and "Nellie" had her "Robert" once more entirely to herself. In the joy of it she became her young self. "I'd like to hear you sing 'John Anderson, My Jo, John,'" said Robert, "as you used." "I'll be singing it soon," cried she, gaily. "And it won't be long, Robert, before you hear me." It was in December that she died. On March 1st following came their golden wedding day—but she had gone. Robert looked at his gold-headed cane and suddenly it dawned on him. "She wanted me to be, even to-day, her bridegroom."

On his desk stood two photographs in large silver frames, the one of his wife, the other of his sister Helen,

with her “perfect poise,” as he called it; “two women,” he writes, “whose entrance into the spiritual life has meant so much to me—the way they did it. It is a testimony to the life beyond much stronger than anything in the Holy Scripture.” Of his wife he said that “there was no sadness of farewell when she put out to sea,” and when tempted to be morbid, he would pull himself up sharply—thus, for instance: “I need to be constructive even in the midst of painful changes, and so I would better not write any more just now.” It was no wonder that he poured out his sorrow to his daughter, Helen. For she was also a mourner, and her sorrow was his. “In some peculiar way,” he wrote, in 1905, “trials have been accumulating with me of late. When Purves died, I buried with him my greatest hopes.”

Toward his granddaughter, Ruth, he was all charm and courtierlike. It was a perfect case of June and December. When she sent him one Christmas a little pasteboard basket with painted holly berries, he said he would “try to be a good granddaddy, for good little granddaughters must be obeyed and respected.” Again:

Your very kind letter, which I have enjoyed more than I can tell you, deserves a good reply, but you must remember that my advanced years and declining faculties are quite unequal to correspondence with a bright and active young mind like yours.

Aside from all this I am very busy and can only tell you that I mean to be a good, docile, and obedient grandparent, always doing just what you command. You may make sport of my old age, stick pins in me or do anything else that may please you. Whenever you wish to tease me send me word and I will obey without delay. I never before knew why I was created but I know now—it was for your amusement.

Sometimes he was “so very busy trying to get bread and butter for your grandmamma” that he could not at once reply to “your very interesting letter”; and on oc-



Presented to R. C. Ogden on his Seventieth Birthday
The Bas-Relief by Karl Bitter

casion he would send, moreover, a "solemn sort of letter" about "some of your little ways," namely, not being "safely in bed every night at ten o'clock" and asking "unimportant little questions." "Now, my dear child," he would write, "you are a Christian"—indeed, "almost a woman"; and "a Christian gentlewoman is never willing to give pain to any one," and so on. It is all tender, tactful, and diplomatic.

Then he would approach his grandson, Ogden, in the same respectful terms:

784 Broadway, New York,
July 2nd, 1906.

Master Robert Ogden Purves,
% Robert C. Ogden, Esq.
The Billows,
Kennebunkport, Maine.

MY DEAR OGDEN:

I suppose that in my absence from "The Billows" you are probably considered to be "the man of the house," and therefore it may be that this letter is not respectful.

I wish to tell you that some fireworks have been sent to William Haney for the amusement of the family on the evening of July 4th. As there is always some risk in setting off fireworks, I wish to request that you will allow William to manage the whole matter of the display of the fireworks without your assistance. He will have a box of small firecrackers with which you and Ruth may amuse yourselves in any way that your mother may think best. Please be careful not to set off your fireworks in the road in any way to frighten horses. We must remember that our fun must never be at the expense of the comfort or convenience of other people.

Hoping that these suggestions will meet with your approval, I remain

Yours very truly,
ROBERT C. OGDEN.

Among these letters is one in Ruth's own schoolgirl hand, signed "with a heart full of love, your devoted

granddaughter." "How I wish," she wrote, "I could be with you all the time to love and try to comfort you. It will be so strange—I can't realize how strange—not to see dear little Grandma waiting anxiously for me to arrive." The sweet naïveté of youth in contact with age. And so it was arranged. You can imagine them dining solemnly together—the painstaking endeavours of the young housekeeper to save cents on her grandfather's weekly bills, his admonitions on economy and wild extravagance over apples when, as sometimes happened, he joined her in shopping. Why suppress the plain tale of the roast ducks? How the ingenious Ruth thought she would teach her grandfather a lesson, so bought two ducks, one of them on Third Avenue, the other on Fifth, with prices according; how the Third Avenue duck was served and sharply criticized by the head of the house; how the young lady thereupon gravely asked the conspiring butler if the conspiring cook had wasted the other bird; how, thereupon, the Fifth Avenue duck appeared as if it were twin fowl to the Third Avenue duck, but was found to be wholly different to the taste; and how the truth of the matter was reserved until the head of the house was comfortably chatting over dessert and would not mind. No wonder that Ogden complained if his hostess was invited out too often, not finding himself "very good company." He did not like Ruth to be "too much separated from current affairs" but he would "greatly deplore her surrender to mere society sentiments," of which, however, he saw "no apparent danger."

In his letters to his daughter Helen one detects a wistful note. "Every dog has his day," he writes; "I have had mine"; and yet he tells us in this same letter that "real and positive leadership is very rare"—that "all-round minds, rich with accumulated knowledge, [are] very

scarce." "I accomplish so little," he complains, and he finds "difficulties like fortifications, filled with opponents"—"not," he adds, "that I am the only 'pebble on the beach'—far from it."

Still there was this "enormous mail," keeping one so "busy and oppressed"—those days when he tried "to chew up" his desk. His very illnesses when announced added to the daily avalanche of begging letters. There was the editor who prayed earnestly for his restoration to health and also that "God will put in your mind to assist me as a missionary among the blacks to lead them to Christ, and educate them through my papers." The letters, for in this case they were plural, were full of solicitude for Ogden's peace of mind, but added, "Dear bro. please pray for me that God will send me a [printing] press or money to purchase one; and oblige yours," etc. Then there was the very distant cousin who had a wife and five children and a debt of \$700, to repay which would make him happy. Again, an admirer from Missouri merely wanted \$50,000 to buy a farm and wrote: "Oh! Mr. Ogden you have so many millions. Don't you think you can spare me that amount? Oh! Mr. Ogden, *please*. *Oh, please* send me a bank draft for that amount."

"I am a forgetful old cuss," he remarks, and finds that his heart-failure, in 1907, has made him "very fussy." He would like "more downright fun." But, alas, says he, "the world cares but little for old men and new acquaintances do not appear." "The mill cannot run with the water that has passed." And then he pulls himself together—this mood "must be guarded against as it will make me morose and selfish if it has its way with me." "I feel much ashamed," he confesses, "of my loss of temper over the trunks this morning. When I found the prayer for patience in your mother's Bible, I made a

solemn vow that I would not give way to my hasty impulses. And here it is at the first provocation—all gone.” And he adds “one month—so long, so short, since your mother left us.” Well, he is forgiven.

And so, with “memory confused,” he fought on. He praises an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mrs. Deland, which, however, he had to read twice because he was “a very poor reader” with “a small slow mind.” They who only saw his towering figure, serene smile, and dignified presence little knew of these spells of low spirits.

“I am all right,” wrote he in 1909, “this year at least, and you can trust me to tell you when I am not.” Yet there was, a few months later, that “sharp attack of lumbago” which “still holds on” and left him “quite out of sorts” and “weak as a kitten,” in fact, greatly disappointed one Sunday at the Union League Club not to hear Doctor Merrill preach. A journey thereto left him with “a bad headache.” So meeting his old friend E. H. Van Ingen, what happened was, in his own words, that “we dined together, or he dined and I nibbled,” after which there was “a pleasant evening and much—to me—informing conversation.” Van Ingen, in a letter, tactfully jocular, talks about Ogden being “about as the old mariner described himself, ‘pretty damn miserable, thank God.’” Indeed, dinner was sometimes impossible—at Boston, for instance, with Mrs. Deland, to whom were sent regrets with flowers.

So in calligraphy at last shaken out of its obstinate strength, Ogden writes of science doing wonders, without however solving “the mystery of suffering and sorrow.” Says he:

Just now I am under physical limitations of a serious character, coming from an internal stricture which does not yield very much to treatment. If I were younger, surgery might give me relief, but I

am too old for that. Aside from this, I am remarkably well, but the chain is not stronger than the weakest link. This is the reason I could not go to Philadelphia.

Usually he succeeded in going either to Philadelphia or anywhere else that was on his list of engagements. He was determined not to die but only to be killed. Like his brother, Willis, he would insist on dressing for dinner. It might take him hours, but he did not flinch. At Hampton, he had promised, health permitting, to address the students. It seemed too much to attempt. He wavered, retired to his room to rest, then emerged, calm and apparently well, and played his part. But on the way home he almost collapsed in pain. At the Union League Club he entertained the Southern Education Board at dinner. The party knew that it must be for the last time. To save him, they broke up at an early hour.

Walter Page, as he sailed for England as Ambassador in May, 1913, wrote:

Our good and great friend, Mr. Ogden, alas! I'm afraid I shall never see him again. His brave cheerfulness the other day when I said "good-bye" to him, was most touching. He has meant so much to me and I owe him so much that I dare not give way to my feelings in writing or talking about him. I have never known another man who had such a genius for helping others and for inspiring men to help one another.

Page loved him deeply. Here is a letter, earlier in date—17 June, 1906—in which, from Lake Toxaway, N. C., the future Ambassador felicitated Ogden on his birthday:

MY DEAR MR. OGDEN:

This, to carry my congratulations, my gratitude and my good wishes. You are built to beat the prophets; for at three score and

ten, you are in the full current of a great influence to uplift our country, sails set full and rudder true.

From this eminence (the sky is clear and the Indian's Red-Bird Mountain, "Toxaway," gives a vision into three states) it is easy and exhilarating to see the great changes that are already come. Here flock bankers from the towns of these states, manufacturers, schoolmen, merchants, numbers of young couples, just paired, with Paradise in their eyes; and the manner and the talk of them all look upward and outward from the past. It is a new day, compared with the old day, in the South of my youth; and I am glad to be alive to see it.

And we shall never forget your part in it. May many, many birthdays be in store for you!

My kindest regards, please, to Mrs. Ogden, to Mrs. Purves, and much happiness to you all!

Sincerely yours,

WALTER H. PAGE.

He retired, wounded by age and pain, to his home at Kennebunkport, there by the sea, where so often he had been the organizer of regattas and other festivities of summer. It was of Kennebunkport that he had written:

In my wanderings here I often imagine that Faber must have written his exquisite *Vox Angelica* by the seaside. Only in such surroundings could he have called upon his soul to hear the angelic songs swelling

"O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore."

Only in the blackness of a night storm on the water could he have felt the sadness that breathes in the line:

"Darker than night life's shadows fall around us."

Only in a golden sunset by the sea could he have thought:

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee."

And so on to the grand expectancy of hopefulness with which the blessed hymn ends:

“Till morning’s joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life’s long shadows break in cloudless love.”

Surely he got his heart lessons from the gray days and the golden by the sea.

His sister Helen and his wife had displayed a radiant faith when dying. Ogden himself was more severely tested. His was a veritable martyrdom of pain. Of the true nature of his malady, no one had informed him and it seems that he had never guessed it. There was, indeed, a certain irony in the spectacle of this masterful man, so shrewd, so discerning, yet lingering in ignorance of what his every friend surmised. No man ever realized more fully than he did the awful majesty of the unknown. “Light, more light,” he would cry, like a child in a dark room, and he would ask, “Why have we not been told more of what lies ahead of us?” For him, as for Bunyan’s Christian in “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” the river of death ran deep. His faith had been modernized, brought up to date, adorned by a doubt here and a question there, but in the final agony the intellectualities of scholarship mattered nothing. That to which Ogden clung was a daughter’s hand and the old simple confidence in Christ. In his last long talk, it was the spirit of Christ that he revealed; so tender was he in his consideration for others; so sensitive over the susceptibilities of those whom he had known and loved; so well in his impulses if weary in body. An old man’s face is, after all, his final signature on the roll of time. Ogden’s face became every year more beautiful in its kindly lines, and about his eyes there developed a wistful yearning to which the Presence in another region was to be the answer.

On August 6, 1913, the end came. This “soldier of the Union”—as he is described in the final parchment of the

Grand Army of the Republic to which he belonged—finished at last his “loyal service to the country.” “In tribute of affection,” so declare the men of the Lafayette Post, Number 140, Department of New York, into which he had been “mustered”—“his comrades have sounded farewell ‘taps’ and await ‘reveille’ at the reunion within the Eternal Camp.”

Tributes were showered on his memory, but here no tribute is needed. He has spoken for himself and by his words he must be justified, by his words condemned. Farewell, great heart, Farewell. No one who has loved you would pray for you that you rest in peace. But if, where you are, there are children to be cherished, if there are schemes to be organized, if there are problems to be thought out and expounded, if there is worship, if there is hospitality, if there is home, then you are happy as ever and abounding in the work of the Lord because your labour is not in vain. Truly, a great American—farewell.

THE END

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